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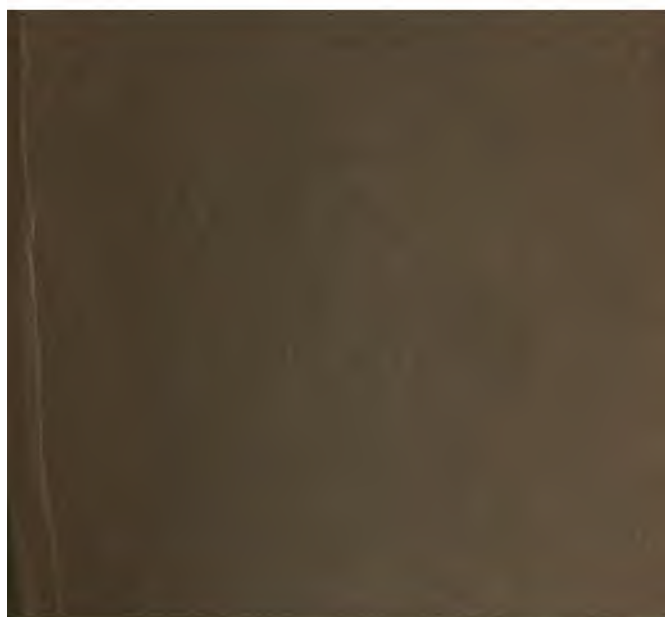
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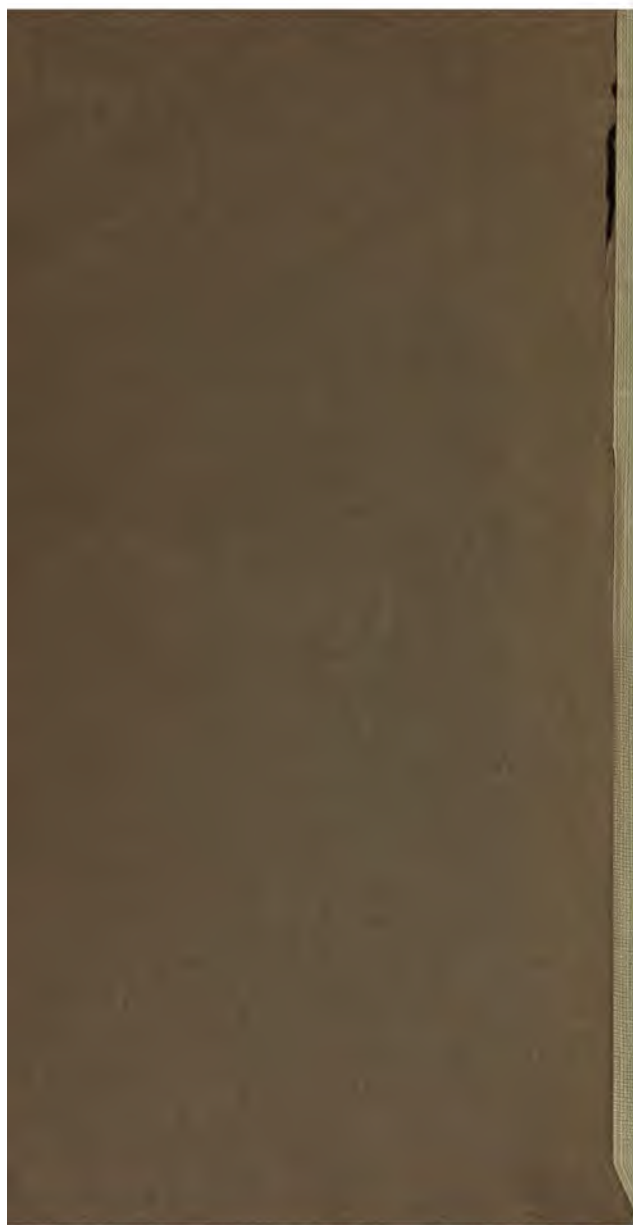
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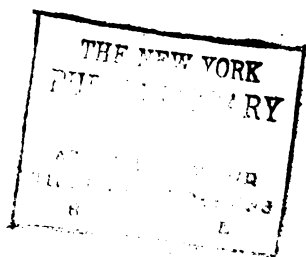




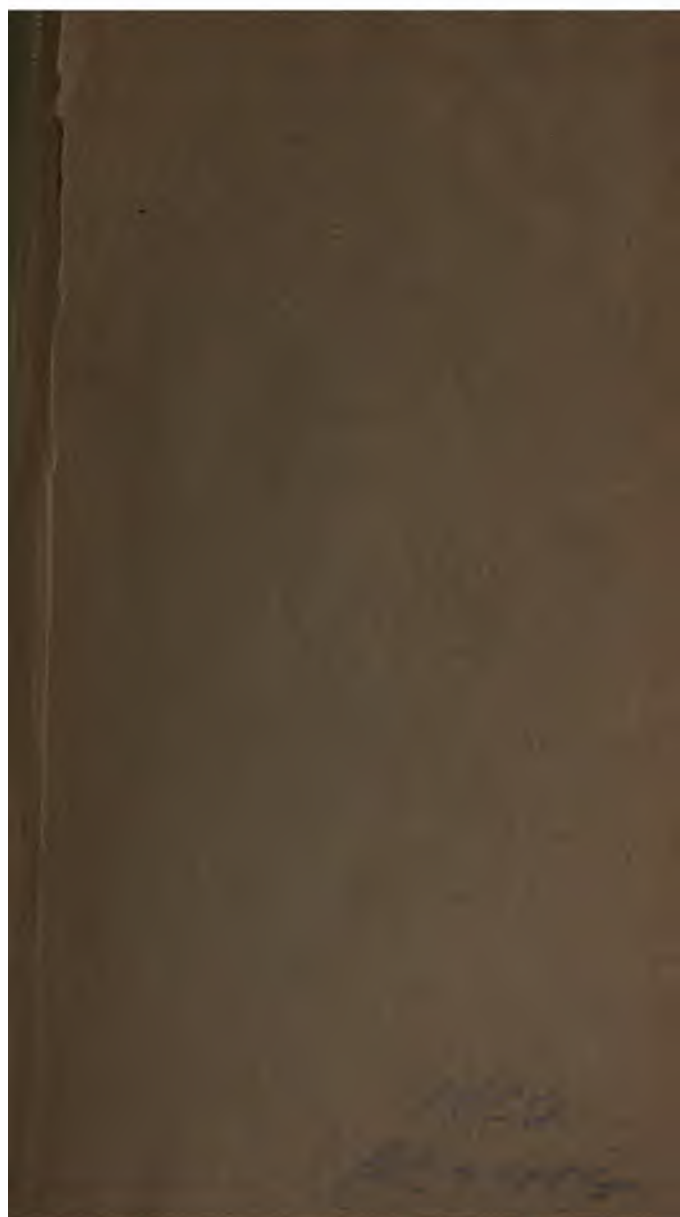
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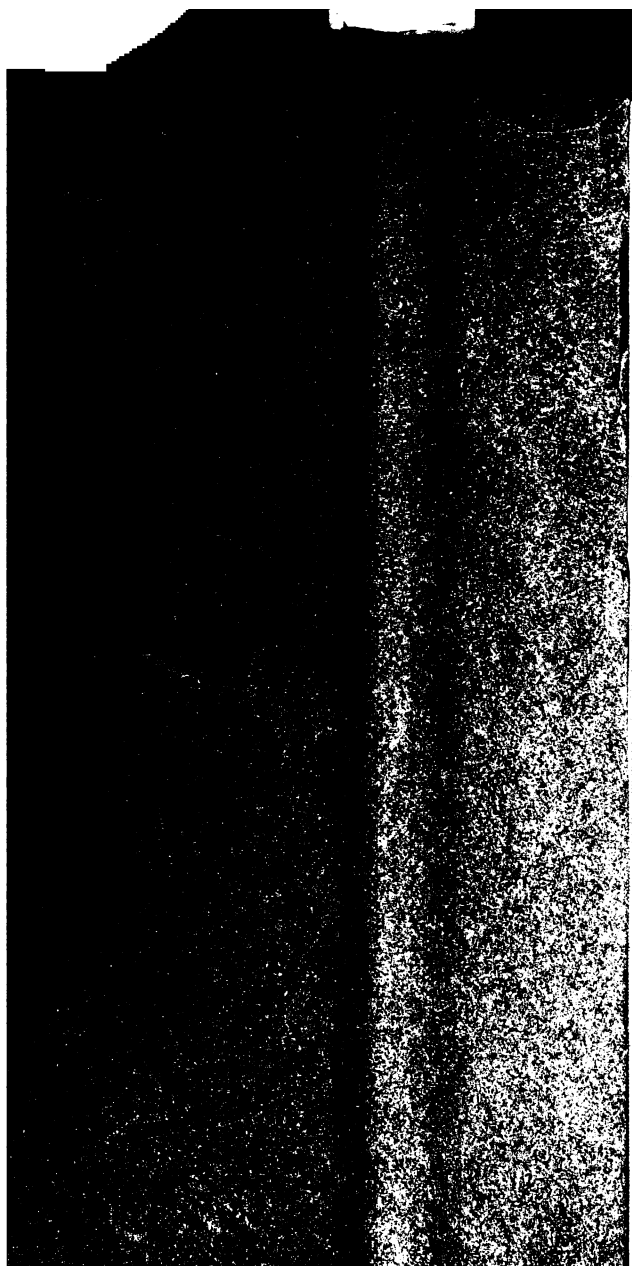


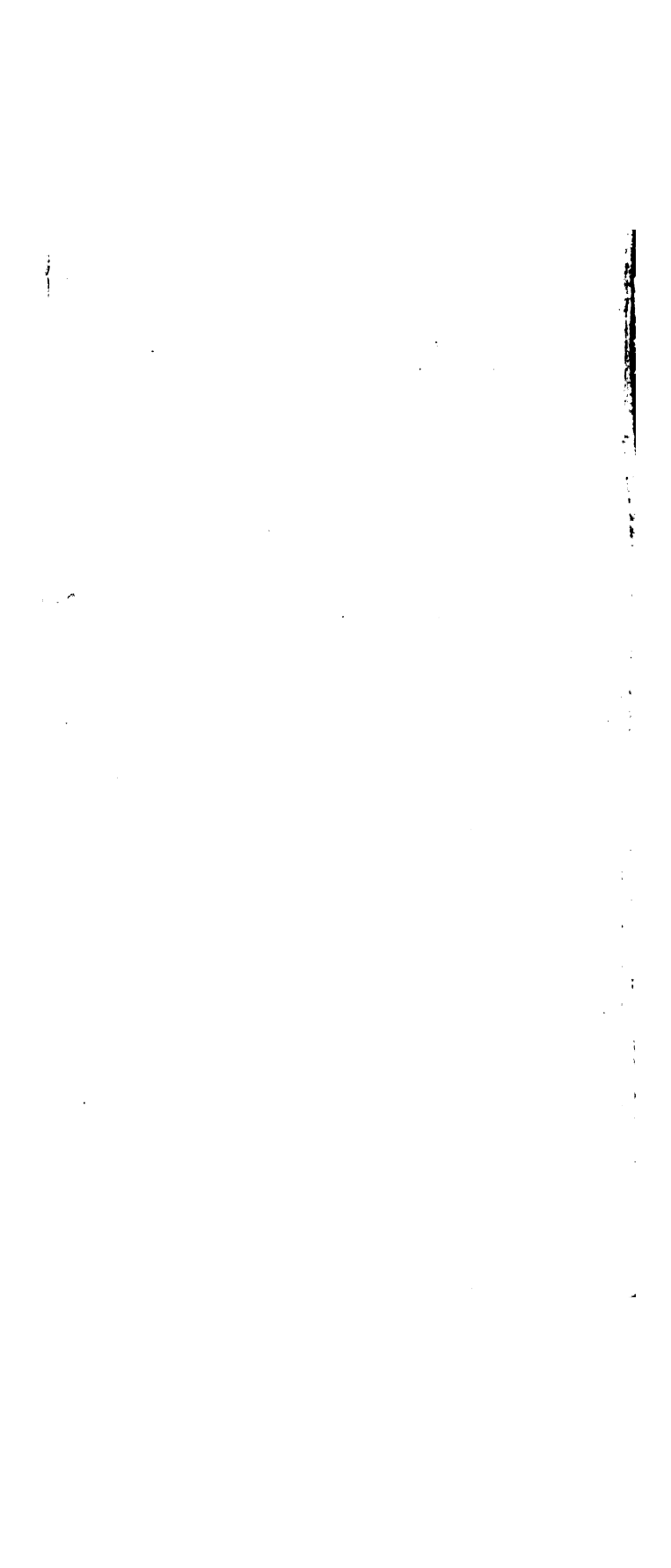
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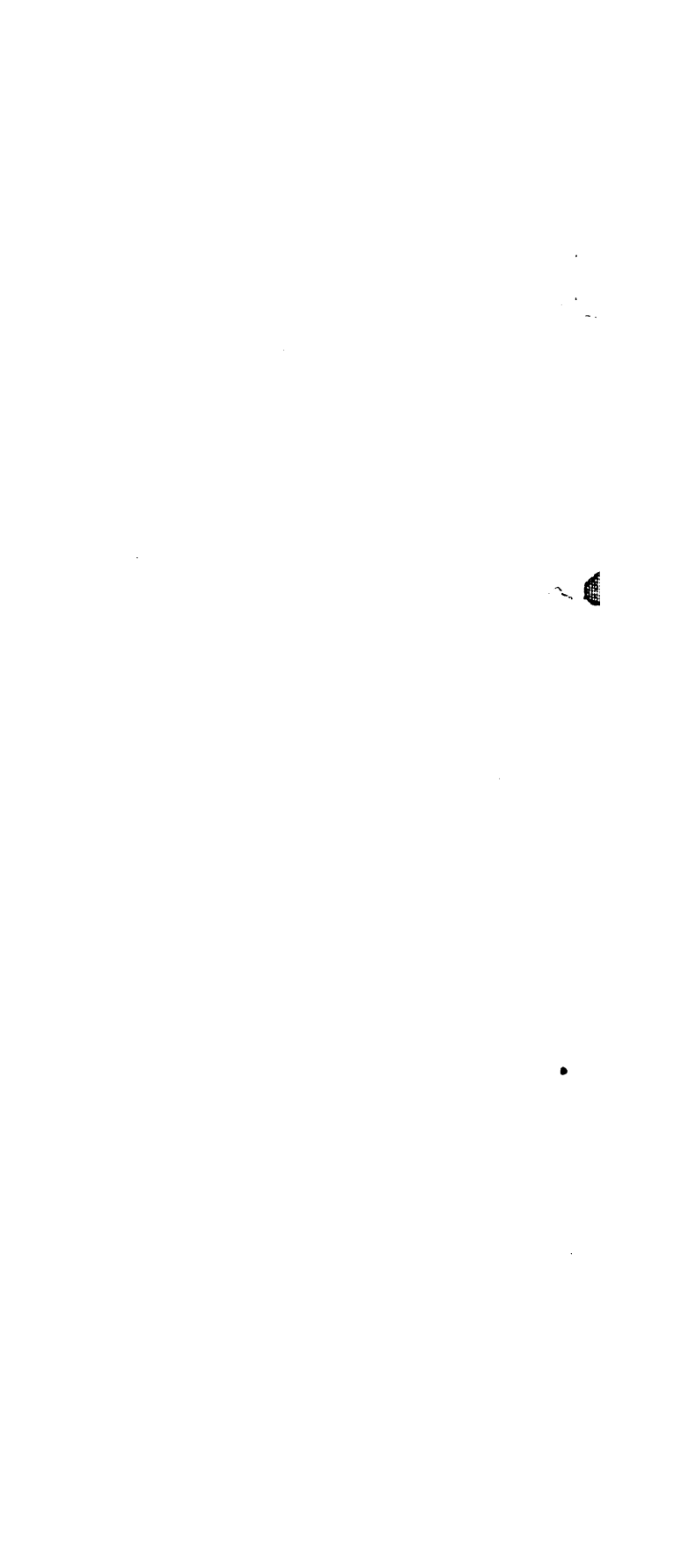


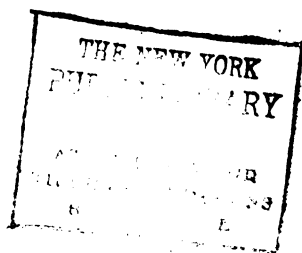














BRIDGES

ONWHYEN SCULPT

Yours truly  
J. R. Plunkett

THE  
ACTING NATIONAL DRAMA,

COMPRISING

EVERY POPULAR NEW PLAY, FARCE, MELO-DRAMA, OPERA,  
BURLETTA, ETC., CAREFULLY PRINTED FROM THE  
PROMPTING COPIES.

EDITED BY

BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN,

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS SOCIETY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, BY PIERCE EGAN, THE YOUNGER.

VOL. I.

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RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

WITH A PORTRAIT OF

J. R. PLANCHE, ESQ. F.S.A.

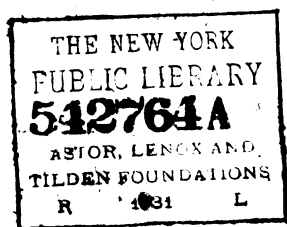
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LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 15, STRAND.

1837.

1. No subject.



Star Press, 20, Cross-street, Hatton Garden, James Turner.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

J. R. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A.

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" Either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral."

SHAKSPEARE.

James Robinson Planché, was born Feb. 27th. 1796, and is descended from a French family who had emigrated on the revocation of the edict of Nantes. His mother, whom he lost when he was only eight years old, was possessed of considerable literary abilities, and published an elementary work on Education. His first dramatic production "Amoroso, King of Little Britain," was written for private performance, but having been shewn by a friend to Mr. Harley, the Comedian, that gentleman presented it to the Committee then managing Drury Lane, by whom it was produced in May, 1818, with the most perfect success. This spurred him on to greater efforts, and after writing several other trifles for various Theatres, he dramatized, at Mr. C. Kemble's desire, the novel of "Maid Marian," and produced his opera of that name, with Mr. Bishop's music, Dec. 3rd. 1822, at Covent Garden, to which Theatre he voluntarily attached himself, for six seasons; producing among other dramas, the altered comedies of "The Woman Never Vexed," and "The Merchant's Wedding," the original opera of "Oberon," written expressly for, and composed by C. M. Von Weber, an (association of which we believe he is justly proud,) and the pageant of "The French Coronation," from drawings made on the spot, having been sent over by the proprietors of Covent Garden to Paris and Rheims, for that purpose. At the desire of Mr. C. Kemble he also corrected the costume of "King John," "Henry 4th.," "As You Like It," "Othello," and "Cymbeline." which plays were revived from his designs and under his direction, and for which the Drama, is deeply indebted to him, having aroused the actors to study what before they too lightly treated. In 1826 he made a tour through the north of Germany, Prussia, Saxony, Holland, and the Netherlands, publishing on his return "The Lays and Legends of the Rhine," dedicated by permission, to Sir W. Scott. In 1827 he again

visited Germany, and descended the Danube from Ratisbon to Vienna, an account of which tour was published the following year in one volume octavo, and has been lately reprinted with additional matter, and in the shape of a guide along that River.

On the 11th. of November, 1828, the anniversary of the day on which Charles the XIIth. was killed, Mr. Planché's delightful drama of that name, was produced at Drury Lane, being his fifty-fifth dramatic production in the course of ten years.

In 1830 he was elected a member of the Society of Antiquaries.

He is also the author of "The History of British Costume," published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, 1834; a variety of songs, essays, &c., in periodical and other publications and has placed of one description or another, nearly one-hundred pieces on the Stage. If industry and talent, joined with consummate dramatic skill, can command success, no man more richly deserves it than the subject of this memoir.

B.—W.

*August 25th. 1837.*

107, 21, 01

107, 21, 01

107, 21, 01





### THE TWO FIGAROS.

*Count.* That's not Seraphina.  
*Figaro.* Eh ! why I could swear—  
Act, I.

THE  
**TWO FIGAROS,**

A MUSICAL COMEDY,

In Two Acts,

by  
J. R. PLANCHE, F.S.A.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

---

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE  
CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT.  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prefaced by a Dedication to

MADAME VESTRIS;

And an original

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF JOHN LISTON, ESQ.

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SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH TWO ENGRAVINGS,  
By Orrin Smith, from Drawings taken during the representation of the  
Piece, by Pierce Egan, the Younger,

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LONDON :  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1835  
428

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**"STAR PRESS"**

**20, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden,  
JAMES TURNER.**

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## DEDICATION.

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MY DEAR MADAME VESTRIS,

Allow me to dedicate this little Drama to you. I have several reasons for so doing ; the most obvious are, it's having been produced at your Theatre ; the perfect manner in which you have thought proper to produce it, and the support it has received from your personal exertions in the trifling part of *Susanetta* ; but, I have another, and still stronger motive. This Drama has been selected to form the first number of a New Series, which will principally, if not wholly consist of pieces produced by members of the Dramatic Authors' Society. As a very humble member of that body, I therefore take this public opportunity of expressing the opinion which I, in common with many of my brethren entertain of your management of the Olympic Theatre, and of the beneficial effects likely to result from it to the whole Dramatic community.

In a time of unexampled peril to the best interests of the Drama—whilst Theatrical property was at the lowest ebb—the larger Theatres changing hands continually, and the ruin of their lessees involving that of hundreds of their unfortunate dependents,—the little Olympic, the most despised nook in the dramatic world, became not only one of the most Popular and Fashionable Theatres London ever saw,—but served as a life-boat to the respectability of the stage, which was fast sinking in the general wreck. Your *success* is a matter of notoriety—not so however, the principal *causes* of your success, which also constitute the claims you have upon the good wishes of all who regard the true interests of the English Stage. To those causes thousands are blind, and none perhaps so blind, as the very persons who are most concerned in clearly perceiving and reflecting on them, I allude to the majority of Theatrical Managers, Provincial as well as Metropolitan.

In the first place, you have never suffered a temporary decline of attraction to scare you into the destructive system of filling your Boxes with orders.

Secondly—You have never suffered your Play-bill to be disgraced by a puff ; but rigidly restricted it to the simple announcement of the Performances.

Thirdly—In the production of *every* Drama, without regard to its comparative importance—the most scrupulous attention has been paid to all those accessories which form the peculiar charm of Theatrical Representation, by perfecting the illusion of the scene, and consequently at the same time every possible chance of success has been afforded to the author.

Fourthly—That if notwithstanding such aid, a Drama has occasionally failed, it has been as soon as possible withdrawn in deference to the opinion of the public.

Fifthly—That the advantage of early hours was first perceived, by the audiences of the Olympic. The performances having been generally so regulated as to enable families to reach their homes before midnight.

It is to these few "Golden Rules" which you have had the good taste and sound policy to adopt and persevere in, more even, than to your deserved popularity as an Actress, that you owe your unequalled success, and when by the adoption of similar measures similar prosperity shall attend other Theatrical Speculations, and the benefit of that prosperity be felt throughout the various branches of the Dramatic Profession, I trust it will not be forgotten that the laudable experiment was first made by Madame Vestris.

I must not omit to state as a collateral cause of the natural interest Dramatic writers should take in your welfare, that with at least as much excuse (if there be any excuse for so absurd a practice) as attraction ever gave to any other manager; the privileges of those who have a professional claim on the free admission to your Theatre, have never since its first opening been upon any occasion, *suspended*.

The writer of a piquant and complimentary notice of the Olympic Theatre, in the New Monthly Magazine, for October last, has with great felicity likened your Theatre to a fashionable Confectioner's shop, where although one cannot absolutely make a dinner, one may enjoy a most agreeable refection, consisting of Jellies, Cheese-cakes, Custards, and such "trifles light as air" served upon the best Dresden china, in the most elegant style; but let it be also remembered, and I am sure that writer has too much good sense not to have admitted it had it been necessary for him so to do; that the Olympic is licensed for the sale of Confectionary *only*, and that the fine old English Fare on which the patriotic critic alone can dine, may not be served up to your customers. It is but fair to presume that the same spirit which induced you to offer a trifle like, "the Two Figaros" on such exquisite porcelain, (to follow up the ingenious simile of the writer in the New Monthly) —would cause you to place upon a patent dining table, the Hamlet of Shakspeare, in as costly plate as ever was turned out by Hamlet of Sidney's-alley.

Fortunately for yourself perhaps, your exertions have been confined to a Theatre, the direction of which is a recreation, more than a labour; but the model is not less instructive because it is made on so small a scale and preserved in the cabinet of a lady. That great good will eventually, and not far distantly arise to the Drama from your example, is the firm belief of many, for whose judgment I have great respect, and that you may continue to deserve their "golden opinions" and live to enjoy an ample harvest reaped from the practice of your "golden rules" is the wish of,

My dear Madame Vestris,

Your sincere Friend,

J. R. PLANCHÉ.

Brompton Crescent,  
Dec. 19th. 1836.

AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

JOHN LISTON, ESQ.

---

An thou sayest my mug be not mirth full,  
Tap the small keg of sowers on thy shoulders  
And drown in the verjuice of thy crabbed brain,  
That wicked wit, so faintly flickering,  
Through thy lantern jaw.

ANON.

This incomparable professor of the mimic art, was born in the year 1776, in the parish of St. Anne's, Soho, and many believe, is lineally descended from *Johan De l'Estomme* (see Doomsday book, where he is so written), who came in with the Conqueror, and had lands awarded him at *Lupton Magna*, in KENT, and that he is the only son of Habakuk Liston, an Anabaptist minister, but such descent was a waggery of the late Chares Lamb. However the respectability of his parents is fairly proved, by his having received so liberal an education at Soho school, as to enable him to become about the year 1799, like Lingo, "a teacher of scholars," at the Grammar School of St. Martin's, in Castle Street, Leicester Square; and that at a time, when a little learning could not be purchased so cheaply as now. He, however, resigned the rod and ferule, for the sock and buskin, and became a member of the most ephemeral of all arts; for an actor's excellencies are "oft interred with his bones" or at most, live but some fifty years after, faintly recollected among the youthful follies of a few aged sinners. His first essay was not in tragedy, as all memoir writers have averred, but in the line he has now so highly topped; having made his first appearance on the stage, as *Lord Duberly*, in the *Heir at Law*, at Weymouth, and so lamentably failed, that he adopted the advice of the manager (he having convinced him that he had not the slightest talent for comedy), and took to what is technically termed the *heavy business*, alias, respectable fathers, and middle aged murderous oppressors of the young and virtuous. From Weymouth he went to Dublin, and there sustained with some success the soundness of his advisor's reasoning. He figured next in the York circuit, and here, we are told, he imbibed a great portion of that oddity of manner so peculiar to him, from imitating, for green-room amusement, the rather effeminate grotesqueness of a clever comedian, named Kelly, and the singular expression of the mother of a celebrated actress. We believe his playing a part in imitation of the lady, excited such merriment; that he resolved to try back and have another fling at his favourite Thalia. For this purpose he joined Stephen Kemble's company, and at one of the towns of this circuit, (Sunderland), it

was our great delight, to hear him spoken of by the best men, in the best terms of respect and admiration. We mention this as an example, worthy of emulation in the yet unknown aspirers to public approbation; for actors to win respect, is difficult, and to hold it, falls to the lot of few. Here Mr. Charles Kemble first saw and estimated our hero's talent, and strongly recommended him to the proprietors of Covent Garden Theatre, but the comic cast of characters being well filled by established favourites, they declined, and he was ultimately engaged, through the same interest by Mr. Colman, for the Haymarket Theatre. He made his debut in *Zekiel Homespun*, in the *Heir at Law*, and *Sheepface*, in the *Village Lawyer*, on the 14th. of June, 1805. It is related of Mrs. Gibbs, now Mrs. Colman, that at the first rehearsal she went into the green-room, and beheld Mr. Liston seated by himself in thoughtful mood, with his chin resting on his stick, and between his legs, also seated, his favourite very ugly pug dog, apparently partaking of his master's mind, as dogs often seem to do. The effect, to her, was so ludicrous, that she rushed out again, in a fit of laughter, exclaiming to some of the fraternity, that "there was a man and a dog in the room whose physiognomies were so exactly alike, it was hard to tell which was which." Mr. Liston's appearance was not highly successful, but sufficient. Nor did he hit the taste of the town decidedly, until one evening, after dining with Mr. Colman, (for the managers of those days, thought it no harm to be on friendly terms with their actors), in the character of Lord Grizzle, he began dancing to the song of "*Hurry post haste for a Licence*" which so tickled his audience, that they twice encored him, and from that time, may be dated his gradual advance, to his present deserved popularity. Authors began to write for him, particularly dancing parts, and he was immediately offered an engagement at Covent Garden, which he accepted, and appeared there in the character of *Jacob Gaukey*, in the *Chapter of Accidents*, on the 15th. of October, in the same year, with complete success. However, the critic of one of the papers, cavilled at his performance, and wished to know with affected ignorance where "*the managers had picked him up*" to which he replied, by letter, "*Sir, I was picked up in the Haymarket, John Liston.*" From that time to this, he has studiously avoided the perusal of criticisms on himself, good, bad or indifferent, and thereby, wisely avoided much annoyance. His course ran on smoothly and brilliantly, and in 1823 on seceding from Covent Garden, in consequence of some disagreement with the proprietors, he was induced by the liberal offer of £40 per week, to join the Drury Lane corps dramatique, and proved by his great attraction, how well Elliston had estimated his value. George the Fourth particularly noticed him, and by always commanding pieces in which Mr. Liston performed, raised him, if possible, still higher in public opinion. On one occasion, he was expressly sent for from Brighton, to perform *by desire* of the King; and the entree of himself and friends to the palace, there, was sent him as a mark of his Majesty's estimation of his talent. "There's honour for you!" We never saw a man so thoroughly delighted, and an honour it was to see it, as the King was, with our hero's performances; his sides *literally shook* with laughter; tears of mirth coursed down his *royal cheeks*, (to speak in Ellistonian phrase), and etiquette and the

checks of state, seemed to be out for a holiday, whilst the genuine feeling of the heart, so tempered down at courts, had full leave to rollick it in the dimples of King, Lords, and Commons. From grave to gay was but a step, and that step was when Liston put his foot on the stage. The origin of the encore of Mawworm's sermon entirely originated with George the Fourth, and Liston's shake of the hand at his profanity, and the consequent roar of laughter, in which his Majesty joined, can never be forgotten by any who witnessed it. But the kindly feeling of Royalty towards the profession seems to be inherent. George the Third was a constant visitor of Theatres, in town and country, and particularly noticed, and never forgot the pleasure he derived from the efforts of men of merit; and our present Majesty, God bless him! publicly saluted, on a late visit to Drury Lane, the veteran Dowton, in so marked a manner, as at first almost to overpower the exertions of that genuine actor. The brothers of the King, are not a jot behind him in this respect, and when we saw the Princess Victoria weep at the pathetic farewell of Mr. C. Kemble, we hope to see the native Drama flourish in all its pristine vigour, under the auspices of the first in the land. In 1830, Madame Vestris wisely taking advantage of the faulty conduct of the then managers or rather mis-managers of the major establishments, secured the services of Mr. Liston, at £60 per week, thereby clinching the opinion, that woman's wit is superior to man's in all points of pleasure, if in nought else, particularly as regards the lady in question. Here he has remained up to this our present writing, and is likely so to do, until he leaves us altogether, so much is his comfort studied by her, who is keen sighted enough to know his worth to the most perfect establishment in London. Mr. Liston has ever been a great feature at the Haymarket, and during the run of Paul Pry, received from that Theatre £60 per week, which he well earned, considering he enabled the proprietors to clear £7000 in one season, by his performance of that character. In 1807, he married Miss Tyrer, so celebrated for her performance of Queen Dollololla, and other characters, and in her, acquired one of the greatest blessings in *little*, that ever fell to man's lot, we mean a most exemplary wife. By this marriage he has a daughter, born on the 21st. of January 1814, married to the popular composer, Mr. Rodwell, who has twice made him a grandfather in the shape of two daughters; and a son aged 24, Lieutenant in the 8th Regiment of foot, quartered in Jamaica, where in an amateur performance, he has enacted in his father's line to a delighted audience, in the same piece with the sons of Emery and Fawcett. We understand they have both, very naturally, a predilection for the stage, and though such inclination is strongly opposed by the father, it is not unlikely that one or both may make a public essay. It is a fact no less strange than true, that almost all histrionic parents have a great aversion to their offspring following the profession they have lived by; why, we are at a loss to guess, but so it is. The memoirs of the sons of actors will prove it, they being invariably put to some other profession, or trade, until the old leaven breaks out. Mr. Liston though sometimes oppressed with great lowness of spirits, is exceedingly fond of a joke, either in word or practice, and we could almost fill a volume with *his oddities in this way*. Pope the actor and gourmand, was one of



his great victims, and he was wont to annoy him excessively upon his latter quality. Good eating and drinking, being Pope's essence of life, Mr. Liston used to speak of his preference for boiled sucking pigs, and haunches of venison, until Pope would rush out of the room in a state of disgust for his depraved taste. One day he saluted Pope with; "What do you think, my wine merchant has been endeavouring to impose on me, by charging me 80s. a dozen for *old* Port, when I can get *new* for half the money, but I am not quite such a fool, as to be done in that way." Pope was paralyzed! "And then, that French Brandy, I never will buy any more of it. while I can get British." "Why then" said Pope, "I suppose you would like turpentine?" "I have no doubt" replied Liston "it would be very nice with water." This was too much. This defection of palate, was a crime that Pope never could forget nor forgive, and on hearing a travelled gentleman, in the Haymarket Green-room, explaining to Liston, the various modes of cooking abroad, Pope impatiently addressed him, in these words, "Sir, I have not the honour of knowing you, but hearing you descant on cooking to my worthy friend Liston, whom I respect in private, and admire in public, I must inform you, you are speaking to a man, who has no more taste in the table than a Catabaw Indian." Mr Liston was always highly amused with the smartness in reply of the Irish, on his visits to Dublin; and one that occurred some three years since, though at the expense of his wife, tickled his fancy amazingly. Mr. and Mrs. Liston were walking through the streets, in Dublin, when an Irish basket-woman pushed roughly past them, and Mrs. Liston who is very short and very stout, exclaimed; "you had better walk over me." The Irishwoman viewing her height and bulk, smilingly replied, "Faith, ma'am, it would be easier to walk over you, than round you, any how."

Mr. and Mrs. Liston, a few days after their marriage, appeared in Theodore Hook's drama, of "The Fortress," in which Mr. Liston, as a sentinel, had to oppose the entrance of his wife with, "You can't pass this way, Miss." and his better half to reply, "Miss indeed! I'd have you to know, I'm no Miss." This replication, the audience applied to the new-married pair, and applauded to the very echo; so disconcerting Mrs. Liston, that she burst into tears and retired up the stage. Liston immediately went to her, and taking up the apron she wore, wiped her eyes, with such a ludicrous expression of concern, that the applause was doubled, if possible, accompanied with roars of most unsympathising laughter from all parts of the house.

At the Haymarket Theatre, one evening, Mr. Liston not being particularly engaged, went into a private box, with a false nose and spectacles on, and seating himself over the stage, by his peculiar appearance, attracted the notice of Mr. Terry, who was performing one of his most favourite characters. His object being gained, he pointedly followed Terry with the green orbs to whatever part of the stage he moved, until Terry was so annoyed, that he was obliged to leave the stage, and beg that the gentleman in the green spectacles and queer nose, might be requested to refrain from *paying him* such marked attention, or he could not proceed with his *performance*. A messenger went to the box, but Liston, having *in the mean time*, removed the nose and appurtenances, and the

nuisance not being there, it was thought, Mr. Terry must have made some mistake, as no such person, so described, had been seen to enter the Theatre. Terry, insisted he was not mistaken, and supposed the party must have left the house, but, being gone, he was a man again. No sooner, however, did he step upon the stage, than he saw the green-eyed monster, with no speculation in those eyes, he glared withal, looking full at him, and despite every endeavour, as if fascinated, he appeared to be always before him. A second time was Terry disconcerted, a second time were the boxes examined, but without effect, and Mr. Terry, must be in error notwithstanding he was violently positive, he was not so. This damnable iteration continued, and though the doors were watched, it was not until Mr. Liston pleased, that the secret came out.

Mr. Liston has made two *serious* attempts before a London public, to increase the attraction on his own benefits: his first was in 1809, as *Octavian*, in the *Mountaineers*; his last in 1829, as *Baron Willingham*, in *Lover's Vows*. On either occasion there was not much even to smile at, however, his name and laughter were so associated in the minds of the many, that where he was most earnest, they thought him most ludicrous, and when once set off, merriment was the order of the evening; but that he can be pathetic and powerfully so, is proved, by the tear-exciting manner, in which he rejects as the Dominie, Lucy Bertram's offer of money, in *Guy Mannering*.

A few years since it was usual with some theatrical quidnuncs, to term Mr. Liston a face-maker, and a droll, until his inimitable performance of *Adam Brock*, in *Charles the 12th*, dispelled the illusion they had been labouring under, and made them join the general opinion, of his being a sterling actor, of the right school. Indeed, the artist-like manner in which he gets up his characters, must be witnessed to be credited. He scarcely ever produces an unstudied effect, either in word, look, or gesture. It is his constant custom to attend the first two rehearsals of any new piece he is to act in, that the sides of entrance may be duly arranged, he then goes diligently to work, and at his next rehearsal, which takes place four or five days after, comes perfect, and so on to the day of performance; by which time he is so mellowed in the matter, that the words become a secondary consideration, and he is thus enabled to devote the whole force of his mind to the business of the scene. If all actors were to do as much, they would find their end in it, and the public be taught to respect their efforts.

Mr. Liston's height is five feet, eleven, and in his younger days, he was considered one of the finest formed men in London. He is the perfect gentleman, in manners and appearance, and that he can be a sincere friend, in a profession, where all seem enemies, ourselves, among many others, can testify. His principal residence is at Penn, near Windsor, where we hope the air will furnish him with health sufficient, to allow of his delighting us for many years to come, by his admirable delineations of character, and with this hearted wish we bid him adieu.

B—W. 9

## Remarks

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A five act comedy, by M. Richaud Marteley, and produced at the Theatre Francais, in 1794, formed the ground work of this little Drama. The plot is however, considerably altered, and the character of Susanetta added to the Dramatis Personæ. Our old acquaintances, Bazil, Antonio, Barbarina, and Fiorello, have also been introduced, with the music of the Operas "*Il Barbieri de Seviglia*" and "*Le Nozze di Figaro*." The scene is laid in the gardens of Count Almaviva's palace, near Seville. The time, one day, and Beaumarchais having produced his "*Folle Journée, ou le Mariage de Figaro*" in 1784, the date of the action, and consequently of the Costume of the "*Two Figaros*" is 1800. Sixteen years being supposed to have elapsed since Susanna bestowed her hand upon the immortal Barber. Figaro was born of a Spanish dramatist's brain, and did not originate with Beaumarchais, as generally believed. However, he brought the Barber into the world, adopted and adapted him, and gave him a fame that has extended, to use a common phrase, from pole to pole. On the representation of "*La Folle Journée*" in Paris, three hundred persons dined in the boxes to secure their places, and three were crushed to death at the opening of the doors, such was the popularity of both author and character. Nor was it less liked for satirising the authorities of France, in the corrupt judge, Brid'oison, a personage, not in the English version of the play. Figaro-fans, ribbons, and even night-caps, generally prevailed, till the Archbishop of Paris began to be seriously alarmed, and in a Mandement on the subject strongly expressed his high displeasure. This Mandement, the triumphant Aristophanes, turned into a ballad, and caused it to be sung about the Palais Royal. The Archbishop then threatened to resign; but to appease him, the play was stopped, and Beaumarchais sent to the St Lazare, which is the whipping-house, at Paris. On his release, the carriages to convey company, or cards of congratulation to him, rendered one of the longest streets in Paris all but impassable, and a general tumult being feared, the comedy was revived.

Beaumarchais was born the 24th of January 1732, and died the 29th or 30th of April 1801. In the "*Two Figaros*" the author has caught the spirit of Beaumarchais to a shade, and the old original Barber, though like Laertes, foiled, is still the same delightful essence of intrigue and fun, he has ever proved himself. The scenery, dresses, etc. reflect the highest credit on Madame Vestris' taste and judgement; and the acting of herself and all concerned, fully equal the getting up, and in saying this, we conceive we cannot pass a higher compliment.

# Dramatis Personæ, and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED NOVEMBER 30th, 1836.

**COUNT ALMAVIVA.**—(sixteen years older, but not wiser.) Dark blue coat with large square skirts to button close on breast, richly embroidered with gold flowers—fawn colored pantaloons trimmed with gold—black hessian boots—cocked hat edged with white ostrich feathers } Mr. J. Bland.

**CHERUBINO.**—(sixteen years older and a Colonel of dragoons.) Black satin small clothes, trimmed with bell buttons—pink satin vest and jacket a la Figaro, handsomely trimmed with silver, white handkerchief in each in each pocket—cap and net—white silk stockings and shoes with Spanish tie. Second dress—green Spanish military coat, faced with red and gold lace—white small clothes—high military boots, spurs—cocked hat. } Mr. C. Mathews.

**BASILIO.**—(sixteen years older, a canon of the Cathedral of Seville) Black canonical gown and lappets trimmed with white—large hat—black silk stockings—shoes. } Mr. C. Morris.

**TORIBIO.**—(a sharper assuming the name of Don Alvaro de Ribera) Splendid light red coat, the same fashion as the Count, trimmed with gold flowers and lace—white waistcoat—white knee breeches and silk stockings—black shoes—latchets—cocked hat. } Mr. Selby.

**SEÑOR PENAFLORIO SCRIBLEROS** (a Dramatic Author.) Black old fashioned suit, and three corner'd hat. } Mr. Oxberry.

**FIGARO.**—(sixteen years older and Major Domo to the Count.) Dark plum coloured satin jacket, vest and small clothes, richly trimmed with small bell buttons—leather gaiters curved round top—small black hat—Spanish net for head, and black shoes. } Mr. Liston.

**FIGRELLO.**—(sixteen years older, and Groom of the chamber.) Light blue velvet jacket, vest and small clothes, trimmed with small bell buttons—net and cap a la Figaro—white silk stockings—black shoes—Spanish tie. } Mr. Tulley.

**ANTONIO, the Gardener.**—(sixteen years older, but not "a whit more sober.") Dark brown coat, vest and breeches trimmed with red—green apron—red stockings—old man's shoes—buckles and rosettes. } Mr. Ireland.

**NOTARY.**—A suit of Black } Mr. Hughes.

**LIVERY SERVANTS.**—blue coats, handsomely trimmed with broad silver lace—knee breeches and waistcoats to match—white silk stockings and shoes. } Messrs. Connel and Hutchinson

**VILLAGERS.**—various Spanish dresses like Fiorello.

**COUNTESS.**—(sixteen years older, with a marriageable daughter.) Spanish black satin skirt with crape flounces, richly trimmed with lace—and mantilla. } Mrs McNamara

**SERAPHINA.**—(her daughter, just sixteen.) Amber satin, richly trimmed with black lace—and mantilla. } Miss Crawford.

### COSTUME.

SUSANNA.—(sixteen years older, but as good looking as ever.) Blue cashmere skirt, trimmed with black velvet—black velvet boddice, richly studded with small bell buttons—black shoes—white stockings. } Miss Murray.

SUSANETTA.—(her cousin, in waiting on Seraphina.) A very rich crape dress with flounces, boddice trimmed with white bell buttons—black silk stockings—and shoes. } Mdme. Vestris.

BARBARINA.—(sixteen years older, and still a spinster.) Black velvet boddice with white bell buttons—salmon coloured skirt—head dress—white silk stockings—and shoes. } Miss Maxwell.

VILLAGERS.—various coloured Spanish dresses after the fashion of Barbarina.

Time of representation 1 hour and 35 minutes.

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The Music selected from the operas of "The Barber of Seville" and "The Marriage of Figaro." The overture of the former, played before the piece, and that of the latter, between the acts.

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SCENIC ARRANGEMENT.—Palace, L. with flight of steps to stage. Vases of flowers placed on the corners of the balustrades. An awning hanging from the Palace, over the steps. The wings R, and L. are entirely removed, and the scene occupies the whole extent of stage, backed out by a piazza; being a continuation of the palace; the R. corner, by a distant view of Seville. Vase, L. U. E. Practicable arch under the platform. Same, L. T. E. behind steps. On R. is an arbour. R. S. E., a statue. Same, R. T. E. A sun-dial between. The side R. of stage is marked by a lattice-work, on which a grove of trees is fancifully painted.

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### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left. T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# THE TWO FIGAROS.

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## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Gardens and Palace, of Count Almaviva, near Seville.*

*Enter* FIORELLO, ANTONIO, BARBARINA, and Servants, from arch L.  
*Tenantry meeting them from U. E. R.*

(*"Mille Grazie."*)

*Chorus.*

Gayest garlands quickly weaving,  
Hasten,—sterner labour leaving,—  
Here our mistress kind receiving,  
Homage due to her to pay.

*Fiorello.*

Silence! silence! cease your chatter;  
If his lordship hears this clatter,  
He will wonder what's the matter.  
Rascals, to your posts away.

*Exeunt all but BARBARINA and ANTONIO, U. E. R. Enter FIGARO, down steps.*

*Barbarina.* (R.) Here comes the major domo; he'll tell us. Senor Figaro, are you sure that my Lady the Countess, her daughter Seraphina, and your wife Susanna, will be here to-day?

*Figaro.* (L.) As sure, Barbarina, as that you are still a spinster and your Father Antonio there a superannuated old garden grub, whose brains would have been dust before now if the liquor he swallows hadn't made mud of them. Why, look you; the sun is scarcely up and he staggers already.

*Antonio.* (R.C.) With age, with age, Senor Figaro, I'm old, very old.

*Figaro.* With wine, with wine, Senor Soaker. You're drunk, very drunk. Get thee to bed again. That nose of thine gives one the scarlet fever. I declare, the reflection makes Barbarina look as though she blush'd, and that's what she has not done since the Count caught Cherubino in her chamber sixteen years ago come midsummer.

*Barbarina.* Don't be raking up old grievances, I beg, Senor Figaro. Cherubino was then a mere boy; he is at present a man and a colonel of dragoons; and were he to knock at my chamber-window now—

*Figaro.* Why, you'd let him in again, Barbarina. There, there, get you both gone. Abscond, I say, and leave me to my meditations.

*Barb.* Come along, father.

[*Exeunt BARBARINA and ANTONIO, U. E. E.*]

*Figaro.* [*Alone.*] Let me see. Aye, it is now three years since my wife and I parted. Bless my soul! It appears but the other day! We had then lived together nearly thirteen. I'm sure they seem'd more like thirty. Ah, my separation of the Count and Countess was a fine stroke of policy. I kill'd two birds with one stone; got rid of my mistress and my wife, and became my master's master as well as my own master. It is now my wish that the Countess should return, with her daughter Seraphina. Enough. I but hint my desire, and they do return. Don Alvaro, alias Toribio, an old acquaintance of mine, is in love with the young lady, or rather with the reversion of the estate. Very good. He shall have a pretty wife. So much the worse for him. A handsome portion, which I shall share. So much the better for me. It's all arranged. The Count must give his consent to-day. The ladies will arrive presently: to be sure my wife comes with them. Humph! Well, well, it cannot be help'd. There's no perfect happiness in this world, and a man must make up his mind to the vinegar as well as the honey of it. Ha, ha, ha! what a fool I do make of my master. And yet—no; according to the proverb, I don't well see how he can be a fool, for certainly experience has not the slightest effect on him. Ha! here comes my newly created Don.

[*Enter TORIBIO U. E. E.*]

How now! Is this your punctuality? I've been waiting for you this half-hour. Phew! what a dress!

*Toribio.* Yes; I think it's pretty well. 'Twas that which detained me. Tailors have been almost cheated into prudence, and like to measure the purse as well as the person; but I've managed my rascal at last. Has the Count mentioned me to you yet?

*Figaro.* He has. I had a long conversation with him last night, which decided him in your favour. He asked my opinion, and I set my face against the marriage completely.

*Toribio.* The devil you did! For what reason?

*Figaro.* What a question! That he should not suspect connivance, to be sure. I asked him what proof he had that you were Don Alvaro de Ribera, and how he knew that you were not an impostor assuming that title?

*Toribio.* 'Sdeath, Figaro, that was a dangerous question.

*Figaro.* Not at all; for he convinced me of your identity with that noble gentleman by showing me the very papers with which I had furnished you for the express purpose of cheating him. Of course I hadn't another word to say upon that point.

*Toribio.* Bravo!

*Figaro.* But then, says I, my Lord, although I am obliged to confess there can be no doubt that Don Alvaro is the person he represents himself, he has no estates in this country. His property is in Mexico, from whence he was coming when the vessel was wrecked, and all but himself perished, and his title to that property he has himself told you is disputed, in consequence of some informality in his father's will. Had you not better wait, says I, till the court of Madrid has pronounced its judgment, and—

*Toribio.* Wait! my dear Figaro! It will be ruin.

*Figaro.* It *would* be ruin, you mean. I know that; and therefore pressed him to do so, because I was certain he'd do just the reverse. Oh, he's a long headed gentleman. After thirty days' reflection, he makes a fool of himself the thirty-first with an intrepidity—

*Toribio.* Figaro—

*Figaro.* Poh! what signifies my speaking the truth to you, so that I lie heartily to his Lordship.

*Toribio.* Well, I rely on your zeal, and you may depend upon my generosity.

*Figaro.* His generosity! Ha, ha, ha! How a man's style does change with his circumstances! Who could think now that this same finely dressed, smoothly spoken, patronising Don Alvaro was but a few years ago a barber's apprentice; a little, dirty, ragged headed rascal, whose whole wardrobe might have been crammed into his master's bason, and whose stock of eloquence was exhausted in a "Shave you directly, sir."

*Toribio.* Hush! for your own sake. Should any one overhear you—

*Figaro.* Well, well. The Count finished by overruling all my objections; and as the ladies arrive to-day, to-day you are to be married. Go to him; clinch the business, and—

*Enter FIORELLO, U. E. R.*

Well, what do you want?

*Fiorello.* Senor Penaflorio Scribleros waits without.

*Figaro.* Admit him, and usher Don Alvaro into the Count's chamber. (*Aside to TORIBIO, who crosses to L.*) Prudence and perseverance, most magnificent Hidalgo!

[FIGARO bows respectfully to TORIBIO, who waves his hand haughtily and exits, preceded by FIORELLO, up steps.]

*Figaro.* Now then for Senor Penaflorio Scribleros, the dramatic author, who, in imitation of my betters, I have condescended to patronise.

*Enter SCRIBLEROS, U. E. R.*

*Scribl.* Senor Figaro, may you live a thousand years.

*Figaro.* Senor Scribleros, a thousand thanks. What is your will?

*Scribl.* Prince of plotters! Well—head of wit, mirror of machinations! deign to inspire me with one spark of thy most brilliant—

*Figaro.* Enough! enough! What would you write?

*Scribl.* A comedy. I only want the subject, the plot—

*Figaro.* And the dialogue. Mere trifles. But take my advice; don't write a comedy. The taste has gone by. Melodrame is your only chance now-a-days; and then the subject, plot, and dialogue are of no consequence whatever; or, at any rate, they may be settled in a twinkling. For instance, now; a young man who never had a father or a mother—

*Scribl.* Never!

*Figaro.* Since he was in his cradle.

*Scribl.* Oh.

*Figaro.* Is suddenly recognised by them at a moment when—

*Scribl.* But how; if they have not seen him since he was in his cradle?

*Figaro.* Poh! What hypercriticism! A strawberry mark on his left arm.

*Scribl.* But would not that be like—

B \



*Figaro.* A thousand things to be sure; but what does that signify? However, if you stickle for originality, let him be marked on both arms, and be claim'd by two fathers. There; there's an effect! there's an embarrassing situation!

*Scribl.* For the mother?

*Figaro.* Certainly; for the mother.

*Scribl.* But how bring about the denouement?

*Figaro.* By an explosion. Nothing more easy or satisfactory. A blow-up of the whole *dramatis personæ* sets all anxiety at rest. The greatest blockhead in the world knows nothing can happen to them after that; and besides the noise will drown the disapprobation, should there be any, you know. You shake your head: you don't relish that project? Stay; what think you of an opera?

*Scribl.* Ah, an opera!

*Figaro.* Then you may blend the plot and dialogue of a comedy with the music and scenery of a melodrama; and if it fails, you can throw the blame on the composer.

*Scribl.* Excellent.

*Figaro.* And for the subject—(*Aside.*) A happy thought. Ha, ha, ha! I cannot resist the idea. I'll dramatize my own scheme. Ha, ha, ha! (*Aloud.*) Listen. A rich nobleman—a Count, for instance, is separated from his wife and daughter; the latter about sixteen. A deep, intriguing, witty servant of the Count, who is anxious to make a sum of money at once which will enable him to retire from service, forms the scheme of marrying the young lady to an adventurer, whom he introduces into the house as a man of quality, under a promise that the marriage-portion shall be shared between them. The Count suffers himself to be completely led by the nose, recalls his wife and daughter, the wedding takes place, the booty is divided, and—

*Scribl.* And no obstacles, no other incident to create an interest?

*Figaro.* 'Sdeath, man, I can't write an opera in five minutes. Away; begin as I've told you, and if any thing strikes me I'll let you know. Vanish!

*Scribl.* I fly, *Senor.* (*Aside.*) Capital! I've my note book in my pocket, and will sketch out the first scene here in the garden.

[*Exit SCRIBLEROS, R.*]

*Figaro.* Ha, ha, ha! My invention will not be hard worked on this occasion. The characters will find dialogue for themselves. Mum; here comes the principal one.

*Enter COUNT, from the Palace, down the steps.*

*Count.* Well, *Figaro*, I have seen *Don Alvaro* and decided.

*Figaro.* To wait, my Lord?

*Count.* Certainly not. To have the contract drawn immediately.

*Figaro.* Is it possible! Well, my Lord, I've done. You did me the honour to ask my advice, and I gave it you, candidly. Of course, you've a right to follow it or not, as you please.

*Count.* *Figaro*, you know my confidence in you is not too great. You are, I am sorry to say, a rogue in grain; and I am, perhaps, to blame for having retained you so long in my service.

*Figaro.* Your Lordship is complimentary: but I deserve this for having employed what you are pleased to call my roguery so often for your benefit.

*Count.* Oh, you had your own ends in view at that time to stimulate you, and I suspect you have now some interested motive for opposing this match of my daughter with Don Alvaro.

*Figaro.* If you fancy that, Sir, why ask my advice?

*Count.* To see if your ingenuity, which I own is great, could hit upon any valid objection to it; nothing more: and my plan has succeeded. You have urged all you can against the match, and I have answered you triumphantly.

*Figaro.* I cannot deny that; but prudence, my Lord—

*Count.* Having made up my mind that it shall take place, prudence induces me not to risk the possibility of any body preventing it.

(“*Se vuol ballare Signor Contino.*”)

So, Senor Figaro, I have decided,

In this case at least, I by custom am guided,

For folks to ask counsel, are seldom so prone,

As when they’ve determined to follow their own!

(*Shouts at a distance, U. E. R. FIORELLO, descending steps.*)

*Fiorello.* The Condessa’s carriage is coming up the avenue, my Lord.

*Count.* I hasten to receive her.

[*Exeunt COUNT, and FIORELLO. U. E. R.*]

*Figaro.* There’s no glory in cheating him. It’s a positive waste of wit.

*Enter SCRIBLERO, R.*

*Scribl.* Senor Figaro! Senor Figaro!

*Figaro.* ’Sdeath, man, I can’t stop now; here’s my Lady arrived.

*Scribl.* But one instant. I’ve begun as you told me. The rogue of a servant has projected the marriage.

*Figaro.* And the fool of a master has ordered the contract?

*Scribl.* Yes.

*Figaro.* Then let them sign it.

*Scribl.* What! without any other incident. The piece will be very short.

*Figaro.* So much the better for the audience. Vanish! Here come my Lord and Lady. [*Pushes him out, R.*]

*March.*—*Enter ANTONIO, BARBARINA, Servants and Tenantry, then the COUNT, COUNTESS and SUSANNA, U. E. R.*

CHORUS. (“*Ricevete O Padroncina.*”)

Welcome! welcome! noble Lady!

Roses in your path we strew,

Be your way through life henceforward,

Strewn by Fate with roses too!

*Count.* (C.) Welcome back to Seville, Madam. Figaro, do you not welcome Susanna.

*Figaro.* (R.) My feelings overpower me! (*crossing*) My wife!

*Susanna.* (L.) My husband!

[*They embrace.*]

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) The vixen.

*Susanna.* (*Aside.*) The hypocrite!

*Count.* Rosina, who is the young person I saw with Seraphina?

*Countess.* (R. C.) Her waiting maid a cousin of Susanna’s. We

call her Susanetta.

*Count.* She's uncommonly pretty.

*Figaro.* (to *Susanna*.) Pretty; and a cousin of yours. I long to embrace her.

*Susanna.* All in good time. You need not be so remarkably affectionate.

*Count.* (to *Countess*.) Madam, permit me to lead you to the saloon, and to present to you my friend, Don Alvaro, your future son-in-law.

[*Exeunt COUNT and COUNTESS, up steps, ANTONIO, BARBARINA, and Servants L. and Tenantry, U. E. R.*]

*Susanna.* And now, Senor Figaro, may I inquire the object of this freak of yours; for yours I'm convinced it is. What mighty motive has induced you to bring about this reconciliation between my Lord and Lady, and cause her recall to Andalusia, as well as that of your neglected wife?

*Figaro.* My neglected wife! O, ungrateful woman! During the three long years that cruel duty has separated us, have I not been constantly endeavouring to move the heart of the Count, not so much for his sake, but for my own, that we might meet again.

*Susanna.* And was it necessary for that object, pray, that the Count should insist on marrying his daughter to this Don Alvaro, a person she has never seen?

*Figaro.* Nay; of that I wash my hands entirely. I know nothing of Don Alvaro, beyond the facts of his having presented himself to the Count as the only son of an old friend of the Almavivas, who died lately in Mexico; of his having fallen in love with Senora Seraphina from seeing her portrait in the great dining room; and of his acceptance by the Count almost as soon as he proposed himself. I'm sure I've said every thing against the match that a man could say, who had any respect for truth.

*Susanna.* You have?

*Figaro.* Every thing; and will do any thing, in conscience, to prevent what I consider a sacrifice.

*Susanna.* You would? (*Aside.*) If I could believe him now — But no! we must keep on our guard.

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) What if I trusted her? No! She'd side with her Lady and ruin every thing. It won't do.

*Susanna.* Well, we shall see if you are sincere. You know I have much to complain of. But aid us honestly to prevent this marriage, and I will forgive you every thing.

(*" Venite inginocchiatevi."*)

Come promise, Senor Figaro,  
To be our firm ally.

(*Aside.*) I mark'd his roguish snigger, O!  
I'll on him keep an eye.

(*Aloud.*) Turn round! Don't feign amaz'd to be,  
In vain that simple air  
I know you're at some knavery;  
I give you warning fair.  
Come try, if but for novelty,  
To act an honest part.  
Sixteen long years you've worried me,  
And almost broke my heart!

B B

*Figaro.* Sixteen!

*Susanna.* Your pardon! I forgot the three,  
That we have lived apart.  
I quite forgot the happy three  
That we have lived apart.

[*Exeunt, arch. L.*]

*Enter, SUSANETTA and SERAPHINA U. R. R.*

*Susanetta.* (R.) Courage, courage! Senorita, he will come, depend upon it; I gave him the note with my own hands, before we set out from Valencia.

*Seraphina.* (L.) But, should my father or Figaro recognise him.

*Susanetta.* It's impossible. The countess and my cousin Susanna, declare that he is so much altered from the little effeminate page, who always looked like a girl in boy's clothes that they could not believe him to be the same person even when he declared himself. You know he left for the army the very year you were born, and neither the Count, nor Figaro, nor any body except our four selves have set eyes on him since.

*Seraphina.* Nevertheless, I'm sure I shall sink when he appears.

*Susanetta.* You'll have no cause indeed Senorita, I'll warrant he plays his part to a miracle!

*Seraphina.* Here come Figaro and your cousin?

*Susanetta.* Then you go into your room while I am introduced to this celebrated gentleman, and see how the land lies.

[*Exit SERAPHINA, up steps*]

*Enter SUSANNA and FIGARO, arch L.*

*Susanna.* Susanetta, this is my husband whom you have heard so much of.

*Figaro.* Upon my honor she is very pretty! Cousin, permit me—  
(*Kisses SUSANETTA.*)

*Susanetta.* Senor Figaro, allow me to contemplate those august features! Permit me to gaze with mingled awe and admiration on the renowned Barber of Seville, whose name has penetrated the remotest corners of the earth, and whose deeds are chronicled in immortal music!

(*"Non piu Andrai"*)

Can it be! do I really behold him;  
On her list fame for aye has enroll'd him,  
Nature bribed merry Momus to mould him  
And then set at defiance dull care.  
Bow ye minions of mirth all before him,  
When he sings who could fail to encore him,  
When he dances all hearts must adore him,  
When he speaks, who can laughter forbear;  
Can it be, &c.

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) Now rot me if I know whether she means this for civility or impertinence.

*Susanna.* Aye, he can be a very pleasant fellow when he likes and I hope he is going to be on his best behaviour. He assures me he has had no hand in planning this marriage, and that he will assist us in preventing it.

*Susanetta.* When you say us my dear cousin, I hope you don't include me, as I beg to remain perfectly neutral in this business. However I might regret to see my dear young lady compelled to

marry against her inclinations, I could not think of assisting a child to thwart the will of her parent.

*Figaro. (Aside R.)* Phew! a conscientious chambermaid! Here's a new character for my opera! *Figaro! Figaro!* Have thy wits about thee, there is mischief here. *(aloud.)* Admirably spoken, my charming cousin! It is quite refreshing to hear such language in these demoralized days. I not only approve of your determination, but will follow your example.

*Susanna.* How, after your promise?

*Figaro.* Second thoughts are best wife. I object to the match as much as ever and will do nothing to forward it; but, will assist neither of the belligerent parties. *Susanetta* and I, are neutral powers, and our flags must be respected.

*Enter COUNT and COUNTESS, down steps.*

*Count. (L.)* Very well, Madam, very well! It is fated that we should never agree, but notwithstanding, I am the master of my house and my family, and my will shall be obeyed!

*Countess. (C.)* I do not dispute your will, Sir, I merely beg you to have some compassion for your daughter and allow her a short time to become acquainted with the man you intend for her husband instead of marrying her at an hour's notice.

*Susanna. (R.)* At an hour's notice?

*Figaro.* At an hour's notice?

*Count.* At half an hours notice, if I please.

*Susanna. (R.)* Surely my lord, you are not serious in hurrying this extraordinary marriage?

*Count.* Surely *Susanna*, the marriage is not more extraordinary than the fact, that you are for once of the same opinion as your husband.

*Susanna.* If we are indeed of the same opinion, it certainly is extraordinary.

*Count.* Oh, *Senor Figaro* is eloquent upon the subject.

*Susanetta. (Aside.)* Then he means it to be a match.

*Count.* But notwithstanding his disinterested objections, I am determined; and command him forthwith, to fetch the Notary to draw the contract.

*Susanna. (Aside.)* Now—your promise—remember.

*Count.* Well, Sir; will you go?

*Figaro.* I, my Lord?

*Count.* Yes, you, *Sirrah!* I chuse you to be my messenger on this occasion.

*Figaro.* Oh, very well my Lord, if you insist.

*Susanna. (Aside.)* Heyday! is this what you call neutrality? Supplying the enemy. Go if you dare!

*Figaro. (Aside.)* Oh! as you please. *(aloud)* My Lord, I request you will suffer me to decline.

*Count.* Fiends and Furies! Do you mean to dispute—

*Enter FIORELLO, U.E. R.*

*Servant.* My Lord, there is a young man without, with a letter, which he insists on placing in your own hands

*Figaro. (Aside.)* The devil! what can it be about?

*Susanetta. (Aside to Countess.)* 'Tis the Colonel! He's just in time.

Count. Well, let him come in.

[Exit FIORELLO, U. E. R.]

Enter CHERUBINO, U. E. R.

Now ! from whom is this important letter ?

Cherubino. (L. C.) From Colonel Cherubino, my Lord.

Figaro. (R.) Cherubino !

Count. (R. C.) I haven't heard from the scape grace for years. What does he want with me, I wonder ? (*opens the letter*) "Most excellent Sir, I write to you from the cabin of the San Fernando, being about to sail with my regiment for the Havannah. Your kindness to me has been so constant that I seem to have a right to importune you. Deign to protect and employ the bearer of this letter. He is an honest, affectionate, active, and zealous servant, whom I much regret to part with. Trusting you will not deny me this, perhaps the last proof of your bounty, I pray Heaven to preserve your Excellency many years, &c. &c. &c." So ! he is going abroad then. I was told yesterday, the regiment had embarked.

Cherubino. It has sailed by this time, my Lord, and I shall never see my dear master again !

Count. And you wish to enter my service ?

Cherubino. Oh yes my Lord !

Count. Well, we shall see ; what is your name ?

Cherubino. Figaro,

All. Figaro !

(*"Largo al Factotum."*)

Cherubino. Barber, Factotum in short I'm a Figaro.

La ! La ! La ! La !

I can shave, run of errands and play the guitar also !

La ! La ! La !

But in popularity ;

From any hope sir,

Ever to cope sir !

With the great barber I'm very far ! I'm very far !

All but Figaro and Cherubino

Ah, a new Figaro ! bravo ! bravissimo ! bravo ! La, la, la !

Fortune has sent him here quite apropos ! Bravo ! La, la, la !

Cherubino. Hair I can dress sir

Bleed with success sir,

Carry a message or billet doux ;

Sing serenades sir,

Flatter the maids sir,

Dance a Bolero passably too !

La re lan, la re lan—(*Sings and Dances.*)

Zeal and agility—

If not ability—

In all humility

Sir, I may say,

I'm the possessor of

And the professor of

Nothing but what you'll find quite in my way,

La, la, la,

Your servant make me—

But don't mistake me—

•From any hope sir  
 Ever to cope sir,  
 With the great Barber I'm very far.

*All.* Figaro, Figaro !

*Figaro.* That's me !

*Cherubino.* That's me !

*Both.* Confusion ! that's me !—

Two of a trade will never agree !

*Count.* Figaro !

*Figaro and Cherubino.* I'm here.

*Susanna.* Figaro !

*Cherubino and Figaro.* I'm here.

*Susanetta.* Figaro here !—Figaro there !

*Count.* Figaro he !

*Figaro.* Figaro ; you

*Susanna.* Figaro one !

*Susanetta.* Figaro two !

*All but Figaro.* Oh what confusion here ;

Curious intrusion here !

Which we are calling they never will know ;

Ah bravo, Figaro ! bravo, bravissimo !

Fortune has sent him here, quite apropos.

(*All laugh but FIGARO.*)

*Count.* And you really mean to say, that your name is Figaro ?

*Cherubino.* I am a foundling, sir, my family unknown ; and being of the same vocation, I assumed the same name, in honor of my great prototype.

*Figaro.* O ! come, come ! fine words butter no parsnips, Senor whipper snapper ! You've no right to my name.

*Cherubino.* Are you then the great, the real original !

*Figaro.* No palaver ! I tell you it wont do ! you shall not call yourself Figaro.

*Count.* But I shall call him so, if I please. Figaro the second, shall do what Figaro the first refuses. You are my servant, sirrah, from this moment. I require the presence of a Notary. You must take a letter from me to one in the City.

*Cherubino.* Your Lordship may rely upon my speed and obedience.

*Countess.* (*Aside.*) How ?

*Susanetta.* Let him alone, Madam.

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) He plays my game for me at any rate.

*Count.* I will write the letter directly. Madam, (*to the Countess*) you will inform Seraphina of my resolution and prepare her to obey me.

*Countess.* I shall do sir, as you command. [*Exit up steps.*]

*Susanetta.* I fly to tell her of his arrival. [*Exit L.*]

*Count* (*to Figaro.*) As for you sir, I do not discharge you, but you may stay or go, as you think proper [*Exit up steps.*]

*Susanna.* (*Aside.*) Never mind husband, the Countess will reward you ! [*Exit L.*]

*Figaro.* Virtue is its own reward !

*Cherubino.* (*L.*) Senor Figaro, was that your wife who whispered to you ?

*Figaro.* What's that to you ?

*Cherubino.* I've often heard of her.

*Figaro.* What's that to me ?

*Cherubino.* She's a fine woman.

*Figaro.* She knows that.

*Cherubino.* My young master was very fond of her.

*Figaro.* I know that.

*Cherubino.* He used often to talk of you both ; I was very anxious to make your acquaintance.

*Figaro.* Well, and now you have made it—

*Cherubino.* I'll try how far it was worth making.

*Figaro.* You're very polite.

*Cherubino.* I won't answer for that. But you shall own I'm very sincere.

*Figaro.* Indeed !

*Cherubino.* Try me.

*Figaro.* Well then. What's your object in coming into this family ?

*Cherubino.* To turn you out of it.

*Figaro.* Well, that is more sincere than polite, I confess. And how d'ye mean to set about it ?

*Cherubino.* By doing every thing you wish me not to do, and frustrating all your intentions.

*Figaro.* Had'nt you better begin by knowing what they are ?

*Cherubino.* I can make a shift with guessing.

*Figaro.* May I learn how near ?

*Cherubino.* Certainly. I guess, in the first place, that the Count wants a Notary to draw a marriage contract ; and, in the second place, that although you refused to fetch one, that you are anxious the marriage should take place.

*Figaro (Aside.)* Oh ! oh ! Here's gunpowder, indeed ! *(aloud)* Then of course, you won't fetch the Notary ?

*Cherubino.* Yes I will.

*Figaro.* Then if I am anxious that the marriage should take place—

*Cherubino.* It shall not take place.

*Figaro.* And yet you will fetch the Notary ? I don't understand—

*Cherubino.* I don't mean you should.

*Figaro.* It's impossible to be more candid, or more mysterious ! *(Aside)* *Figaro, Figaro !* Here's an antagonist worthy of thy skill—arouse thee man ! put thy spirit in arms ; a light foot—a sharp eye—and ears every where.

*Enter SUSANNA, L.*

*Susanna.* Figaro.

*Figaro.* Which of us ?

*Susanna.* The eldest.

*Cherubino.* There can be no mistake. *(bowing to Figaro.)*

*Figaro.* Puppy ! *(crosses to Susanna)* what do you want ?

*Susanna.* My Lady would speak with you, you must come with me. *(makes a sign to Cherubino.)*

*Figaro. (Aside.)* Ha ! she made some sign to the other.

*Susanna.* Well, are you coming ?

*Figaro.* Oh, to be sure ! I follow you. *(Aside)* But I'll be back again in a twinkling ! *(Exeunt FIGARO and SUSANNA, L.)*

*Cherubino.* If I understand her sign, I was to touch my guitar as soon as they were gone—yes, yes, no doubt to let Seraphina or Susanetta know that the coast was clear. *(Seats himself on the steps and accompanies himself on the Guitar.)*



( "*Voi che sapete.*" )

Vainly the morning  
Smiles o'er the sea,  
Lost are its splendors,  
Lady, on me !  
'Reft of thy presence,  
Far from thy sight,  
Day is but darkness,  
Morning but night.  
Through your long lashes,  
Beam forth ye eyes,  
Which make my sunshine !  
Lady, arise !  
Vainly the morning, &c.

*Enter SERAPHINA, partly descending the steps.*

Seraphina, by all my hopes !

*Seraphina. (leaning over the balustrade, so that her face is partially hid by the vase at the bottom of it.)* My dear Cherubino ! you have succeeded in gaining admission.

*Cherubino* Most fortunately ! The moment I received your note, I decided on the step I would take. I was convinced nobody here could recollect my features, so changed by time and service ; and the fact of my regiment having received orders to sail for the Havannah, renders it impossible that the Count or Figaro, should, under any circumstances suspect who I really am.

*Seraphina.* But Figaro, I hope is our friend.

*Cherubino.* Don't trust him for your life ; I am convinced of the contrary. Have you seen my rival, this Don Alvaro ?

*Seraphina.* No, he left the house as soon as he had been introduced to the Countess, on the plea of particular business, and will not return 'till the evening.

*Cherubino.* That's unlucky ! I wanted to see him myself ; to sound and mystify him.

*Enter FIGARO, cautiously, back arch, L.*

*Figaro (Aside.)* As I expected. There's one of them with him. Who is it ? Seraphina ! Aha ! (*creeps nearer.*)

*Seraphina.* What's to be done ? My father insists on the contract being signed, the moment Don Alvaro returns.

*Cherubino.* We must be guided by circumstances ; but I have ev'ry hope of success. I cannot believe, the Count, will remain inflexible to the entreaties of his wife, the tears of his daughter, and as for Figaro ; I'll lead the old rascal such a life.

*Figaro. (Aside.)* Will you. Just oblige me by staying two minutes longer. [*glides out back arch L.*]

*Enter SUSANETTA, partly down steps.*

*Susanetta.* Away, away ! Figaro was watching—he's gone to fetch the Count.

*Cherubino.* The devil ! How long was he there ?

*Susanetta.* Oh, not two minutes—I've watched him all the time.

*Cherubino.* Then he can't have heard much to harm us. Away with you both.

*Susanetta.* No, no ! Only you, *Senorita*. Give me that mantilla, and then in. (*Exit SERAPHINA up steps*) Now, do you continue talking to me.

*Cherubino.* I understand.

*Susanetta.* Here they come. (*Places herself in the exact position that Seraphina had occupied.*)

*Enter FIGARO with the COUNT, cautiously, back arch, and cross to U. E. R.*

*Figaro.* There, sir, there they are. Now believe your own eyes and ears.

*Susanetta.* Then you will do as the Count bids you ?

*Count.* That's not Seraphina !

*Figaro.* Eh ! Why, I could swear—

*Cherubino.* Do as the Count bids me ? To be sure. Is he not my master ? and a very good master, I'm certain, to any body who serves him faithfully.

*Susanetta.* Oh ! so I believe. I like the Count much myself. I wouldn't persuade you for the world to do any thing wrong. I merely ask'd the question ; for I am determined to remain neutral in the business altogether.

*Count.* Why, Figaro ! you must have been mad sure ?

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) It's enough to drive me mad. They've the best of it this time.

*Count.* Or, if not mad, you are at some of your old mischief. You want to get rid of your new name-sake ; but he is a faithful young fellow, and I will hear nothing more against him. (*Coming forward c.*) Figaro the second.

*Cherub.* My Lord.

*Count.* Here's the letter for the notary ; he lives near the cathedral.

*Cherub.* He shall have it, my Lord.

*Count.* Susanetta, where is your young Lady ?

*Susanetta.* (*on steps*) Here she comes with Susanna, my Lord.

*Enter SERAPHINA, and SUSANNA, down steps.*

*Cherub.* (*crosses to Figaro R.*) Have you any commands in town ?  
*Figaro.* Go to the devil ! (*Aside*) I've lost this trick, but not whole game.

(*"Zitti Zitti."*)

*Cherubino.*

On your Lordship's errand hieing,  
 Like an arrow quickly flying ;  
 On my zeal and speed relying,  
 But command, and I obey.

*Susanetta, Susanna, and Seraphina.*

All our hopes on him relying,  
 To know how 'twill end I'm dying,  
 To out-wit each other trying,  
 They will every art essay.

*Count to Cherubino.*

While you talk here time is flying,  
 On your zeal and speed relying,  
 Shortly both I shall be trying,  
 And with gold perchance repay.

*Figaro. (Aside.)*

Fairly caught, there's no denying,  
But to pay them off I'm dying,  
Soon for quarter they'll be crying,  
And confess I've gained the day.

*Count.*

Speed away! speed away!

*Susanetta, &c.*

Caution! caution! Silence pray!

*Count.*

Quickly!

*Cherubino.*

Swiftly!

*Figaro (to himself.)*

Caution!

*Susanetta (to Susanna.)*

Silence!

*Count.*

Quickly speed you on your way!

*The rest.*

Caution. Let no word our aim betray.

[*The COUNT leads SERAPHINA up steps—CHERUBINO ascends steps to exit U. E. R. FIGARO, watching him, R. and SUSANNA and SUSANETTA, L. Drop falls on the picture.*]

## ACT II

SCENE continues.—*A table in Front of Steps—Chair, R.*

*Figaro. (Discovered seated.)* The more I think of this business, the more I am puzzled. This young rascal who calls himself Figaro has evidently an understanding with the women. His arrival was expected by them, no doubt. Is he really gone for the notary? I can't believe it; or, how will he prevent the marriage from taking place, if that is his object? If it is not, I don't much care what it is. Oh, for some clue!

*Enter SCRIBLEROS, U. E. R.*

*Scribl.* There he is, and seemingly in deep meditation I'm almost afraid to disturb him. Senor Figaro.

*Figaro. (Not looking round.)* Well, well.

*Scribl.* I have ventured to look in upon you once more. If you would be kind enough to give the matter just another thought before you decide—I've brought in the notary, but—

*Figaro.* The notary! You have? Where is he? Oh, it's you, is it? Confound it—I thought—

*Scribl.* I perceive you are busy. I won't detain you a minute; but I am sure you will see, that to finish the piece without any other incident—

*Figaro.* Oh, my good friend, I can furnish you with one now, as strange as you can desire.

*Scribl.* Indeed!

*Figaro.* I've two new characters for you.

*Scribl.* I'm delighted.

*Figaro.* A moralising chamber-maid, who arrives with the young lady, and a mysterious valet, who offers his services to the father

*Scribl.* A mysterious valet! Excellent! Here's interest! But how mysterious? In what way? Is he to be a rogue or an honest fellow?

*Figaro.* Oh, a rogue; there's no doubt of it; a precious scoundrel.

*Scribl.* Aye, I see: then he's to perplex the other scoundrel?

*Figaro.* What other scoundrel?

*Scribl.* Why, the Count's old valet, you know. The rascal who is making all the mischief, and who, I think, at last, we should send to the galleys, if you've no objection.

*Figaro.* But I have.

*Scribl.* O, well then, we'll punish him some other way. But he must be punished, you know; poetical justice demands it. And pray who shall the mysterious valet turn out to be after all?

*Figaro.* Ah! that's a grand point which I have not yet decided.

*Scribl.* I've an idea.

*Figaro.* (*contemptuously*) You!

*Scribl.* Pardon me for presuming to suggest anything to you; but—suppose we made him a lover of the young Lady's in disguise?

*Figaro.* (*Starting.*) A what? Say it again.

*Scribl.* (*Alarmed.*) I merely suggested. A lover in disguise.

*Figaro.* That's it! And I—O Figaro! Figaro! Shame upon thee! To let a dolt like this stumble upon a fact which thou shouldst have seen at the first glance.

*Scribl.* You like the notion, then?

*Figaro.* Like it? I'm transported! Aha! I triumph! I triumph!

*Scribl.* You? (*Aside.*) Oh, I see; he's supposing himself the other rascal.

*Figaro.* Oh, precious discovery! A lover disguised! Aha! my fair ladies. I have your secret. You are in my power—

*Scribl.* Says the old scoundrel?

*Figaro.* (*Aside*) Eh! Zounds! I shall betray myself to this fool. (*Aloud.*) Yes, yes, of course; he carries all before, him now, exposes the gallant, is rewarded by his master marries the girl to his friend; shares the money, and—

*Scribl.* And is not found out himself; not sent to the galleys, or hanged for his own roguery? He must be discovered and kicked out of the house, at least, or—

*Figaro.* I shall kick you out of the house, if you say another word on the subject. Avaunt, thou spoiler of paper, thou—

*Scribl.* I'm gone, most excellent Sir. (*Aside.*) Diavolos! What a rage he's in if any one differs from him in opinion. Nevertheless this is my incident, about the lover. He can't deny that; and the piece shall end with something like a moral, that I'm determined.

[*Exit SCRIBLEROS, U. E. R.*]

*Figaro.* To be sure, to be sure!—It's all clear now!—Don Alvaro has a rival as well as Figaro: But who is he? It doesn't signify—out he goes who ever he is.

*Enter SUSANETTA, down steps.*

Your most obedient, sweet Susanetta—were you looking for me?

*Susanetta.* No, Senor Figaro, merely admiring the Palace. It's a very fine house, this of Count Almaviva's.

*Figaro.* Very. Do you contemplate staying long in it?

*Susanetta.* It must depend upon circumstances.

*Figaro.* Decidedly. Has my new name-sake returned?

*Susanetta.* Figaro the second? no—I have not seen him.

*Figaro.* Will he fetch the Notary, think you?

*Susanetta.* I can't pretend to say.

*Figaro.* But what do you think?

*Susanetta.* I should think, yes.

*Figaro.* I should think, no.

*Susanetta.* Indeed!—for what reason?

*Figaro.* Oh, that's a secret.

*Susanetta.* A secret! But however it doesn't concern me—

*Figaro.* Oh dear no, nor me—and as we are both neutral in this matter you know—I don't mind telling you; but you'll promise not to tell again—

*Susanetta.* Oh, can you suppose—

*Figaro.* I do not—I do not—Indeed there is one person I could swear you would not tell, for the world!

*Susanetta.* Who's that?

*Figaro.* The Count.

*Susanetta.* The Count! why not him in particular? (*Aside.*) I begin to fear—

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) She's alarmed!—I'll frighten it all out of her. (*aloud.*) Do you know I suspect—

*Susanetta.* You suspect—

*Figaro.* That this new comer—

*Susanetta.* Well, well!

*Figaro.* This young, impudent fellow, who calls himself Figaro—

*Susanetta.* Yes, yes—

*Figaro.* And *pretends* to be a servant—

*Susanetta.* *Pretends* to be! (*Aside*) oh mercy!

*Figaro.* But it don't concern you, and so—

*Susanetta* (*Aside.*) What shall we do! (*Aloud*) No, no, it don't concern me certainly—but—

*Figaro.* Well, as I've begun, I say then that from a certain air—and manner—and—so forth; I suspect—nay, I'm certain, that this pretended valet, is—

*Susanetta.* Who? What?

*Figaro.* Most moral and conscientious of chambermaids, can't you imagine? To be plain, don't you know?

*Susanna.* Not I—Senor Figaro—I do not know—

*Figaro.* Then I do, and I will tell you *cousin*—

*Susanetta.* (*Aside.*) Santa Barbara! It's all over with us.

*Figaro.* He is—(*Aside.*) It's all right, she's ready to faint! (*Aloud*) He is—a lover in disguise. *Cousin*, and his name,—shall I tell you his name, *Cousin*?

*Susanetta.* No, no—I don't want to know it—It's nothing to me—

*Figaro.* His name—the name of this disguised lover is—

*Susanetta.* Oh, hush! don't!—I won't hear it! I won't hear it! (*Puts her fingers in her ears.*)

*Figaro.* (*as de*) What a pity! I could't tell her if she would. But no matter—Ha, ha, ha! I've frightened her out of her wits, and convinced myself of the principal truth. (*Aloud.*) Well, as you won't hear it my dear, cousin. I shall go and tell the Count, here, he's in the garden

*Susanetta.* O surely! You won't do that, after promising to be neutral?

*Figaro.* The treaty is broken; no more sailing under false colours, my pretty pirate; mine are nailed to the mast head and I'll sink myself or blow you out of the water! [*Exit FIGARO, R.*]

*Susanetta.* We are ruined! Nothing can save us, if he really knows; but *does* he really know, or does he only invent, for the sake of sounding. Oh, if it should only be that after all! I said nothing! He is none the wiser for me.

*Enter CHERUBINO, U. E. R.*

Oh Colonel! I'm so glad you've returned, here's such a business

*Cherubino.* What's the matter?

*Susanetta.* Figaro, suspects, and perhaps knows who you are, and what you've come for.

*Cherubino.* Impossible! what has he said?

*Susanetta.* That you are a lover in disguise, and that he knows your name?

*Cherubino.* But he didn't tell you *that*—

*Susanetta.* No—not the name—

*Cherubino.* Then he does *not* know, depend upon it.

*Susanetta.* But he's gone to tell the Count what he does know—

(*"Aprite presto aprite."*)

*Susanetta.* A pretty scrape we're in, sir!  
Our plot's not worth a pin, sir!  
Our hopes are all over,  
He knows you're a lover—  
Oh dear, what shall we do!

*Cherub.* Suppose I own I am in love  
And say that 'tis with you.

*Susanetta.* A very pretty, story,  
No—that won't do,  
No, no, no, no, 'twill never do.

*Cherub.* Yes, yes, yes, yes, I say 'twill do.

*Susanetta.* He never will believe you.

*Cherub.* Let not your fears deceive you,  
Why, who can contradict me?

*Susanetta.* Why, Figaro knows better—

*Cherub.* But how can he convict me?

*Susanetta.* The Senorita, she there—

*Cherub.* I know, he chanced to see there,  
But pretty Susanetta,  
The Count saw you and me there.

*Susanetta.* Well, well, if it must be so—  
They're coming! they're coming sir, this way.

*Cherub.* Now do'nt you contradict me,  
What ever I may say.

*Susanetta.* I'd give a twelve-months' wages  
I was twenty miles away!

*Cherub.* We'll puzzle them completely,  
We'll mystify them neatly.  
Caution! the foe is nigh.

*Susanetta.* O dear, you've frightened me so,  
I've half a mind to cry—  
O mercy! O mer—— (*he stops her mouth.*)

*Cherub.* Don't stir; and whatever I say don't contradict me.

*Enter the COUNT and FIGARO, R.*

*Count.* (c.) Nay, nay, I insist on your being present.

*Figaro.* (R.) Oh, with all my heart, Sir.

*Count.* And luckily, there he is.

*Figaro.* And Susanetta with him, whispering. I am curious to know what story they will trump up.

*Count.* You, Sirrah, come hither. Susanetta, stay there.

*Cherub.* I have delivered your letter, my Lord, to the notary, and he will be here at six this evening, with the writings you have commanded.

*Count.* You really have been to him then?

*Cherub.* Assuredly, my Lord. There is his answer to some particular questions in your letter. [*Gives a letter.*]

*Count.* So there is, and in his hand-writing too. You see, Figaro, you are wrong in your first guess, that he wouldn't seek the notary.

*Figaro.* O, I'll grant that, my Lord, that's of little importance. Come to the main point.

*Count.* I will, I will. He shall clear himself, or out of the house he goes, be assured of that. (*To Cherubino.*) So far so good, Sirrah; but there is a serious charge against you, Sirrah. You are accused of having introduced yourself here under false pretences.

*Cherub.* I, my Lord?

*Count.* Yes, you Sirrah! Your name is not Figaro.

*Cherub.* Certainly not, my Lord. It is an assumed name. I told your Lordship so at first.

*Count.* Egad, so he did; that's very true, Figaro; he did say at first it was an assumed name.

*Figaro.* What does that signify. Let him tell you his real name

*Count.* Aye, Sirrah; if you are an honest young man, what is your real name?

*Cherub.* I am a foundling, my Lord. I do not know the name of my family. I mentioned that fact also.

*Count.* So he did, Figaro; so he did.

*Figaro.* But are you obliged to believe him, my Lord? I say he has another name; I know he has.

*Cherub.* Then what is it, if you know?

*Count.* Aye, what is it, if you know?

*Figaro.* It doesn't signify; I know he's an impostor.

*Susanetta.* (*Aside.*) He knows nothing.

*Count (to Figaro.)* So you keep saying. But that remains to be proved. Had you any secret motive for entering my service?

[To CHERUBINO.]

*Figaro.* As if he'd tell you, my Lord.

*Cherub.* Why, if I must tell, I would sooner tell his Lordship than any one else.

*Figaro.* There! there! He confesses.

*Cherub.* Well, sooner than have my character whispered away by you, Senor Figaro, I will confess, with Susanetta's permission.

*Figaro.* Susanetta! I told you, my Lord, she was an accomplice.

*Susanetta.* Oh, I've no objection, I'm sure, since it's come to this.

*Count.* What! there was a motive, then? If it should be as he says—Confess, rascal!

*Cherub.* I do, my Lord. That it was love, powerful, all mighty love, that induced me to request the Colonel to recommend me to your service.

*Count.* He is a lover in disguise! Oh, you villain!

*Cherub.* Nay, no villain, my Lord. My intentions are honourable.

*Count.* Honourable! Why, you impudent varlet, would you dare to propose for my daughter?

*Cherub.* Your daughter, my Lord? Saints preserve me! No. The object of my affection is Susanetta.

*Count and Figaro.* Susanetta!

*Susanetta.* (*Curtseying, R. c.*) Yes, if you please, my Lord.

*Count.* Why, Figaro!

*Figaro.* They'll drive me crazy! Susanetta—My Lord—my Lord—Do you really mean to believe this story?

*Count.* And why not? Is there anything so improbable in it?

*Figaro.* Improbable! I tell you it is false altogether. He is in love with Senora Seraphina. I saw them together with my own eyes. I told you so.

*Count.* Yes; I know you told me so; but when I came, with my eyes—

*Figaro.* Your eyes! (*Stamping with rage*)

*Count.* I saw only Susanetta, and that is one proof.

*Figaro.* Proof! proof! Oh, I'll have proof, if I die for it. He owned himself to me, that he came here on purpose to break off the match with Don Alvaro.

*Cherub.* Oh, Senor Figaro! Fie, for shame!

*Count.* Aye, aye, fie for shame, Figaro! These assertions without any thing to support them are very disgraceful, even if well meant. Let me hear no more of them. If the young man like your cousin, and she like him, it's their own business: I've no objection to it whatever. Let them marry one another as soon as they like.

*Susanetta & Cherub.* Thank you, my Lord.

*Cherub.* There Senor Figaro; we're to marry one another as soon as we like. What have you to say to that?

(*"Dolce nodo."*)

*Susanetta.* O, how charming!

*Figaro.* Charming!



*Susanetta.* My own ! my dearest !  
We'll be married !

*Figaro.* Married !

*Susanetta.* Without delay, Sir ! [ *To the Count.*

*Cherub.* Ever grateful !

*Figaro.* Grateful !

*Count.* Joy's in their features !

*Cherub.* Your humble servants,  
For your welfare—

*Figaro.* Welfare !

*Count.* Happy creatures !

*Cherub.* Are bound to pray, Sir.

For your welfare are bound to pray !

*Count.* Happy, happy creatures !

Joy is shining in their features !

Happy day ! happy day !

*Enter FIORELLO L.*

*Fiorello.* His reverence, the Canon Basilio, my Lord.

*Count.* Ah, my old friend Basil. He's come, no doubt, to pay his respects to the Countess, his former pupil. Usher him to your Lady, I am coming directly. [ *Exit FIORELLO, L.*

*Figaro.* Basil ! My Lord, one moment, I beg.—You want proofs from me : I require proofs from them in my turn. They say, and you say, they are to be married. Be it so. The reverend Canon is here. If they are serious, let them be married on the instant, and my suspicions are over.

*Susanetta.* Eh !

*Cherub.* What ?

*Figaro.* Look, my Lord, they are disconcerted. Insist upon it.

*Count.* Well ; what do you say young people ? You do seem rather fluttered.

*Susanetta.* Dear, my Lord, it's enough to flutter any body, to be ordered, all of a sudden.

*Cherub.* To-morrow morning, if your Lordship pleases.

*Figaro.* This very moment, if your Lordship would be satisfied. I'll fetch his Reverence.

*Count.* Well, fetch him, Figaro ; for I will have this matter cleared up.

*Figaro.* I fly, my Lord. (*crosses to L.*) Viva ! I have 'em ! Caught in their own snare. [ *Exit FIGARO, L.*

*Cherub.* (*Aside to Susanetta.*) What's to be done now ?

*Susanetta.* (*Aside to Cherubino.*) It's my turn. Don't contradict me.

*Count.* No whispering ; no connivance ! My doubts return. Tremble !

*Susanetta.* I do, from head to foot. And its no use your begging, Sir. (*To CHERUBINO.*) I will tell my Lord every thing, and throw myself on his mercy.

*Count.* It's your only chance, mistress, if you have been guilty.

*Susanetta.* (*crossing to Count and falling on her knees.*) Oh, yes, yes, my Lord, I have conspired with him to deceive your Lordship ; but only forgive me this time.

*Count.* Confess all then, without evasion. But as for that traitor—

*Susanetta.* Oh, indeed, my Lord, you must forgive him too. He is most penitent for his crime.

*Count.* Then Figaro was right.

*Susanetta.* No, no, Sir; Figaro knows nothing of the truth, Sir, and never must know, Sir. If he should know, we should be all murdered, perhaps.

*Count.* What do you mean, woman? Speak out.

*Susanetta.* O, Sir; I did deceive you; but it was to save my cousin, Sir, my poor cousin Susanna.

*Count.* Susanna!

*Susanetta.* Yes, Sir. It's Susanna that this young man loves, Sir—to distraction. And she, Sir, neglected by her husband, I am afraid is inclined to return his affection; but I've talked with him, Sir, and reasoned with him; and so has my young Lady; for it was she that Figaro saw talking to him to-day, Sir, before you came and found me. O, I'll tell you the whole truth now, Sir. But, for mercy sake, Sir! for my sake, Sir! for Susanna's sake, Sir! don't tell Figaro. We shall be all mur—mur—mur Oh! Oh! Oh!

*Count.* Then don't make such a devil of a noise yourself about it, or the whole city will know.

*Susanna.* You won't tell Figaro—

*Count.* Get up, do, and compose yourself. Upon my honour, you are a fine young libertine. (*to Cherubino.*)

*Cherub.* I am sensible of my fault, Sir; and if you will only pardon me, I promise—

*Count.* (*Aside.*) Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing though—to think that poor Figaro, who is so mighty sharp-sighted in others' affairs, shouldn't suspect—under his very nose—Ha, ha! Ahem!

*Figaro.* (*Without L.*) This way, Reverencia, this way.

*Cherub.* May I trust, Sir, that you will not tell Figaro, for Susanna's sake.

*Count.* We shall see—we shall see how you behave.

*Enter FIGARO, with BASIL, L.*

*Figaro.* (*c. c.*) Here, my Lord, here is the reverend Canon.

*Count.* (*r.*) Glad to see you, my old friend.

*Basil.* (*c.*) Figaro tells me you want—

*Count.* No, no, not now; I've changed my mind.

*Figaro.* Changed your mind!

*Count.* Yes, yes, Figaro; I know every thing. Susanetta has confessed every thing; but you know nothing, and perhaps, it's just as well that you don't.

*Figaro.* Oh! you know every thing and I know nothing. Very well, very well. O, my head! my head!

*Count.* (*Aside.*) Egad! that looks as if he had a shrewd guess. (*Aloud.*) Have you seen your old pupil, Basil?

*Basil.* Not yet, my Lord; Figaro came and—

*Count.* Come with me, then; she'll be delighted to talk of old times. You remember the music lesson? Eh!

*Basil.* Aye, aye.

*Count.* And the scarlet fever.

*Basil.* Aye, aye.

*Count.* And the way we tricked that poor old Doctor Bartolo.

*Basil.* Aye, aye, aye ! ha, ha, ha !

*Count.* Ha, ha, ha ! There never was a man so bamboozled.

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) Oh, yes, there was.

*Count.* Come along. (*Crosses to L.*) Susanetta, send your cousin to me ; I want to talk to her. Sirrah Figaro the second, I've not done with you yet. Figaro the first, if you take my advice, you'll ask no more questions. Drop the subject. Come Basil, come, (*Sings to the air of " Dr. Bartolo " in " Il Barbiere. "*)

Come, come and see Rosina,  
And her daughter, Seraphina.

[*Exeunt COUNT and BASIL, up steps.*]

*Figaro.* Pray Susanetta, may I enquire—

*Susanetta.* Hush ! take my lord's advice—drop the subject.

[*Exit SUSANETTA, R.*]

*Figaro.* 'Sdeath and fury ! who ever you are I insist—

*Cherubino.* Hush ! Take my lord's advice—drop the subject.

[*Exit CHERUBINO, R.*]

*Figaro.* I shall drop myself with shame and vexation ! (*sinks into a chair.*)

*Enter TORIBIO, U. E. R.*

*Toribio.* Figaro !

*Figaro.* Oh you're come at last are you ? You're a useful ally truly.

*Toribio.* I have made all the haste I could. What's the matter ? Your looks alarm me !

*Figaro.* The matter ! you've a rival !

*Toribio.* Who is he ?

*Figaro.* Ah, find that out if you can ! He's the devil I believe—at least he's playing the devil with us—and there's a she fiend to assist him in the shape of a cousin of my wife ! I confess with shame—that I am at my wits end.

*Toribio.* You ? impossible !

*Figaro.* There's but one chance left. The Count will believe nothing I say, but you may have some influence—go to him, get all you can out of him, he'll tell you every thing, say nothing 'till you've told me and then for a grand final effort.

*Toribio.* Stay one moment.

*Figaro.* What now ?

*Toribio.* Who's that leaning against the orange tree ?

*Figaro.* That—that's he ! my pest—my double—my demon, Figaro the second.

*Toribio.* Santissimo ! It's very like him.

*Figaro.* Him ! who ? You know who he is then ?

*Toribio.* No, but if it is the person I think, he knows who I am.

*Figaro.* Diavolo !

*Toribio.* Wait here—I'll steal round the garden and get a nearer look.

[*Exit TORIBIO, U. E. R.*]

*Figaro.* Stay—say—tell me first—(*following.*)

*Enter FIORELLO, L.*

*Fiorello.* Figaro, the Count wants you immediately.

*Figaro.* I'm coming.

*Fiorello.* (*stopping him*) Going rather—that won't do, you must follow me to his chamber directly.

*Figaro.* Very well, very well—(*Aside.*) Fortune, thou blind goddess, do as thou wilt, for I'm as much in the dark at present as thou art.

[*Exeunt FIGARO and FIORELLO, L.*]

*Enter SUSANNA and SUSANETTA, back L.*

*Susanna.* Upon my word, Susanetta, a pretty situation you've placed me in.

*Susanetta.* Think what a situation we were in—we should have been married in two minutes. The case was desperate!

*Susanna.* The Count is not to tell Figaro.

*Susanetta.* Of course we begg'd him not; but if he does so much the better.

*Susanna.* So much the better! suppose he should believe it, what's to become of me?

*Susanetta.* Oh, there's no danger—here comes the Count—I'll vanish.

[*Exit SUSANETTA, R.*]

*Enter COUNT, down steps.*

*Count to Susanna.* So Susanna, your cousin has told you I suppose, that I am aware of every thing.

*Susanna.* It is not my fault, indeed, my Lord, I can assure you. I did not encourage him.

*Count.* Well, well, I hope you did not; and the young man professes to be sorry for his behaviour.

*Susanna.* Oh yes, Sir, he had determined indeed to leave the house when the suspicions of Figaro—

*Count.* Well, you can't wonder that he suspected something was wrong, though he little guessed what it really was; but I have made up my mind to tell him every thing.

*Susanna.* You have, Sir? O dear, suppose he should poison me in a fit of jealousy.

*Count.* Don't be alarmed. I mean to have a clear understanding and a complete reconciliation. I have sent for both the Figaros, and here comes the first.

*Enter FIGARO, L.*

*Figaro.* Your Lordship sent for me?

*Count.* I did. I have been having some little talk with Susanna, and she confirms what Susanetta told me.

*Figaro.* I've no doubt she does.

*Count.* But she is not to blame at all—so don't fly out when I tell you that the secret motive which induced the young man to enter my service, was—mind I say *was*—for it exists no longer, a passion for your wife.

*Figaro.* For my wife!

*Count.* Now no anger, no jealousy, because it's all over. Susanna has very properly rebuked him. He sees, and is sorry for his fault, and I request you will embrace your wife and show that you don't suspect her of having encouraged his attentions.

*Figaro.* There is'nt the slightest occasion for embracing, my Lord, she knows I do'nt believe a word of it.

*Count.* Come, that's generous ! Now continue to act in that spirit.

*Enter CHERUBINO, R.*

Here is the penitent—forgive him.

*Figaro.* (R.) If I do—

*Count.* (C.) What ? when I assure you—

*Cherubino.* (R.) How—my Lord, have you then—

*Count.* Yes, it was the best way to set all suspicions at rest ; so assure him yourself—

*Figaro.* I want no more of his assurance, I've had enough of it.

*Cherubino.* O Susanna ! Before you too !

*Susanna.* Dear husband—he has promised to forget me.

*Cherubino.* Oh yes—it was a folly—a madness ! But my eyes are opened.

*Susanna.* He loves me no longer.

*Cherubino.* A wild passion has given way to a respectful regard.

*Susanna.* If you had not neglected me—he could not have persevered.

(*From Finale, 1st Act, " Ill Barbiere."*)

*Susanna.*

O forgive him but this time, sir,  
He's aware, sir, of his crime sir,  
And he'll never, no, he'll never,  
Think of doing so again.

*Cherubino.*

Forgive me but this time, sir,  
I'm aware, sir, of my crime, sir,  
And I'll never—no, I'll never,  
Think of doing so again.

*Count.*

O forgive him ! you had better,  
Passion's very hard to fetter,  
He will ever be your debtor,  
And ne'er do the like again.

*Enter SUSANETTA, R. and FIORELLO and Servants, L.*

What has caused this clamour dire,  
Is it murder ? Is it fire ?—  
We have come Sir, to enquire,  
Have the goodness to explain !

*Count.* Silence !

(*Drives all out, L. except FIGARO, CHERUBINO & SUSANETTA.*)

*Figaro.* Enough ! enough !—you have it your own way now—I must wait my time.

*Count.* Do you forgive him ?

*Figaro.* For loving my wife, certainly. (*Aside.*) But not for mystifying her husband.

*Count.* Well then there's an end of it

*Cherubino.* But Sir, I cannot stay in your service, if—

*Count.* Oh, nonsense, nonsense ! Susanna, do you go and tell your lady that I am going out for an hour and that if Don Alvaro returns before I do, she must receive him. You, sirrah (*to Cherubino*) go fetch my hat and cane. Well ! (*to Susanna*) what do you stop for ?

*Susanna.* (*across to Count.*) If you please, my Lord, let him fetch the hat and cane first, and then I'll go to my Lady.

*Count.* What on earth's that for ?

*Susanna.* Because we must both go the same way, and if we go together, Figaro will be sure to take some new crotchet into his head.

*Count.* Pshaw, stuff ! Go directly both of you.

[*Exeunt SUSANNA, and CHERUBINO, L.*]

You're not such a fool, Figaro, as to fancy still that—

*Figaro.* My Lord—I am aware, all I can say is useless. But if this day passes over, without my proving to you, that you are grossly duped.

*Count.* Figaro !

*Figaro.* Your patience but one moment, Sir. This fellow, whoever he is, I repeat to you, has a design on your daughter ; my wife and her cousin are both in the plot—they are moving heav'n and earth to break off the match with Don Alvaro ; and though, as you know, I was opposed to it myself, he is your friend, and as such, I will assist him in exposing this vile conspiracy.

*Count.* You astonish me !

*Figaro.* Oblige me, Sir, by stealing back to the house, without any body's seeing you. Come to my room. The traitors believing us to be both absent, for you shall give me leave to go out, will be sure to lay their heads together somewhere, and if I do not prove to you—

*Count.* If you do not—I will discharge you on the instant.

*Figaro.* I will be content to go, my Lord. It's a bargain.

*Count.* It is.

*Enter CHERUBINO, with Hat and Cane, L.*

*Cherubino.* Your hat and cane, my Lord.

*Count.* Very well. I shall be back before six to meet the Notary ; but if any thing should detain me, of course he must wait.

*Cherubino.* Yes, my Lord.

*Count.* Figaro, you may go where you wish, but mind you return by six o'clock also. [*Exit R.*]

*Figaro.* Depend upon it, my Lord—much obliged.

*Cherubino.* (*Aside.*) Both going out—what's on foot now ?

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) Now if Toribio has but ascertained—

*Cherubino.* Are you going out Figaro ?

*Figaro.* With your permission.

*Cherubino.* What, and leave me at home with Susanna. What confidence you must have in us both ! Ha, ha, ha ! but it was 'nt a bad joke eh ? to make the Count believe I was in love with your wife ! Ha, ha, ha !

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) 'Sdeath ! if he says he is 'nt, perhaps it's a true (*aloud*) Do you mean to say it was a joke, then ?

*Cherub.* Why you know it was a story, trump'd up to get Susannetta and I out of the scrape of the wedding. Ingenious, was'nt it?

*Figaro.* And you confess this to me?

*Cherubino.* To be sure. I tell you the plain truth on purpose to puzzle you. I should have no chance with you at lying. Come, own now that I do not disgrace the name of Figaro.

*Figaro.* (*Aside, as if struck by a sudden thought.*) I'll try a new way! (*aloud.*) Well, I do own it—frankly—candidly—you are too much for me. Senor, (for I am convinced you are a gentleman) I will be as sincere as you are. Let us come to an understanding. If you love the Senorita and she returns your affection; deal with me as you would with any other person in the same situation. Promise me a handsome gratuity if you succeed, and I'll work as hard for you against the Count.

*Cherubino.* As you did for the Count against Dr. Bartolo.

*Figaro.* I will, by my love of gold, and my reputation for roguery. You can't doubt the oath.

*Cherubino.* Give me your hand—I will trust you.

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) I have him.

*Cherubino.* My dear Figaro, you can be of the greatest assistance to me; and as you have now promised to serve me, and I have made up my mind to admit you to my fullest confidence—learn in the first place—(*looking about him cautiously.*)

*Figaro.* (*Aside.*) Oh my Lord, my Lord! Why are you not within hearing.

*Cherubino.* That—but pray do not divulge the secret—that—what you don't know, you can't tell, and that the little you do know is of no consequence, because nobody will believe you.

*Figaro.* Confusion! Master or servant! Man or devil! who is sent to torment me, I will know who and what you are?

*Cherubino.* Well, well, there, keep your temper, and I don't mind telling you that—I am—Figaro the second in the service of Count Al-maviva, residing at his lordships palace, near Seville in Andalusia. There's my name, quality, and address, should you wish to write to me while you are from home, and so a pleasant walk to you, Senor Figaro the first.

[*Exit CHERUBINO, L.*]

*Figaro.* He'll drive me distracted.

*TORIBIO, entering suddenly,*

*Toribio.* It's all over with us, my fears were right, it is the very man.

*Figaro.* But who? what man—don't you know his name?

*Toribio.* No. He's a friend of my old master, Don Pablos de Merida, and travelled with us from Barcelona to Madrid, two years ago; he was following up some love affair, and passed as a Frenchman, but Don Pablos told me he was an officer in the Spanish service. It's the very man, I tell you. I've been listening and know his voice.

*Figaro.* From Barcelona to Madrid, two years ago, and knows you servant—confusion—we must have a story to meet that, if it comes out—but I've hopes of getting him out first—keep you out of the way one moment longer, the Count is in his room by this time! It's neck or nothing! But I'd almost give my neck to be revenged on him.

[*Exit TORIBIO, R. FIGARO, L. back arch.*]

*Enter* COUNTESS and SUSANNA, *down steps.*

*Countess.* That's all very well, Susanna ; but when the Notary arrives with the contract, how are we to avoid its being signed ?

*Susanna.* Why, Madam, if the Colonel cannot find a better reason for interfering, he means to declare himself at once, and try the effect of your united supplications.

*Countess.* It will be useless ; unless he can shake the credit of Don Alvaro—and, by the bye, it's very strange, the Don should not have returned.

*Susanna.* Very, my lady. It looks as if he kept out of the way on purpose.

*Enter* SERAPHINA, L.

*Seraphina.* Oh, Madam ! Figaro is gone out as well as Papa ; and Susanetta, and—and, somebody else, wishes to speak with you.

*Countess.* Let them come hither.

*Susanna.* Figaro gone out too ! Now what can that be for ? some mischief I'll be bound, Madam.

*Enter* CHERUBINO and SUSANETTA, L.

(*"Piano, Pianissimo."*)

*Cherubino.*

Presto, Prestissimo ! Council let's hold,  
When the cat's out—the mice are bold.

(FIGARO and the COUNT, *steal in behind, back arch L.*)

*Cherubino, Susanetta, Susanna and Seraphina.*

Presto ! Prestissimo, &c.

*Count. (Aside.)*

Piano, Pianissimo !—Council they hold,  
When the cat's out—the mice are bold !

*Susanetta.*

Now is the moment—no body's near !  
All foes are absent ! The coast is clear ;  
Piano,—Piano !

*All.*

Presto ! Prestissimo, &c.

*Cherubino.* Quick, quick, Madam ! Let us snatch this opportunity to hold a council of war. I have caught a glimpse of my rival—this redoubted Don Alvaro.

*Susanna.* And do you know him ?

*Cherubino.* I am almost sure I do—but to be certain and expose him properly, I must find a friend, who luckily for us is at this moment in Seville.

*Countess.* You must leave us then ?

*Cherubino. (R.)* For a short time. All that I ask therefore of you, madam, and of the Senorita, is to be firm in your refusal, should the Count press the signatures before my return. Do that, and I promise you, Seraphina shall never be the wife of Don Alvaro.

(*Count advances furiously, c.*)

*Count.* Out of my house ! Traitor ! Impostor !



All. The Count !

Susanna. And my rogue of a husband.

Count. Aye, the Count, who is to be duped no longer. Within there, Fiorello—Pedro—Lopez—who waits ?

[Enter FIORELLO and SERVANTS L.—FIGARO, advances. R.]

Countess. (R.) Hear me, my Lord.

Count. I've heard enough ! To your chamber, Madam— and you, Seraphina, this instant.

Cherubino. (Aside, to SERAPHINA.) Say nothing—fear nothing.

[Exit COUNTESS and SERAPHINA, up Steps.]

Count. Fiorello, turn that person out of the house ! If he is a gentleman, he knows his remedy—but turn him out, this instant.

Figaro. Adieu ! Figaro the second !

Cherubino. Au revoir ! Figaro the first !

Count (to Susanetta.) And you, minx, out with you, also ; follow your accomplice—Troop !

Susanetta. You'll be sorry for this, my Lord.

Figaro. Good bye, Cousin, I told you I'd blow you out of the water.

Susanetta. They laugh longest, who laugh last—cousin.

("Buona Sera.")

Cherubino and Susanetta.

Fare you well, sir—who's the dupe, sir,  
When too late, sir—you will know !

Fiorello.

There's the door, sir, will you troop, sir !  
Sweet Senora ! Prithee go.

Cherubino and Susanetta.

Peace be with you, good Senor.

Count and Fiorello.

Out this instant—there's the door.

[Exit CHERUBINO, SUSANETTA, FIORELLO and Servants U. E. R.]

Count. As for you, mistress Susanna, I leave you to your husband.

Figaro. (R.) Oh don't leave her to me, pray ; out with her too, if she deserves it.

Susanna. (L.) Brute !

Count. Leave the room.

Susanna. Oh ! I little thought I should ever have reason to thank the stars, I was your wife. But I do now—for the right it gives me to plague you as long as I live. [Exit SUSANNA, L.]

Figaro. Affectionate creature !

Enter FIORELLO, R.

Fiorello. The notary is come, my Lord.

Count. Good, good. Figaro, arrange every thing for the ceremony. I go for Don Alvaro. [Exit FIORELLO, R.]

Figaro. Depend upon me, my Lord.

Count. I do, I do ! My only faithful Figaro how I have wronged you. [Exit COUNT, L. up steps.]

Figaro. Don't mention it, my Lord. The obligation is mutual. (brings two chairs from L. and places them at the table, with the one

*already on the stage*) Viva ! viva ! Victory ! victory ! The enemy is routed completely. I am master of the field ! Now let the contract be signed, and the money paid ; I'll take care that half of the cash at least never goes back again ! I saw it all to-day, in his cabinet, in good hard glittering dubloons. O, how my fingers did itch for the handling.

*Enter SUSANNA, L.*

Well ; what do you want ?

*Susanna.* You. Do you wish ever to know another quiet moment ?

*Figaro.* Most fervently. For there's only one way I'm likely to get it.

*Susanna.* I understand you ; but never mind that. Figaro, you'll break my Lady's heart, and the poor Senorita's. That can do you no good—you shan't break mine—I'm determined—so you need'n't hope for that, therefore if you've a heart yourself—delay this marriage—I know you've the power—delay it only for a few hours.

*Figaro.* I have no heart, I gave it to you long ago, and as to delaying the marriage, that's impossible. The Notary is here. Look, I'm placing the table on which the contract is to be signed ; there's the chair in which the Notary will sit, here are two more for my Lady, and the blushing bride, who will weep with one eye whilst she ogles her intended with the other. Oh ! bless your soul, I know the sex. Here will stand the Count, and by his side the happy bridegroom. I, in this corner enjoying the picture, and you in that, biting your nails so for vexation that they won't be able to tear my eyes out.

*Susanna.* They shall do it now. (*Figaro runs out R. laughing.*) Wretch ! monster ! Oh ! that I could find some way—

*Enter SCRIBLEROS, R. U. E.*

*Scribe.* Your pardon, Senora, I was told Senor Figaro was here.

*Susanna.* Figaro ! my husband—or—

*Scribe.* Your husband ? Ah, madam, have I the honor—(*bowing.*)

*Susanna.* (*Aside.*) This must be the Notary—if I could get rid of him—(*aloud*) You come about the marriage—

*Scribleros.* I do, madam ; I perceive he has told you the plot.

*Susanna.* (*Aside.*) The plot ? O, fortune ! This may be worth every thing to us. (*Aloud.*) Oh yes, of course—he would conceal nothing from his wife—I am as much interested as himself in this business.

*Scribe.* Ah ! Madam—your most devoted ; I am under great obligations to Senor Figaro.

*Susanna.* No doubt—but the plot—you were about to say something and we may be interrupted. The parties are on the point of signing the contract.

*Scribe.* Yes, yes, and I want to know if the disguised lover is to frustrate the scheme—or if the impostor is to succeed.

*Susanna.* The impostor ! You know he's an impostor then ?

*Scribe.* Oh yes—that's understood ; Senor Figaro proposes that he should succeed, and divide the portion with the rogue who introduced him, but I—

*Susanna.* You object ?

*Scribe.* Why, between ourselves, madam, what do you think ? Don't you feel that the situation is dangerous ?

*Susanna.* (*Aside.*) He's frightened and will tell all. (*Aloud.*) And you object to—

*Scribe.* Why, I confess I think if the intriguers are to be triumphant, that I shall run a risk of being what is vulgarly called—damned—saving your presence, madam.

*Susanna.* I perfectly agree with you ; and, since you have thought better of it—in two words, if you are well paid for it, will you detail this plot to the Count ?

*Scribe.* With the greatest pleasure madam ; but Senor Figaro—  
*Susanna.* O ! never fear him—come with me this moment to the Countess.

*Scribe.* To the Countess ?

*Susanna.* Yes, we must settle all with her first.

*Scribe.* As you please, madam. (*Aside.*) What an honor ! I'll dedicate the play to her.

*Susanna.* Quick, quick ! It shall make your fortune.

*Scribe.* I have no doubt of it. Here's a piece of luck !—

[*Exeunt SUSANNA and SCRIBLEROS, L.*]

*Enter COUNT, TORIBIO and FIGARO, with the NOTARY, R.*

*Count.* At last, Don Alvaro, I shall call you my son. (*To Notary.*) Welcome, my good friend, you have prepared the contract ?

*Notary.* According to the instructions of your Lordship's letter this morning.

*Count.* Very good ; please to be seated.

[*NOTARY takes the chair pointed out to him by FIGARO.*]

*Enter SCRIBELLOS, SUSANNA, SERAPHINA, and COUNTESS L.*

*Scribe.* (*R. c.*) You see, madam, there is the Notary—I am only—

*Susanna.* (*c.*) It does'nt signify—you shall tell my Lord all.

*Count.* (*L.*) Who is that person ? What is the meaning—

*Countess.* My Lord, my Lord—this man will prove to you that Don Alvaro is a mere adventurer—introduced by Figaro who is to share the portion you give your daughter.

*Count.* How ?

*Toribio to Figaro.* Traitor ! } *Altogether.*

*Scribe.* No indeed, my Lady. }

*Figaro to Toribio.* (*R.*) Hold your tongue you fool. (*Aloud.*) How ! do you dare— (*To Scribe.*)

*Scribe.* Not I, as I hope for mercy ! It's your wife here—who mistook me for this gentleman and insists that the plot of my opera is true.

*Count and Toribio.* The plot of your opera ?

*Figaro.* You hear, my Lord. It's my wife there, who in her passion, has made this stupid blunder.

*Susanna.* It does'nt signify, you told him the story, and you know it's true.

*Count.* What story ?

*Figaro.* My Lord, it's the most ridiculous thing ; this gentleman is an author, and the story is pure invention—a subject for an opera—

*Scribe.* Yes my Lord, an opera, here it is my Lord, (*crosses to c.*)

*Figaro. (Taking it from him.)* Yes, here it is my Lord—your Lordship will perhaps do him the honor to read it—some other day. *(pushing SCRIBLEROS over to R.)*

*Count.* Aye, aye—some other day, but let him begone now, and put an end to this folly—

*Figaro to Scribleros.* Yes, you must begone now—call again to-morrow. *(Pushes him out R.)*

*Toribio to Figaro.* What does this mean?

*Figaro. (aside to him.)* Never mind now.

*Countess and Seraphina. (aside.)* What's to be done?

*Susanna.* Don't sign—let nothing induce you.

*Count.* Silence woman! Are you mad? *(to Notary.)* Commence, Senor.

*Susanna.* And the Colonel, not here!

*Figaro. (Aside.)* There's the picture, put as I designed it.

*Notary. (reading)* "Before me, Alonzo Quiroga, Notary Public, &c. &c., and in presence of &c. &c. &c." Your name if you please Senor?

*Toribio.* Don Alvaro de Ribera.

*Notary. (writing.)* "Don Alvaro de Ribera."—Any other title Senor?

*Enter CHERUBINO in full uniform, with SUSANETTA U. E. R.*

*Cherubino* Alias, *Toribio*, valet to Don Pablos de Merida, who is now at Seville, ready to prove the assertion of Colonel Cherubino, here present.

*Figaro. (Aside)* Cherubino!

*Toribio.* Mercy, my Lord! I confess—but it was Figaro who—

*Cherubino. (c.)* Begone, rascal! whilst you're in a whole skin.

*[Toribio runs out, L.]*

*Count. (Collaring Figaro who is stealing away.)* Figaro, you villain.

*Figaro. (R. c.)* My Lord, you know I always told you, you were too hasty; if you had listened to my advice—

*Susanna. (R. c.)* Out with him too, my Lord, if he deserves it.

*Susanetta. (R. c.)* Who's blown out of the water now?

*Figaro.* Charming Cousin.

*Cherubino.* What say you to my new name and address?

*Figaro.* Gallant Colonel! For old acquaintance sake—consider, I've lived in this family for a long time, and work'd hard to benefit them and amuse others, and as to my roguery, that's what first recommended me to his Lordship's service. If I had only been a barber, I should never have been *the* barber! Remain'd all my life an indefinite article!

*Susanna.* My Lord—I am sure I should be the last person to say a word in his favour—but *I am* his wife—we've been married sixteen years.

*Figaro.* And when you talk of punishment, that should be taken into consideration my Lord.

*Count.* I believe my folly has been more to blame than your roguerys sirrah, I have almost deserved this lesson, and as it is to Cherubino I owe your defeat, he shall award your sentence.

*Cherubino.* As Susanna is generous enough to intercede for him, and in consideration of his former services to my Lord and the Countess, I should be glad to extend mercy to him ; but what would the world say—

*Figaro.* Ah, that's where my friend the author is puzzled too. He fears the world would say, the rogue ought to be punished, but I say, the world is a very good natur'd world—I'm sure I've always found it so : there are greater rogues in it than I, who are tolerated because they are diverting ones ; and if Figaro the first has been lucky enough to amuse that part of it here present, it will not condemn the amiable weakness of Figaro the second. (*Advancing.*) We are all of us fallable mortals, and to parody the English Poet.

If to my share some human errors fall,  
Look in my face—and you'll forget them all !

*Finale.* (" *Il Barbiere.*")

*Cherubino.*

Whatever faults you've seen, O  
To mercy's side pray lean, O  
In Colonel Cherubino,  
Remember still the Page !

*Chorus.*

And here for years sixteen, O  
"The Barber" re-engage !

*Susanetta*

Though we've no Tamburini,  
No Grisi nor Rubini,  
We trust, you've heard Rossini,  
And now, and then, Mozart.

*Chorus.*

Can names alone, that end in "ini"  
To you delight impart ?

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THE

**QUEER SUBJECT;**

A FARCE,

In One Act,

BY  
Joseph Stirling  
J. S. COYNE, Esq.

As Performed at

THE ROYAL ADELPHI THEATRE.

---

DIRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE  
CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENTS,  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prefaced by

A DEDICATION TO JOHN REEVE, ESQ;

And an Original

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE SAME CELEBRATED  
COMEDIAN.

---

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,  
Orrin Smith, from a drawing by Pierce Egan, the Younger,  
the representation of the Piece.

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LONDON:

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1837



"NASSAU STEAM PRESS,"  
W. S. JOHNSON, 6, NASSAU STREET, \*OB\*

TO JOHN REEVE, Esq.

MY DEAR SIR,

In my earliest essay as a Dramatic writer for a London Theatre, it was my good fortune to have the humble efforts of my pen rendered effective by your inestimable acting. To you, therefore, with sincere feelings of personal esteem, and high admiration for your professional talents, I beg, my dear sir, to dedicate this the *first pippin* I have ventured to pluck from the *Tree of Fun*.

J. STIRLING COYNE.

LONDON :

*March, 1837.*

AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

JOHN REEVE, Esq.

---

MISTER not me, my jolly masters. Call me John,—plain John, for I'm no beauty, or "Fat Jack, ha! ha!" not being one of Pharoah's lean kine, but a thorough John Bull. Truth assisted nature in compounding my clay. I have a heart for my wife and children, a hand for a friend, owe no man a shilling and my motto in LINGO Latin, is; *Rex pecuniar dollarorum domo.*

REEVE'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.

---

John seems to be a fortunate sponsorial appellation, dramatically speaking, for we have had John Kemble, and John Bannister, and we have John Liston, and John Reeve; names, always good for a bill, whether of a playhouse or a bank, and capital drawers of houses and salaries. The father of this veritable son of Momus, Mr. Thomas Reeve, was sixteen years a Common Councilman of the City of London, and his son John, made his first appearance in this world, within the estimated sound of Bow-bell, on the 2nd. of February, 1799. His relative position in life embraced two uncles of considerable celebrity, George Reeve the composer, and Alderman Waithman. Master John passed through his early days without any thing peculiar occurring and in due time was sent to school, at Mr. Thompson's, Winchmore-hill, where he met with Master Frederick Yates, and many mishaps. A mischievous friendship was formed between them to the cost of the other students, and one breach of decorum in heating slates nearly red hot and placing them on the seats for their unsuspecting schoolfellows, gained them so severe a flogging, as to make their form a stool of repentance, for having no unbirched place to rest upon, they could not sit down, and became a standing joke to those they had been such warm friends to, for many days. At the age of 14 master John Reeve was taken from school and his friend Yates, to the counter of his father's shop, on Ludgate Hill, where he remained stocking the customers with Hosiery until his father retired from business, which was about two years. He was then sent to Messrs Neville's, the Hosiers, in Maiden Lane, Wood Street, Cheapside, on very different terms to those he enters the sock and buskin's door of the Adelphi Theatre, in Maiden Lane, Strand. Here he remained three years and then left, in consequence of murdering the sleep of the peaceable citizens by mangling Shakspeare's Othello and Payne's Brutus on the spouted leads of his employer's house in conjunction with one John Bye, a fellow counter revolutionest whom he always saluted with "Good Bye!" The neighbours threw cold water on their efforts and they fired with indignation, heaped upon their persecutor's heads the curses of Lear and Brutus. Next morning came ~~and~~ with it sundry complaints, so Mr Johnny was forced to make

his exit as the Hosier, and make double entries as a clerk in Gosling's Banking-house. Here, to use plain John's odd words, his dramatic mania exploded, and he subscribed four shillings per week to Mr. Pym's private Theatre, Wilson Street, Gray's Inn Lane, that has been the hot bed of many a dramatic genius. The first part he ever played in his life (which was rather ominous) he only had to say one word, *No!* and he made a mistake and said, *Yes!* For the information of those curious in such matters, we beg to inform them this part was the *Waiter*, at the Gambling House, in *Town and Country*. Besides this he had several other "shocking bad" parts, which made him think four shillings per week too much, especially, as a specimen of his *ad libitum* style as a servant, in *The Wheel of Fortune*, when Weazle said "You, Gentlemen, must have your little comforts," he replied, "To be sure we must, we must have our little carraway *comfits*," was thought not legitimate. He accordingly took the house of Pym, for £10, and had his own bills printed. The play was *OTHELLO*, he the *Jim Crow*, Mr. Willis Jones the *Iago*, and Mr. G. H. Rodwell the composer, the *Roderigo*; the farce, *Sylbester Daggerwood*, with imitations. The eclat of the *Daggerwood* portion of the evening's entertainment led to our friend John's appearance at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mr. Rodwell senior. But this was not his first public essay, as generally supposed, he having previously to this performed the *First Grave-digger* in Hamlet, at the Haymarket, for the benefit of a Mr. Grove, of puffing fame, who advertised to play Hamlet for a wager of £100, better than any actor living or dead. However, it had the desired effect for the gulled public crammed the house to suffocation. This same Mr. Grove before caused a silly and squinting brother-in-law of his, named Roach, son of a publisher of plays, some thirty years ago, to enact Richard the Third, and challenge in printed placards a comparison with Kean. The performance was absurd in the extreme and the indignation of a most numerous audience vented itself in laughter, yells, and hisses, until in the wooing scene with Lady Anne, our Richard's mother, not the Duchess, but the irritable Mrs. Roach, rushed on in dirty faded black, cap and flesh to match, and with most Billingsgate rage, drove her son with hands and tongue off the stage.

But to our hero, who, on the benefit previously spoken of, was so rapturously received, that he was earnestly requested to repeat his performance on the following evening for Mr. Lanza's benefit, he complied, and so completely established himself as an imitator and actor, as to induce the proprietor of the English Opera House, to offer him an engagement, which he accepted *sub rosa*, *sub* ARNOLD, not wishing to resign his banking concern, until assured he might be unconcerned about it. On the 17th. July 1819, he appeared in a clever personation farce, called, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5, *by advertisement*, as Mr. \* \* \* \* \*." Had the seven stars come down from Heaven, they could hardly have created a greater sensation, and, to parody the Cæsarian exclamation, he appeared, he acted, and he triumphed; yet no man could be more diffident of his abilities, for, at a dressed night rehearsal, he was continually dropping his character, and enquiring of Mr. R. B. Peake, the very worthy treasurer of that establishment, (and one of the most popular authors of the day), who was seated in the critical seat of

the pit, "if he thought that would do." Much has been said about the wordy imperfectness of our friend Reeve, but, we boldly assert without knowing the real cause; over anxiety to please, will unnerve the most marble moulded man, when he is aware that thousands of persons on whose fiat he lives, are listening to his every intonation of voice, watching his every movement of feature and limb. Then what must it be to actors, who are, under Heaven, the most excitable beings in the world. The sensible loss of nerve begets a desire to recover it, and thinking of this, the words occasionally escape. We have known our hero, perfect to the letter in a farce, four days before its production, but as the hour of trial approached, his courage, like that of Acres', oozed away, and nothing but his powerful flexibility of face and ready wit, carried him through with perfect success. Performing, is any thing but playing, to those who are practically acquainted with the drama, and we sincerely think, that the author is frequently more indebted to the actor, than the actor to the author. On the 18th. of October, in the same year, Reeve commenced an engagement at the Adelphi Theatre, in *Rattlepate*, in *The Green Dragon*, and *Lord Grizzle*, in *Tom Thumb*. From thence, he went to Cheltenham and Bristol, and at the latter place in 1821, he was married at St. John's Church to Miss Aylett, who died at Swansea in the following year, after giving birth to a son. This was a sad blow, and we believe, is an unforgotten sorrow to this hour, though he has sought, and received comfort from a second wife. She was a most amiable person, as the following letter, from the father of the acknowledged first tragedian of the day, will testify,—

" Swansea, 16th. October 1822.

MY DEAR SIR,

The melancholy task, you requested me to undertake, I have attempted. I send you the lines, which I trust you will not estimate by their lack of merit, but my earnest wish to prove, that I would oblige you, if I could. To those who were happy enough to be acquainted with the late Mrs. R., all praise is unnecessary, those who had not that gratification, can form but a faint idea of her worth, from the report of my feeble pen. I hope you all arrived safe in the Metropolis, and that the young gentleman is not worse for his journey. With every good wish, and compliments of Mrs. Mc. Cready, I remain, dear sir,

Your's truly,  
W. Mc. CREADY."

---

" Pure virtue, innocence, and truth,  
Were Anna's riches here on earth;  
Bequeath'd them with an infant dear,  
To a loved husband's pious care,  
His tender steps, with faith to guard,  
And find in heaven, his great reward."

JOHN REEVE, Esq.  
Adelphi Theatre.

*The child alluded to above, is the present Master John Reeve,*

now of course about fifteen years of age, and whose education does honour to his father's care. He has two daughters by his second marriage, whom he is equally anxious to make ornaments of society. This says a great deal for a man's heart. In 1826 he commenced an engagement of five seasons at the Haymarket, and stood on Liston's ground firmly, though he immediately followed him in most of his characters, with all the prejudice of first impressions and long favouritism. After his engagement expired at the Haymarket he went for three years to Covent Garden, and we do not think he had that fair play his talent deserved. However, nothing, seemingly, can ever shake the strong hold he has upon public opinion, and managers are ever ready to secure him on his own terms. In the autumn of 1836 he made a trip across the Atlantic, and delighted brother Jonathan so much, with his quips and cranks, that he not only realized a large sum, but has sown the seed for a rich harvest, should he be tempted to trust himself on the perilous ocean again. He certainly left America too soon for his own advantage, but his friendship for his old schoolfellow, Yates, and £40 per week for three seasons, combined with an anxious wish to see his children brought him home to be welcomed most heartily by all who love a hearty laugh.

Mr. Reeve is about fivefeet ten inches in height, of a dark complexion, and possessing a great flexibility of feature and limb. Though a bulky man, it is quite astonishing to see the lightness and ease with which he moves about the stage, in dancing or walking, and that he may be light and delight, is our sincere desire.

March 18th, 1837.

B——W.

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### Remarks.

This very laughable farce so essentially depends on its comic situations, that it is almost necessary to see it, to believe its effect. We believe this is the first effort of the author upon the London boards, but we hope it will not be his last by very many, such funds of comic humour not being too numerous.

## Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI,  
NOVEMBER, 1836.

---

Dr. BINGO. Black square cut coat, waistcoat and small clothes, white wig, black silk stockings, shoes, and buckles.. } MR. CULLENFORD.

CHARLES. Plumb colored frock coat, light buff stripe trowsers, white waistcoat, and boots. .... } MR. STERLING.

BILL MATTOCK. A buff ragged jacket, corderoy small clothes, grey worsted darned stockings, dark brown ragged waistcoat, white round hat, and dirty shoes. *Second dress*—A long white bed-gown and night-cap. .... } MR. J. REEVE.

NED SNATCH. A grey jacket patched, short brown trowsers patched (*same as work-house clothes*), little black hat, worsted stockings, shoes patched. *Second dress*—A smock frock, and slouch hat .. } MR. SANDERS.

SAMMY SPECTRE. Velveteen coat and trowsers, black waistcoat, and white apron. .... } MR. WILKINSON.

TOM DARKING. Old fashioned livery, green turned up with red and yellow.... } MR. S. SMITH.

COUNTRYMEN. Brown country-men's coats, and small clothes. .... } MESSRS. KING and GIBSON.

JULIA. White muslin frock. .... Miss MAYO.

---

Time of representation, 40 minutes.

## THE QUEER SUBJECT.]

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### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The road before Dr. Bingo's house, which is seen through an iron gate, c., situate a short distance from the road.*

BILL MATTOCK and NED SNATCH discovered breaking stones by the road side.

*Bill M. (R. c. Stopping work.)* Why don't you learn to break the stones according to the hintillectual plan Ned? see how I bring down my hammer with mathalogical sagacity, to allow for the pincussion of the stone. You've no science.

*Ned S. (R.)* Yes I have though; and I defy any gemman wot ever handled a hammer to show a better finished heap of stones than that afore me.

*Bill.* There a'nt no doubt Ned that you have a genius for your profession—you smash away like fun at the sand stone, but when you gets hard flints Ned, you can't touch 'em my covey, in the reg'lar scientific way, like the man what reads the Magazine for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge.

*Ned.* But a'nt you precious tired of this life Bill?

*Bill.* Sartinly, thee a'nt no comfort whatsomedever in it, because you see, fortins are to be made by breaking in all trades but ours

*Ned.* Aye, that's vot I says; here ve sits hammering, hammering all day long, and after all we a'nt able to hammer out as much as keeps us in grub and lush.

*Bill.* I have had serious notions lately of going into another line

*Ned.* I knows of no line that a'nt supplied, except the Cambridge line, and they're all low fellows as breaks on that road.

*Bill.* I don't mean a line of road, I means a line of business  
*Ned.* As I'm a literary character, I've a strong hidear of trying my hand at book-making.

*Ned.* Book-making?

*Bill.* Yes, a'nt it better than road-making, where a man's works are sure to be trampled upon?

*Ned.* It may be, Bill, if your works don't get macademized by critics. But a'nt it very hard to write a book?

*Bill.* Bless your noody head, nobody thinks of writing books now—we breaks 'em up out of the old 'uns just as you smashes that big stone into rubble.



*Ned.* And what do you intend calling your book ?

*Bill.* Why I'm thinking "Chalkings by the way" would be no bad title.

*Ned.* It would be a striking one *Bill.*

*Bill.* Yes, and here we are striking for wages.

*Ned.* But mind your eye, here's some folks coming out of Doctor Bingo's. (*They resume work.*)

*Bill.* (*Singing.*) I am a jolly sailor boy,  
Does wander up and down ;  
I courts the girls where'er I go,  
In country and in town.  
Sing fal la la, fal la la.

*Enter DOCTOR BINGO and SAMMY SPECTRE from the house, and through gate c*

*Dr. Bingo.* (*L.*) You comprehend my instructions Sammy ?

*Sammy.* (*L. c.*) Perfectly sir, a'nt it this ? If an Exeter carrier should bring a package here this evening, directed for Dr. Bingo, I am to receive it, and give the bearer these ten guineas you have left with me. (*Shows purse.*)

*Dr. B.* Right Sammy ; and you are to have the package carefully deposited in my study—and Sammy be particular to let no person meddle with it or go near it—it is a matter of great importance to me.

*Sam.* There sha'nt a soul come near it sir. [*Exit DOCTOR B.* A matter of great importance, eh ? I wonder what it can be. The Doctor looked very mysterious—I don't like that.

[*Exit through gate c, into house.*]

*Bill.* I say Ned !

*Ned.* Well.

*Bill.* Did you twig what the Doctor said to that little chap ?

*Ned.* Yes, what of it ?

*Bill.* I means to make ten guineas of it—I knows well enough what the Doctor expects by the Exeter carrier.

*Ned.* Do you ? (*They rise and advance.*)

*Bill.* To be sure I do. (*Whispers.*) 'Tis a subject Ned.

*Ned.* What ?

*Bill.* A subject ! I've had some dealings with the Doctor, when I was in that line. I have a plan now, but (*Looks cautiously round.*) you must keep mum.

*Ned.* Mum !

*Bill.* You must die Ned.

*Ned.* Aye, that would be keeping mum.

*Bill.* You're not awake my pippin. I'll be more circumlocutious. Look ye, you must let me put you into a sack ; I'll then carry you to Dr. Bingo's as a subject, for the ten guineas, and you can easily manage to steal off after I have taken myself off.

*Ned.* Well, it's a rare plan ; but can't you get into the sack yourself Bill ?

*Bill.* Why so I would Snatch ; only it wouldn't be 'spectable for a gemman wot writes to put his head in a bag.

*Ned.* But I am the elder partner, Bill ; and you know it would be 'spectable for the head of the firm to put his head in a bag.

*Bill.* Well, I'll toss up for who goes—what d'ye say?

*Ned.* I never hobjects to nothing what's gentlemanly. You hide. Is it to be the best in three?

*Bill.* The best in three! what a low hidear—no; Newmarket is the genteel thing—one toss settles it. (*Tosses up a piece of money.*) Cry, my tulip!

*Ned.* Majesty.

*Bill.* I'm blow'd if I a'nt in for it! here's a pretty go; but as it's according to the moral torpitude of things wot be I won't flinch. Come along, and when you tuck me up Snatch, like the fat man in the play 'I'll addict myself to sack.'

*Ned.* Before we commence our job, let us turn into Tom Darking's boozing ken and have a drop of lush.

*Bill.* Aye, Tom's as close as a church.

*Ned.* But how shall I manage to carry you? I won't be able, for your weight—you're as heavy as the national debt, Bill—you'd break the back of an elephant.

*Bill.* Ho, ho, ho! Yes Ned, though not a man of *tears*, I'm sartinly a man of *size*; but Lord love you I'm only a babby now to what I was afore times grew bad—I was then so round and so slick that my chums called me 'Church Bill,'—but I'm now so fallen away, that folks calls me 'Anatomy Bill.'

[*Exit BILL and NED, L.*]

SCENE II.—TOM DARKING's *Public-house*, door S. E. L. TOM enters S. E. L., bustling about, arranging tables, chairs, &c.

*Tom.* I wonder some of the market folks are not here afore now; the night is as sharp as sour beer—they seldom pass the Blue Swan without having a drop of summut on their way home.

*Enter BILL MATTOCK and NED SNATCH, with a sack. S. E. L.*

Gemmen—you're welcome; won't you sit down? (*They sit.*)

*Bill.* Tom fetch us a pot of stout—we're a going up to Doctor Bingo's with a job.

*Tom.* What at the old trade, Bill? Got a subject hey?

*Bill.* Why—a—yes, but I'm going to be the subject myself.

*Tom.* You? ha, ha, ha! A precious queer subject you'd make!

*Bill.* It's true enough though; but not a word—keep dark as a coal-pit—you'll know all to-morrow. I must not be seen here by any one Tom.

*Tom.* Then you'd better mizzle, for I hear some one a coming to the door.

*Bill.* Keep it fast Tom, 'till I get into cover—I'll be smoked else, for my face is as well known in this house, as the Saracen's Head on Snow-hill. Where shall I hide?

*Tom.* There's a press, if you can manage to squeeze yourself in.

*Bill.* No Tom! though the *press* has often done a good turn for me, it won't serve me this turn; the freedom of the press, Tom, is a capital thing,—but the liberty of the subject is a better—(*Knocking.*)

Tom. Coming, coming.

Ned. Get into the sack, and you'll never be noticed. I'll clap you standing here in the corner beside me.

Bill. Well in with me—like other great men I'll go into trumpery retirement. (*Getting into the sack.*) Ned did you ever before bag so much game at once? (*Knocking L. S. E.*)

Tom. Coming, coming.

Bill. Snatch, d'ye hear, I'm not to be diddled out of my liquor: for it's according to the moral torpitude of things wot be, that a man should drink; stop, here's the very thing—a hole in the sack. Now mind Ned, whenever you put a glass to your own mouth, apply another to this hole, and leave the rest to me. Now tie me up. (*BILL gets behind the table in c. SNATCH fastens the sack, and resumes his seat L. C, singing.*)

“ Billy Taylor was a brisk young fellar,  
Full of mirth and full of play,  
Soon he did his mind diskiver  
To a charming lady gay.  
Toll de loll di da, &c.

(*TOM DARKING opens the door while SNATCH is singing. SAMMY SPECTRE enters L. S. E.*)

Sammy. Why here's nice treatment; to be kept waiting at the door at this awful time of night. (*Puts his hat on the sack.*)

Tom. I didn't know it was you Sammy. Why you look as pale as a ghost.

Sam. A ghost! oh! don't mention it! the very hidear puts me into a shaking fit. I remember one night I went all alone into the coal-hole, and do you know I saw something very awful—'pon my life I did.

Tom. Well sit down, sit down! Oh here be some of the market folks. (*Enter two countrymen S. E. R.*) Welcome gents, sit down—what shall I fetch you? (*They all sit.*)

1st Man. (*L. C.*) Summut hot and comfortable Master Darking; it's precious cold on the hill side.

Sam. (*R. C.*) The hill side—then you've passed through the church-yard?

1st Man. Aye, and a dismal looking place it be toc.

Sam. How awful! And did you see any thing remarkable there sir—any ghosts, or spirits, or shapeless shapes, or—

1st Man. I didn't see nothing partic'lar—but I'll be on my affidavit I heard a rustling like in the branches of the old yew tree,

Sam. Oh dear, that was very awful—I remember one night, I was all alone in bed, and I heard something very marvellous,—a sort of scratching at the wainscot like a mouse a gnawing.

2nd Man. (*L. R.*) But I seed summut to-night. I seed a summut like a large black tom cat—walking along the church-yard wall, well, I shut my eyes cos I thought it was something as warn't right, and when I opened them arter awhile, blow me, if the appearance warn't gone.

Omnes. Wonderful!

Bill. (*Peeping out of the hole in the sack c.*) Ha, ha, ha!

Sam. Who laughed?

1st Man. Not I.

*Omnes.* Nor I.

*Sam.* Well there was a laugh, and that I think really very awful.

*Ned.* Pshaw! it's an echo that's in this room.

*Sam.* I remember one night last winter, soon after we went to live with Doctor Bingo. I was sitting alone by the fire listening to the crickets and thinking of pleasant ghost stories, when all at once I heard a mysterious laugh in Sally the housemaid's room, and an alarming noise, like the smacking of a carter's whip. 'Pon my life I did.

*Bill.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sam.* What was that?

*2nd Man.* I don't know—but I'm certain it was a laugh.

*Sam.* And what's more awful, it an't a human laugh. I know it's the laugh of a departed spirit.

*Ned.* Who cares for a departed spirit, while we have spirits like these present. (*Holds up a glass.*) Come fill your glasses, and I'll give you a stave. (*Sings.*)

AIR—"Paddy Pizzarro."

Talk of spirits indeed,

Why the man's but an ass,

Who heeds any spirits

But those in his glass.

And for demon or devil

A fillip I say,

For blue ruin my boys

Drives blue devils away.

Toll de roll, loll de roll lol, &c.

(*BILL joins in chorus and drinks out of NED's glass through the hole in the sack.*)

*Sam.* Oh dear! what's that?

*Ned.* Nothing. Now gemmen, I'll give you a toast, if so be you have no groundless objections, I'll give you 'The friend of humanity wot's always mending his fellow creters' ways'

*Omnes.* Bravo—The friend of humanity, &c.

(*BILL takes SPECTRE's glass, drinks it off, and replaces it at SPECTRE's left hand—the rest of the company drink.*)

*Sam.* Where's my glass? bless me, it was here this moment—oh, here it is—empty! this is really awful—I a'nt quite comfortable—there's something over me I'm sure.

*Ned.* You're not afraid of ghosts my lad?

*Sam.* A-a not particularly afeard of ghosts, only I don't like upstarts—chaps wot won't be quiet, but get up out of their snug little graves, to walk about at improper hours; it a'nt the part of a 'spectable ghost, so I likes to keep out of onreglar company.

*Bill.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sam.* There it is again, I won't stay here any longer. It's really very awful.

*Tom.* Don't go Sammy, the Doctor won't be home from the elub this hour yet.

*Sam.* Aye, but he charged me to be home at nine, as he expects a package from the country, and he left me ten guineas to pay the carrier, so I must run back immediately—but I'll tell you what, there's something very awful going on at home.

*Bill.* Gammon!

*Sam.* Oh dear where's my hat? It's really very awful.

*1st Man.* Dang me if I stay here any longer. (*Countrymen go off L.S.E.*)

*Sam.* Wait a moment. I'm a very frightful fellow by night; I remember once I was going home by night, and I'd just got to the place where the mad fiddler hanged himself, when all on a sudden I felt— (*BILL MATTOCK knocks his hat down over his eyes.*) Oh! oh! this is really too awful. (*SAMMY runs off L. S. E. BILL throws off the sack.*)

*Bill.* Well now Ned, as the meeting is dissolved, we can begin to put our plans in prosecution.

*Ned.* And now for my disguise—I don't think *Master Sammy Spectre* will smoke *Ned Snatch* in the toggery of the *Exeter carrier*. (*While SNATCH is putting on a smock frock and slouch hat, BILL sits thoughtfully at table.*)

*Tom.* What's the matter, *Bill*? why man you look as dull as a turkey in rain.

*Bill.* Do I *Tom*? ah, that's cos I'm depreciated in my nerves. I don't like this business of playing the dead man—it a'nt to my taste. In the good old times I used to get a decent living by other folks dying, but now *Tom* they're so altered that I must begin to die on my own account to keep myself from starving. It's that *Tom*, that affects the inflammability of my wisage an dmakes me so glumfounded; so draw us a pint of hawf-and-hawf my boy will ye?

*Tom.* Wouldn't a go of gin-and-water or a nip of brandy be more reviviner for you *Bill*?

*Bill.* No, there a'nt nothing worser for a hardent imagination than hardent spirits; hawf-and-hawf is the only drink for the development of genus. Don't you see the measures of hawf-and-hawf that go down with customers of the swell houses at the West End.

*Tom.* So they do *Bill*—and here's a swig of as choice stuff as ever moistened a mug. (*Lays a pot before BILL.*)

*Bill.* Your health my rum 'uns. (*Drinks.*) There's no comfort in life like drink, so I'll give you a few verses that I sometimes sings at the Leather-heads. That's a convivial 'sociation *Tom*. where a few of us hintellectual coveys that reads the *Magazine* for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge meets for the concussion of Political Economy and Gastronomy. Hem! (*Sings.*)

AIR.—“*The Meeting of the Waters.*”

Oh there is not in nature a bliss so complete  
As the first glass of toddy—strong, smoking and sweet,  
All cares it dispels—drives the megrims away,  
'Tis the first glass of toddy that makes our hearts gay.  
'Tis the first glass of toddy that makes our hearts gay.

AIR.—“*The Black Joke.*”

If one glass of liquor such wonders can do  
We'll double our pleasure by making it two.  
Toll de roll de roll toddy, loll loll de roll toll.

With spirits elated we joke and we laugh,  
 Our lasses we toast, and our bumpers we quaff  
 We towle the girls, or snatch a stray kias;  
 Was there ever a moment so merry as this?  
 Toll de roll, &c.

AIR.—“*I’ve been roaming.*”

I’ve been drinking—I’ve been drinking  
 At the Coal Hole all the night,  
 And I’m thinking—and I’m thinking  
 That I’m nearly screw’d outright.  
 I’ve been going—I’ve been going  
 At the brandy, gin and beer,  
 And I’m growing—and I’m growing  
 Rather comfortably queer.

AIR.—“*Farewell to the Mountain.*”

Farewell to the brandy,  
 Farewell to the swipes,  
 To the pots full of porter,  
 The backey and pipes;  
 To the ale and the gin,  
 I’m a leetle (hip) unwell  
 I’m going (hip) a going  
 Farewell (hip) oh, fare-well,  
 (*Stagger back—scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*A room in DR. BINGO’S house. JULIA enters with a book in her hand.*

*Julia.* Hist what noise is that? how my heart flutters at every footstep! Well, this love is the plague of a poor girl’s life I wish those stupid books would teach us to conquer the tyrant passion. (*Throws the book away pettishly.*) Heigho! I wonder will Markham ever come? It is now full two minutes and a half past the appointed time. (*Goes to window.*) What a beautiful night! How softly do those moonbeams fall upon the calm river as it ripples and sparkles amidst the dark foliage of the motionless trees. Oh! his hour! this sweet, sweet hour of love.

SONG. AIR.—“*Each bower has beauty.*”

When the moon on the river is sleeping,  
 When the nightingale sings in her bower;  
 When the glow-worm its vigil is keeping,  
 Oh come to me love in that hour.  
 On the leaves when the dew brilliants glisten,  
 Like the tear drops, on infancy’s cheek;  
 With none but the pale stars to listen,  
 And none but my lover to speak.  
 Oh come to me then, and our meeting,  
 Shall be like zephyr and flower;  
 So blissful shall be our fond meeting,  
 Oh come to me love in that hour,  
 When the moon, &c.

(*Knock L.*) Hist, 'tis he! (*Opens the door—CHARLES MARKHAM enters, L.*)

Markham. My dear Julia!

Julia. You are a sad truant—but now that you are come, I forgive you all; am I not a merciful sovereign?

Mark. As merciful as you are beautiful: you, unlike many of your sex, seek not to prove your power over a lover, by tormenting him to the utmost endurance of his love; and it is this that makes me doubly your slave.

Julia. Yes Markham—if I can retain your allegiance by a gentle sway, I shall never change my flowery sceptre for a rod of iron—but Charles, though these stolen interviews form the chief happiness of my existence, I tremble lest by some chance they should be discovered by my uncle.

Mark. That apprehension has also disturbed my mind, and to put an end to this disagreeable suspense, I have resolved to acquaint him with our attachment. Surely there is nothing in my family or fortune to disentitle me to the honor of aspiring to your hand.

Julia. Nothing but the singular whim my uncle entertains of marrying me to one of his own profession. A doctor I must have!

Mark. Pshaw! Julia he's little better than a silly enthusiast, carried away by the fantastic theories of his art. A homœopathist, a galvanist, and I know not what besides; he would fain turn his house into a college of health, and all its inmates into professors. But if your husband must have a diploma, let it be from love's college, 'tis the true school for making a lady's best physician.

Julia. We will argue that matter another time; at present I want your opinion of some new music I have got. Come, my harp is in the next room.

[*Exeunt R.*]

SCENE IV.—DOCTOR BINGO's study—a large table covered with baize in c.—small table B.—Galvanic apparatus behind c. table.

*Enter SAMMY C. carrying a light, followed by NED SNATCH, dragging on his shoulder BILL MATTOCK in the sack.*

Sam. Oh, its all perfectly right. Pray can you tell me what you've got in the sack?

Ned. A doan't know, but a knaw I'se to get ten guineas for the carrying on it from Exeter.

Sam. Ah, here's a ticket. (*Reads.*) "To Dr. Bingo—A stuffed drynurse, with care." A stuffed drynurse! eh, my eye! can it be possible. (*Reads again.*) A stuffed dry—drynurs—drynurseris, with care. Oh! a drynurseris; that's some curious fish from the Theological Gardens. Here lay it upon the table. Why a stuffed drynurseris seems almost as heavy as a stuffed alderman. (*NED lays MATTOCK along the table c.*) There's your ten guineas. (*Gives it.*)

Ned. Thank'ee master, you'll find un a dang'd queer fish I'se warrant.

[*Exit SNATCH, c.*]

Sam. Now I'd like vastly to take a peep at this here cretor, only I'm a little afeard; I've a great fancy to see what sort of a hani-mal a stuffed drynurseris is. I remember once, I gave a penny

to see the larned pig, and the seven legged mare, and now I can see a stuffed drynursenis for nothing, Egad! I will have a peep. (*Goes towards the table; MATTOCK sneezes in the sack—SAMMY lets the candle fall.*)—*Runs off exclaiming* Oh, oh, oh! this is too awful! (*MATTOCK, as soon as he is gone, gets out of the sack, dressed in a long white shirt and cap.—Stage dark.*)

*Bill.* Well this is what I call rum work. I'd be glad to know whether I'm a stuffed drynursenis, a dead subject, or the living Bill Mattock. Let me consider, I can't be a stuffed drynursenis, for I a'nt got no dinner to-day—I'm more like a balloon stuffed with nothing whatsomedever. Then I can't be a dead subject for my life is in the lease of my house. It's clear then that I must be the 'dential living Bill Mattock; I'm pretty sure of it too, cos Bill loved a pot of good porter, and I feel just now as if I could tuck in a full pot of 'double stout—it's certain then I'm Bill Mattock, well that's some comfort. I never could have proved philologically that I was myself if I hadn't read the Magazine for the Confusion of Useless Knowledge. And now to find a way of getting out of this pitchy hole before the Doctor comes home. (*He gropes about.*) Here's a door. (*Opens it L.*)—All dark! no matter, I'll venture like Phineas into the internal regions [*Exit BILL L. S. E. Enter by another door, R. S. E. JULIA and MARKHAM with a light. Stage light.*]

*Julia.* I fear Charles that we have prolonged this interview beyond the limits of discretion—I expect my uncle home every instant, and if he discovers you here he will instantly remove me to a distant part of the country, where we shall never have an opportunity of meeting.

*Mark.* Let us hope a better fate, Julia; but what is there to make you apprehend a discovery now?

*Julia.* It is past ten o'clock, and the doors are always locked by the servants at that hour—there are no means left of retreat but through the conservatory; here is the key of the door that opens from it into the garden, from thence with the help of the garden ladder, you can scale the wall, and escape. Begone now. (*Gives him a key.*)

*Mark.* Will you then force me to leave you?

*Julia.* Will you then persist in staying? (*Knock.*) Hark! that is my uncle's knock. Fly dear Charles; there lies your way—mind the conservatory, to the right.

*Mark.* Adieu! dearest Julia! to the right! adieu! [*Exit c.*]

[*Exit JULIA taking the light, by door, R. S. E. After a short interval MARKHAM returns cautiously.—Stage dark.*]

*Mark.* (*In a low tone.*) Julia, Julia my love! Julia, you have given me a wrong key, hist! a wrong key, my dear! I cant get out! what the devil shall I do? Where shall I conceal myself? I dare not venture back through the house; ten to one but I may be shot as a robber, before I can make myself known, should I be found here by that mad old doctor. (*A china crash without L. S. E.*) Ah here he comes! (*Goes to door JULIA went out by.*) A door—fast. (*Another crash.*) He's playing the devil among the china. He is in some desperate rage. (*He stumbles against the table c.*) Ah, here's a table! And here's, what? a sack! a thought strikes me, I'll get into it and if old Bingo should come here, he'll take me for

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a subject brought in during his absence. I know this is his anatomical experiment room, but the worst that can come of it is a discovery, and a summary ejection by the testy Doctor. (*Getting into sack.*) So here I go. Hist! he's coming this way. I must lie still. (*Draws the sack over his head and stretches himself upon the table.*) Enter BILL MATROCK, with a bottle in one hand and part of a fowl in the other, L. S. E.

*Bill.* Here I am again, after leaving the print of my precious countenance against twenty walls and doors in the dark. No way to escape, cooped up here like a turkey for Christmas—groped my way into a larder, that wasn't so bad; made a jolly smash among the crockery ware—broke all the mugs in the house, and damaged my own. Well come I got a capital tuck out by it, cold roast goose and port wine—not bad grubbing for a dead man! but they don't put enough of ingings in their goose. Here's jolly good luck. (*Drinks.*) I wish I could find the table now, I'd take another stretch on it, for I find an uncommon dizziness coming over me; but that's according to the (hip) torp—torpitude. (hip) Really this is very pretty port. (*Drinks.*) I'm confident it is. (hip) Now I have the table, where's my sack? (*Lays his hand on MARK.*) Who are you? Does your mother know you're out? You'd better mizzle my chap. What, eh, blow me if this an't another subject! I wonder who raised him. (hip) That's no reason though that he should have my place. Come along my covey, there's plenty of room on the floor for you. There's a nice spot under the table for you. (*He lays him under the table.*) We none of us like to give up our places quietly. No, no, we can't afford to give up our places. (hip) (*Sits on the table.*) I'm sorry I didn't bring another bottle of this port with me—it's a very entertaining sort of a companion in the dark, (hip) very indeed. What a hard-hearted creter a deal table is; it has no sympathy for shoulders or hip bones. (*Sings.*) "On this cold flinty rock I will lay down my head." (*He is about to lie down when voices are heard.*) Hark! there's some one coming. 'Tis the old Doctor. I'd give ten bob if I was well out of his clutches. (*Hastily stretches himself upon the table.*)

Enter DOCTOR BINGO followed by SAMMY SPECTRE, carrying lights.—Stage light.

*Dr. B.* So the carrier from Exeter has brought the package Sammy

*Sam.* Yes master, the stuffed drynursenis—and I gave him the ten guineas.

*Dr. B.* Right Sammy, you are an excellent boy if you could only overcome your fears. I intend Sammy to show you to-night one of the wonderful effects of our art; the package Sammy which you suppose is filled by a stuffed Rhinocercus contains, in reality, a—

*Sam.* Wh—h—h—a—t Doctor?

*Dr. B.* A dead body, Sammy—an anatomical subject.

*Sam.* Oh don't say so, its a very awful subject sir.

*Dr. B.* Nonsense boy! you must reconcile yourself to things of this sort—give me the light. (*Goes to the table and raises MATROCK's leg.*) Why this subject is still quite warm! how fortunate!

*Sam.* (*Aside, and fearfully peeping over the DOCTOR's shoulder.*) I wonder how he got out of the sack.

*Dr. B.* Come near Sammy, you shall see me galvanize him.

*Sam.* Galvanize! what's that sir?

*Dr. B.* A wonderful operation Sammy. You shall see me make this subject move by the action of the Electro-Galvanic Battery.

*Sam.* Won't he then have an action of battery against you?

*Dr. B.* Pshaw! (*He brings forward the Galvanic apparatus, arranges it, and continues speaking.*) I have sanguine hopes, if my experiment succeeds, of restoring life to the body—I have all the apparatus in readiness; attend now. (*Commences turning the Electrical Machine.*)

*Sam.* It's really very awful!

*Dr. B.* In the first place motion will be given to the arms, then to the legs, and afterwards the whole body will resume its natural action as in life. (*After a few turns BILL thrusts one hand into DR. BINGO's face, strikes the other across SAMMY's body, kicks out his legs, sits up, nods his head at DR. BINGO, and finally gets off the table.—SAMMY gets into a corner, and DR. BINGO looks on with delight.*)

*Dr. B.* Oh, wonderful triumph of art! he lives, he moves! glorious discovery, this will make my fortune! Sammy, Sammy Spectre, behold this miraculous resuscitation.

*Sam.* Oh! oh! 'tis too awful to behold! Kill him again Doctor, or I shall die with fright. (*BILL strides round the room, the Doctor follows.*)

*Dr. B.* Get out of that you fool! Every motion as perfect as before death; but he does not speak. I'll try the effect of another shock. (*He goes up,*)

*Bill.* Oh, I can't stand that.

*Dr. B.* Was not that his voice? I'll speak to him (*To BILL.*) Well how do you feel now?

*Bill.* Pretty bobbish, thank ye!

*Dr. B.* Amazing! the recovery is perfect—he speaks. How long have you been dead?

*Bill.* Ten days.

*Dr. B.* Ten days! Impossible! You were quite warm when I came in, not ten minutes ago.

*Bill.* That's cos I was a baker! we holds the heat a long while.

*Dr. B.* Oh, very likely! Were you conscious of anything during your trance?

*Bill.* Yes I was particularly conscious of roast goose and bottled port, only they did not put enough ingings in the goose.

*Dr. B.* Singular sensation! And pray what did you die of?

*Bill.* Suspended animation!

*Dr. B.* Suspended animation! I don't comprehend you.

*Bill.* Don't you? I was suspended from a rope—hanged! that's wot I calls dying of suspended animation.

*Dr. B.* Prodigious! This is the most extraordinary case I ever heard of—I'll have it published to-morrow. Where are my writing materials? Remain here a moment till I find them! I'll be back presently. I'll take down the particulars this very night.

*Sam.* I'll take down the particulars this very minute. (*Takes a flask from his pocket and drinks.*)

[*Exit DOCTOR, c., closely followed by SAMMY.—BILL catches SAMMY by the coat.*

*Bill.* Where are you going my little bottle imp?

*Sam.* Prodigious sir! I was only a going to the other side of the door.

*Bill.* Well you'd better leave the bottle on this side. (*Takes the bottle, and gives him a kick.*) Mizzle now.

*Sam.* Oh, that's awful!

*Exit SAMMY, C.—BILL sits on the table, and fills a glass, when MARKHAM creeps from under the table in the sack.*

*Bill.* I'm swizzled if the other subject an't a getting lively! Who bid you get up? You should larn to behave yourself like a peaceable subject, and lie down till you're rig'larly dissicated. It's all for the benefit of the Humane Society, and perfectly according to the moral torpitude of things wot be.

*Mark.* I have been a witness of your proceeding, Sirrah, and you're little better than an arrant impostor.

*Bill.* You're another.

*Mark.* I shall inform Dr. Bingo, the instant he returns, of the fraud you have pratished on him.

*Bill.* Why you know my tulip that you're a dead man, and your evidence an't good at law, so give no more imperence, but get into your sack again. You're the most unruliest subject I ever handled. (*Tries to put MARKHAM into the sack.*)

*Mark.* Let me go, you ruffian.

*Bill.* You won't won't you? I'll see that. What's the use of kicking when you knows you're dead?

*Mark.* (*Struggling.*) Help! Murder! Help!

*DR. BINGO rushes into the room C., followed by SAMMY and JULIA after.*

*Dr. B.* What's all this? Who have we got here?

*Julia.* For Heaven's sake what's the matter?

*Sam.* (*R.*) Oh, madam! the subject is strangling the Drynurseris, It's really very awful!

*Dr. B.* (*To BILL.*) Stand back! Can I believe my eyes Mr. Markham?

*Julia.* (*Crossing to him.*) My dear Charles!

*Dr. B.* (*R.*) What is the meaning of all this? How came you here sir; engaged in such an extraordinary manner with the poor man I have just raised from death?

*Mark.* It can be briefly explained sir. First my passion for your niece, brought me I confess clandestinely into your house—an unlucky chance preventing my retreat, I adopted the expedient of concealing myself in a sack, which I found lying in the room—hoping by means of it to avoid discovery until daylight would enable me to escape. While in durance I found that there was another sham subject here, whose counterfeit death and pretended resuscitation would have exposed you to the ridicule of the town, had you published it.

*Dr. B.* Could I have been so grossly duped? (*To BILL.*) Who the devil are you fellow?

*Mark.* If I mistake not, he's a notorious character, named Mattock.

*Dr. B.* What Bill Mattock, my old bone merchant?

*Bill.* (*Throwing off the shirt and cap.*) Why I believe there is no use denying it now. I am that unfortunate individual

*Dr. B.* And have I given ten guineas for you you rascal?

*Bill.* Oh don't be miffy about it, if you an't had enough of me to-night, I'll stay till you've had the worth of your money of me. (*Aside.*) There's a back and two side-bones of the goose left; you see I likes to give satisfaction.

*Dr. B.* O! curse your satisfaction. Markham, to you I am indebted that I have not been made a public laughing stock, and the best reward I can offer you is Julia's hand—there take it. (*He joins their hands.*) But not a word about the "Queer Subject."

*Sam.* Now I am beginning to feel rather comfortable.

*Bill.* Well there would have been none of this comfort if I hadn't died to bring it about, and yet not one on 'em says as much as thank'e Bill, that's hard—that's downright ungrateful! but howsomdever, I don't much mind if my good friends here don't ook so grave on the "Queer Subject."

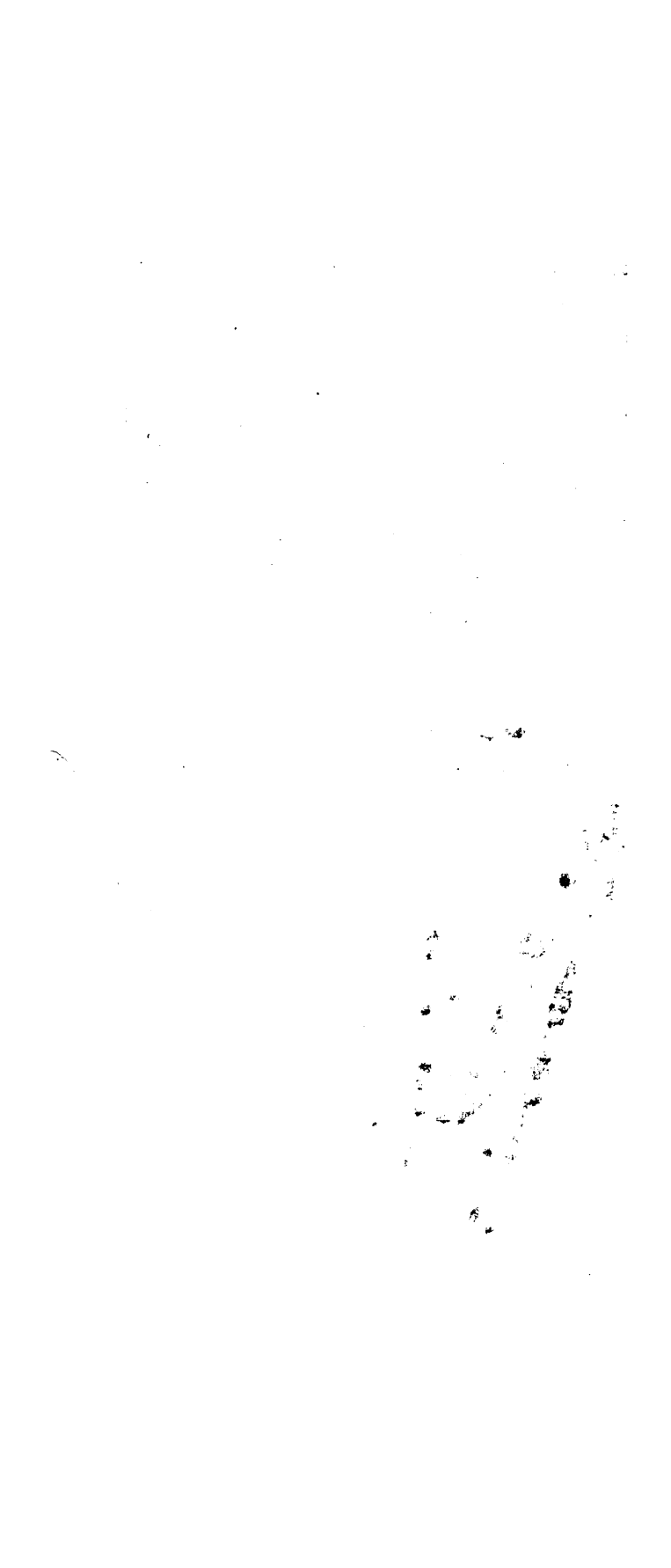
#### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

SAM.      JULIA.      MARKHAM.      BILL.      DOCTOR.

R.]

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OR

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A FARCE,

In One Act,

by  
Benjamin Webster, Comedian.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

**THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.**

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SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prefaced by a Dedication to

D. W. OSBALDISTON, ESQ.,

And an original

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF W. FARREN, ESQ.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,  
By Pierce Egan, the Younger, taken during the representation of the Piece.

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1837  
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**" STAR PRESS "**  
**20, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden,**  
**JAMES TURNER.**

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TO

D. W. OSBALDISTON, ESQ.

Sir,

In dedicating to you my first production at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden, however trifling, I but do myself a pleasure and you a right, (for to you, sir, I am indebted for a success I scarcely anticipated) as, by accepting it, you ensured its being performed in a manner superior to the resources of any other Theatre, especially in its principal parts. That you may long and profitably hold your present station, which, as is acknowledged by those under your management you so worthily fill, is the sincere wish of


Sir,

Your obedient servant,

B. WEBSTER.

13, Museum Street,

April 26th., 1837.



AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

OF

WILLIAM FARREN, Esq.

---

An you love old age, my masters, then love me;  
For my art can shew him in as many forms,  
As e'er was given us model of by nature.

OLD PARR.

Mr. William Farren is the third son of an actor of some considerable celebrity, who enacted at the Theatres Royal Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and Haymarket, during the latter part of the last century and died in 1795. The subject of the present memoir was born 13th May 1791, and educated in the same school where Liston acquired learning enough to become a master. In due time he was placed in a solicitor's office, but we suppose, the Acts of Parliament reminded him of Acts of Plays, and every shrivelled bit of parchment of the wrinkles of old age. Certes it is, that from the very first he bent his mind and body both upon the actions of old men, and consequently his great success in portraying age upon the stage. In bringing up his histrionic genius in the way it should go from the time it was born of his brain, proves that if actors would charily choose the line at starting best suited to their personal and physical qualifications, we should have much more excellence in the market than there is at present. But actors generally waste the best part of their lives in pursuing a wrong course until accident reveals to them, when too late, that the path to public favor had been open to them had they wisely taken it. Mr. W. Farren's first essay was at the Plymouth Theatre, then under the management of his brother Mr. Percy Farren and a Mr. Smith, in the character of *Sir Archy Macsarcasm* in *Love-a-la-mode*, in 1809, and was well received. After getting well grounded in the practical and theoretical part of his profession he went to Dublin, and there continued to delight his Irish friends until he appeared in London. While in Dublin, a most riotous tumult, termed the *Dog-row*, occurring in the Theatre, in consequence of the dog not performing in the Forest of Bondy, obliged Mr. Jones to resign the management to our hero, in which situation he gave great satisfaction. Several overtures were made to him from the great Theatres here for some time previous to his appearance, but Mr. Harris, by his liberal offers, was the fortunate securer of his abilities, and on the 10th. of September, 1818, he backed the manager's opinion by making a most triumphant hit in *Sir Peter Teazle*; and the bills of the following day announced the "PARAMOUNT SUCCESS OF MR. FARREN," in capitals of the largest *Star* dimensions. In short, he was at once acknowledged to be a *capital* actor.

At Covent Garden Mr. Farren remained, performing in the summer at the Haymarket, until a change in the management in 1828 deemed by him detrimental to his interests, caused him as per

## BIOGRAPHY.

agreement, to secede from that establishment, and join Mr. Price, the then lessee of Drury Lane, who, by his bold and well calculated policy had rendered it a most attractive place of amusement. An action was the result of this step, in which the proprietors of Covent Garden were nonsuited, but, being fortunate enough to obtain a rule for a new trial, they gained their cause, such is the glorious uncertainty of the law. Notwithstanding this, Covent Garden continued to see him grace the boards of its rival until the present season, when his return was most cordially welcomed by all who love genuine comedy.

Mr. Farren is about five feet ten inches in height, and of a florid complexion, with light hair, but though looking most healthy, he has once or twice by over-study and anxiety been so seriously indisposed as to be obliged to live by rule. No actor ever took more pains to deserve the great reputation he possesses than Mr. Farren. He very properly looks upon his profession as an art worthy of devotion, and the approbation of the public and the high terms he commands, prove that it is so.

April 29th. 1837.

B.—W.

## Remarks.

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This trifle is a free adaptation of the second act of a French vaudeville called "*Jeune et Vieille*," and we are most ready to confess that its popularity is more attributable to the acting than to aught else. To particularize where all is excellence, is difficult, but we cannot pass over without our especial notice the admirable manner in which the author, or rather the adapter, was supported by Mr. Farren and Mrs. Glover. The first for his pure romantic feeling and true identification of that singular and admirable artist Paganini, and the latter for rendering a rather unamiable lady highly interesting. By the bye, in these very original times, it may be as well to observe, that the Paganini portion of this entertainment is not borrowed from our neighbours. To Mr. Tilbury, Mr. J. Webster, Miss Lee, and Miss Nicholson, the thanks of the author are heartily awarded and justly deserved; and if they are only as much pleased with their parts, as both author and audience are with their representation of them, the general satisfaction will be "*Prodigious!*"

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## Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN,  
April 15th 1837.

ACHILLES DUMONT. (*A retiring Musician—a la-Paganini.*) Black coat, rather large—trousers and waistcoat—black hose and shoes—black wig, with long curls behind—white cotton gloves, wristbands turned up—broad brimmed black hat. } Mr. W. Farren.

PICOTE. (*A retired physician.*) A fawn coloured French cut coat, with lapels and square skirts—a white double-breasted waistcoat—black satin small clothes—speckled hose—shoes and buckles—powdered wig and tail. } Mr. Tilbury.

PHILIPPE. (*His son.*) Blue coat, gilt buttons—white pantaloons, and french gaiters. } Mr. J. Webster.

MADAME PICOTE. Drab coloured, full-sleeved gown—white neckerchief, bound with white satin—white lace cap, with blonde lappets, and white muslin French apron. } Mrs. Glover.

CECILE. Book-muslin dress—light blue sash—long tight blue kid gloves. } Miss Lee.

JACQUETTE. A figured linen gown—white net frill—a flowered China crape kerchief—a scarlet apron with pockets. } Miss Nicholson.

Time of representation 45 minutes.

### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. L second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left. T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

O K. &

THE

## MODERN ORPHEUS,

OR

MUSIC THE FOOD OF LOVE.

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**SCENE.**—A CHAMBER. *Practicable door centre. A door L. S. E. Another R. S. E., with small window over it, both practicable. A key in R. door. A table R., work-basket &c. on it, chair on the R. in which CECILE, is discovered, seated, at needle-work. Chair L. in which PICOTE sits, reading a newspaper, and a sofa behind. On the L. side of the stage, a table, with writing materials, and pair of green spectacles on it. A chair on the R., another L. of it. PHILIPPE. discovered standing at a music desk, near the L. side, behind table, playing on the violin.*

*Picote.* Don't tease me, I tell you! I'm reading an article on the balance of power.

*Philippe.* La! Father—

*Picote.* La! Son! You had better be off to your *law* studies.

*Philippe.* No, father, I shall not go this morning; I prefer staying at home and practising my violin.

*Picote. (Rising.)* Master Picote! What is that you say?

*Philippe. (L.)* I say, I will not go!

*Picote. (R.)* You will not go?

*Philippe.* No!

*Picote.* Very well, sir,—very well, then don't. I care not, whether you go, or stay. It's your mother's business, not mine. She'll let you know who's master!

*Philippe.* And why, my very dear father, don't you let her know who ought to be master? Why don't you, instead of studying the government of nations, learn to govern your own family? Ah! when I marry, I will be lord and master, to the very letter!

*Picote. (R.)* That's just like your mother. She spoils you, she spoils you, I tell you! You are her pet, her duck, her lad of wax; whilst I am her goose,—and her hand is the only member that's inclined to bestow on me, the appellation of lad of *whacks*! And so it has been ever since I married her! But, thank heaven, forty years endurance has fortified my nature against her most angry attacks. Having amassed a considerable sum of money, during the time I served the republic, in the capacity of surgeon, I resolved to marry, simple soul that I was; chose a portionless girl, because I would rule the roast, and have had nothing but

broils ever since! My wife, treats me as the first consul did the people, I have no voice in the affairs, foreign or domestic.

*Philippe.* It's all your own fault, father! If you have a mind, I'll put you in the way of obtaining a majority.

*Picote.* A conspiracy of us three? I'm for it, boy!

*Philippe.* First, here's your son, I by myself, I.

*Picote.* I flatter myself you are, I by myself—I. For we're as like as two peas [CECILE rises, and advances R.]

*Philippe.* Next comes Cecile, your ward, the daughter of that dear friend of my mother's, poor Constance!

*Picote.* Well?

*Philippe.* (*Cajolingly.*) You know, my ever respected father, how anxious we always are to please you, by sticking up for your rights, and upholding your consequence and your dignity, as the master of this establishment. But, alas! though strong in will, our power is weak. So we were thinking—eh, father? The best plan would be—to marry us, and so augment the number of your allies.

*Picote.* What?

*Philippe.* Make us two, one!

*Picote.* Why that would be reducing the number, according to that reckoning.

*Philippe.* I flatter myself not!

*Picote.* You love each other then?

*Philippe.* (L.) To distraction!

*Picote.* (C.) It can't be! You're bamboozling me, you dog, you are! What, in love with another, and I not observe it?

*Cecile.* (R.) It's very true, for all that, sir! But, perhaps you have been married so long, you would not know the symptoms if you saw them.

*Picote.* True, true! But the obstacles? (*To CECILE.*) You, my dear, have nothing—

*Philippe.* How! nothing?

*Picote.* Absolutely, nothing! I am her guardian, and ought to know; and your mother is so fond of money, there'll be no matrimony for you, without it, I fear.

*Cecile.* It is too true!

*Philippe.* Then, what are those seal'd papers, your mother, on her death-bed, entrusted to your care?

*Cecile.* They are not for me; they are addressed to a person I have never seen, and to whom my mother was once warmly attached, a Monsieur Achilles Dumont.

*Philippe.* May they not be bank notes?

*Picote.* Bank fiddlesticks!

*Philippe.* What matters about money? The essential point is, we love one another. That's a settled thing, and—you will speak for us to mother, will you not?

*Cecile.* Do, there's a dear guardy!

*Picote.* Oh, you cajoling little rascals.

JACQUETTE runs on, centre door.

*Jacquette.* Here's madame! here's madame!

*Picote and Philippe.* The devil!

(PICOTE runs to his newspaper, PHILIPPE, to his violin, CECILE to her needlework—and JACQUETTE begins dusting.)

*Picote.* Hush! not a word! Don't appear flurried, take pattern by me.

*Enter MADAME PICOTE, centre door, dressed very simply, something like a quakeress.*

*Madame.* (As she enters.) Put up the bill, immediately! I insist upon it! I shall give them notice to quit!

*Picote.* (Rising, and putting down the paper.) What is the matter, my dear?

*Madame.* These apartments are too large and too elegant for us, and I have made up my mind, to let them to some single gentleman, who can board with the family if he chooses, on reasonable terms.

*Picote.* (Aside.) Reasonable they must be, if he fares no better than we do, at present! (Aloud.) But if we turn out of here, my love, where are we to turn in?

*Madame.* The third floor!

*Picote.* (Aside.) More economy. (Aloud.) But, my duck—

*Madame.* What objection have you to it, sir?

*Picote.* None, my dear, in the world! (Aside.) I'll change the subject, as I've a ruling queen beside me! Have you just left the Abbé Douceur, my dear?

*Madame.* Yes, sir! and he is very angry with you all particularly you, Cecile!

*Cecile.* (Advancing R.) With me, madame?

*Madame.* Yes, miss! He has observed your distractions, during your confessions. (PHILIPPE, tuning his violin.) Ah! Philippe, my dear boy! (Turning to him, L.) Good morning, good morning. (PHILIPPE advances.) Does he not grow more and more like me, every day? (Kisses PHILIPPE.)

*Picote.* Yes, my dear! (Aside.) For he will have his own way!

*Madame.* Tell me, my dear boy, where did you go to yesterday evening?

*Philippe.* To the play, my dear mother!

*Madame.* What do I hear, to that pit of perdition?

*Philippe.* No, mother, to the upper boxes!

*Madame.* You shall not go out any more, without me. You shall accompany me to my religious conferences.

*Picote.* (Aside, to CECILE.) Why does he not speak out? now's his time!

*Madame.* What are you talking about, Mr. P?

*Picote.* Talking my dear—was I talking? Oh, Ah! I was asking if the Abbé Douceur, dined here to day?

*Madame.* No!

*Picote.* Oh!

*Madame.* That reminds me of what I promised him. Jacquette. Fetch me those two bottles of orange flower-water, and that box of preserved apricots, you will find in the closet of my chamber.

*Jacquette.* (Who has come down L.) Yes madame (Aside.) That old hypocrite gets all the good things of this world.

[Exit centre door.]



*Madame.* The worthy creature, they will do him good.

*Picote.* (*Aside to PHILIPPE and CECILE.*) All the preserves are preserved for him.

*Madame.* Apropos, Mr. Picote.

*Picote.* My love!

*Madame.* You must go and thank him for the honor he has conferred upon you.

*Picote.* The Abbè Douceur! what honor my dear?

*Madame.* Thanks to him, you are appointed churchwarden.

*Picote.* Ah!

*Madame.* Well! don't you understand what I say? Church-warden!

*Picote.* Yes, yes.

*Madame.* A title that gives you a voice in the church, and places you in the best pew. You do not rejoice at it?

*Picote.* Pardon me, my dear, the thought of the great influence which this new dignity, would bestow upon me, has almost destroyed my sense of speech. Jacquette, Philippe, Cecile! I am churchwarden; rejoice at it every one, and to celebrate the day, we'll have a liberal feast.

*Madame.* A feast, sir, on a fast-day?

*Picote.* But I am churchwarden!

*Madame.* The more reason for mortifying yourself and setting a good example.

JACQUETTE enters by centre door, with two bottles and a box, which she gives to MADAME PICOTE.

*Picote.* (*Aside.*) Oh lord, more soup maigre!

*Madame.* You are sure, this is the best; that, that is sweetened?

*Jacquette.* (L.) Yes, madame.

*Madame.* You may drink the other, Mr Picote. (*Examines box &c.*)

*Picote.* Oh! thank you.

*Cecile.* (*Crossing to, and aside to PICOTE.*) My dear guardian, now is the moment to speak to her.

*Picote.* (*Aside to her.*) Do you think so?

*Cecile.* She appears to be in an excellent humour.

*Picote.* Ah! but appearances, are often deceitful.

*Philippe.* (*Aside to PICOTE.*) Screw up your courage, sir, (L. C.) (*PHILIPPE and CECILE, urge PICOTE to speak by various gestures.*)

*Madame.* (*Turning and seeing them.*) What's the matter?

*Philippe.* Nothing, mother, only father has something very particular to say to you, and was motioning us to leave you alone together—was'nt you, father?

*Picote.* (*Aside.*) That boy of mine, will be the death of me.

*Madame.* That is fortunate, as I have something very particular to say to him.

*Picote.* (*Aside.*) What can she have to say to me? (*To PHILIPPE, who in action, keeps urging him to speak.*) Oh! you parricide!

*Madame.* (*To JACQUETTE.*) Carry these to the Abbè Douceur, with my best respects. [*Exit JACQ., with box &c., C. door.*]

*Philippe.* (*Aside to him.*) Now, father.

*Picote.* (*Aside to PHIL.*) Going through fire and water is nothing to a task like this.

*Philippe.* (*To him.*) What have you to fear?

*Picote.* Another fast day, to-morrow, if I offend her.

*Philippe.* (*To CEC.*) Let us leave them. (*To PIC.*) Success attend you!

*Picote.* Where are you going, sir? (*Motioning him not to leave him.*)

*Philippe.* To leave the room, father.

*Picote.* I desire—

*Madame.* Yes; I desire you will do so.

*Philippe.* (*Aside to CEC.*) Father is in a corner, and must fight his way out. [*Exeunt PHIL. and CEC., through C. door.*]

*Madame.* (*After a pause.*) Now, Mr. Picote. I'm all attention.

*Picote.* I—hem—I don't know—I—(*Aside.*) I wish they were at the devil, for leaving me alone with her.

*Madame.* Well—?

*Picote.* Pardon me, my dear,—after you, I could'n't think of allowing my communication to take precedence of your's

*Madame.* True, true. Reach me a chair. (*PIC. obeys.*) The Abbè Douceur (*Perceives PIC. standing.*) There is another chair in the room, is there not? (*PIC. fetches a chair, and sits at some distance, R.*) The Abbè Douceur—(*Seeing where he has seated himself.*) Do you wish me to bawl to you, Mr. P.?

*Picote.* Decidedly not, my dear. (*Drawing his chair close to her's.*)

*Madame.* The Abbè Douceur, who takes so much interest in all that concerns you, has given me some excellent advice, as regards our family. I had some idea of making Philippe, the dear fellow, take holy orders; but I fear, he has no great devotion, he loves the world and its vain pleasures, such as theatres, balls, et cetera. Therefore, we must hit upon some plan, to put a stop to his ideas of liberty whilst he is young, and the only one I know of is marriage.

*Picote.* That's a sure way. Why, my dear, this is the very plan I was going to propose to you, and I have every reason to think, he will jump at the noose.

*Madame.* Ah; I am not at all surprised at it, when he every day witnesses the happiness you enjoy; the marriage altar is a shrine, at which all should bow.

*Picote.* Beyond a doubt. I speak feelingly, knowing it (*Aside.*) to be a shrine, where you will find more repentant sinners, than thankful worshippers.

*Madame.* With the assistance of our excellent friend, we have been able to find a fitting match for him, Ma'mselle Grandemaison.

*Picote.* The daughter of the receiver general, she is very ugly!

*Madame.* She is very rich.

*Picote.* Such a temper. A perfect lump of animated brimstone.

*Madame.* What has that to do with the match?

*Picote.* Every thing my dear.

*Madame.* Silence, sir! this young lady, has 80,000 francs for her dower; and is a perfect pattern of piety.

*Picote.* Ah! my dear, riches were not your only consideration, when you married me.

*Madame.* What other consideration could I have, Mr. P?

*Picote.* Hem! But, Cecile—

*Madame.* She shall enter a convent,

*Picote.* A convent!

*Madame.* They are coming for her, at three o'clock

*Picote.* (*Aside.*) Here's a pretty business!

*Madame.* And so, this was *your* plan, Mr. P?

*Picote.* Why—

*Madame.* How well, you see, we agree on all points. It seems as if one mind governed the two bodies.

*Picote.* (*With emphasis.*) It does, indeed.

*Madame.* (1.) And in consideration of my letting you have your own way, in so material a point, you must grant me a favour, in return.

*Picote.* (R.) A request from you, my dear, is to me, a command.

*Madame.* It is a mere trifle.

*Picote.* What do you call a trifle, my love?

*Madame.* That as churchwarden, you *thoroughly* repair the church.

*Picote.* And do you call that a trifle, my dear?

*Madame.* Father Douceur, says, it will only cost you 20,000 francs; and your name will be blazoned in letters of gold on a tablet of marble. Come, you cannot refuse me, I am sure. No I knew you could not, I read consent in your looks.

*Picote.* But, my dear, the expence—

*Madame.* (*Rising, and speaking with an authoratative tone.*) How, sir! do you hesitate to grant the only favor, I have ever asked you? Then sir! I insist upon it. Do you hear—I insist upon it. (*Crosses R.*) It shall be done. (*Going, she turns to him, with tenderness.*) Let us not part in anger; your conduct has been very harsh to me, but I forgive you tho' it's wearing me to the grave. (*Crying.*) Ah; when I am gone, you'll never meet with another woman, who will love, honour, and obey you, as I do. [*Exit crying, centre door.*]

*Picote.* Am I asleep, or awake, or is my marriage a forty years dream, after all?

*Enter CEC. and PHIL. centre door, first peeping.*

*Philippe.* Is she gone?

*Cecile.* (*Coming forward, L.*) Well, my dear guardy.

*Picote.* Here come my other plagues.

*Philippe.* (*Coming down R.*) Have you spoken, father?

*Picote.* Oh, yes, I've spoken.

*Philippe.* And is it all settled?

*Picote.* Oh, yes, it's all settled.

*Both.* Bless you. (*Embracing him*)

*Picote.* Your mother, is not at all averse to your marrying.

*Philippe.* How happy we shall be. (*To CEC.*)

*Picote.* No doubt, no doubt; marriage is a delightful state! But, you see, there is only one point, upon which your mother, and you, do not exactly agree, and that is, in the choice of the person you are to marry.

*Both.* What mean you?

*Picote.* That instead of Cecile, she has selected a Mademoiselle Grandemaison, to be your wife.

*Philippe.* (*Enraged.*) My devil!

*Picote.* That's not at all improbable.

*Cecile.* (*L. Crying.*) Then, what will become of me?

*Picote.* (*C.*) Oh! you're to become a Nun.

*Cecile.* A Nun!

*Philippe.* (*R.*) Did'nt you tell her how we loved one another?

*Picote.* No.

*Cecile.* Did'nt you tell her, I could'nt be a Nun?

*Picote.* No.

*Both.* Oh! (*Walking up and down in great distress, R. and L.*)

*Picote.* Well but hear me! (*Walking after them.*)

Would you have me rudely object?

*Both.* Yes, we would!

*Picote.* Could I do so at the first start?

*Both.* Yes, you could!

*Philippe.* Before I'll marry another, I'll — but it's all your fault.

*Picote.* My fault, sir, my fault?

*Cecile.* Yes, I dare say you planned it, if the truth was known.

*Picote.* (*Crosses R.*) Well, damn me if thy're not all alike! from mother to son, from son to ward, and from ward to maid!

*Philippe.* I'll not be the victim of such tyranny!

*Cecile.* Nor I.

*Philippe.* I'll revolt, I'll mutiny.

*Cecile.* So will I.

*Philippe.* I'll blow up the convent! (*PHIL. and CEC. throw themselves into chairs. PHIL. R., CEC. L.*)

*Picote.* I'm pretty well blown up among you! (*Crosses C.*)

*Enter JACQUETTE. hastily centre door.*

*Jacquette.* Oh! sir, sir, sir!

*Picote.* What the devil's the matter now?

*Jacquette.* Here's a gentleman to see the apartments!

*Picote.* More bother! well what have I to do with it? Inform your mistress of it, you know I never meddle in these matters.

*Jacquette.* (*Aside, as she goes up C.*) No, nor in any others!

[*Exit C.*]

*Picote.* (*Looking at PHIL. and CEC.*) We shall have a thundering storm presently! The heat drops are falling already, and as the harshness of my temper might wear and tear, my honoring, loving, and obeying wife, I'll go and meditate among the tombs of Pere le Chaise, and dream of happiness to come, in imagining a monument of affection, from a loving husband to his dear, departed, better half. [*Exit cautiously with his hat and cane C. D. and off R. U. E., CEC. crying L. PHIL. wiping his eyes R.*]

*Enter JACQUETTE shewing in DUMONT C. D.*

*Jacquette.* This way sir, this way.

*Dumont.* Thank you, my dear, thank you! Does your master object to letting the apartments, without the coach-house and stable?

*Jacquette.* (L.) La, sir! he can't object to anything!

*Dumont.* Why?

*Jacquette.* Because, he's married sir! so, sir please to sit down sir, and I'll run and fetch missus. (*Places a chair a little up stage, C. and exits C. D.*)

*Dumont.* With these young people? Willingly. I have always loved youth; there is a frankness about it, always fresh and gay, as a May morning! (*Seeing CEC. in tears.*) Eh, this looks more like April! (*Sees PHIL., advances towards them.*) What's the matter here? What ails you my young friends?

*Philippe.* (*Turning round.*) Friends?

*Cecile.* We have no friends, sir.

*Philippe.* No, we're an abandoned couple! (*Turning from him.*)

*Dumont.* Pardon me, I do not know you it is true, but I see you in tears, and sorrow is always a sufficient introduction to one, who has had his full share of it. (*Puts his hat and cane on table L.*)

*Both.* (*Approaching DUMONT eagerly.*) Indeed, sir!

*Dumont.* (*Taking the hand of each.*) Behold the proof, you see we are friends already. There is even good in misfortune; it draws men together, it is the fortunate that keep aloof from one-another and I perceive we are not of that class.

*Philippe.* We are not indeed, sir!

*Dumont.* I see, I see, a tender passion—a disappointed love.

*Both.* Exactly so, sir!

*Dumont.* Ah! I have experienced that pang, too!

*Philippe.* Poor old gentleman!

*Dumont.* (C.) I have not always had wrinkles. Ah, Achilles! time has laid you by the heel! I was once, like my young friend here (*Points to PHIL. R.*) all life and soul! Like him too, I loved, and she I loved was as charming a young creature as this.

*Cecile.* (L.) And did she return your love?

*Dumont.* She did!

*Philippe.* And you were faithful to her?

*Dumont.* I was, I am, and will be, till death do us part. I have remained a bachelor ever since, waiting for her!

*Philippe.* What God-like constancy, worthy of the admiration and imitation of all true lovers! and so sooner than marry against my will, I'll die an old bachelor.

*Cecile.* And I an old—

*Dumont.* Don't be rash, my dear!

*Philippe.* Well then, we'll wait till we're fifty.

*Cecile.* Fifty! Sixty!

*Dumont.* Ah! that's the age for loving, for cuddling, and comfort! No jealousy, no fear of being cut out!

*Philippe.* Why did you not marry her then?

*Dumont.* Who?

*Cecile.* The charming young creature, you said was so like me.

*Philippe.* Ah! a little obstacle!

*Dumont.* Yes! a little one.

*Philippe.* Good Heavens!

*Dumont.* She married another

*Both.* How shocking!

*Dumont.* In obedience to her mother's wish; who objected to me, on the score of my being only a poor violinist. So when I found her loved dearer than life, united to another; like my namesake Achilles, of old, I turned my heel on Paris, with my violin in my bag, hope in my heart, and both under my left arm. I sought amid other climes, to climb the hill of fame and fortune. I have achieved both; but even now, I play with variations, every evening, the air I was wont to serenade her with, in the days of our bliss. (*Sings.*)—

When from her, we love, away,  
How full of sorrow is each day,  
Such pangs in separation lie,  
A thousand deaths we seem to die.

*Philippe.* I recollect my mother used to lull me to sleep, when an infant, with that. (*Sings.*)

Such pangs in separation lie,  
A thousand deaths we seem to die.

And then I used to drop off.

*Dumont.* Ah! that air, camelion like, I have lived upon for forty years; giving concerts at Vienna, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and London, where I have been patronized beyond my hopes: especially London; everything there is *foreign* to the *purpose*. Only clap the magical word, "Signor," before your name, your notes are turned to gold, and one string to your bow, found to have double the effect of two. I have now returned, after forty years absence, to lay my weary bones in their native soil.

*Cecile.* (L.) At what age did you leave France?

*Dumont.* About twenty. But come, my little blossoms, that you may not be nipped in the bud, tell me how your hopes are likely to be blighted?

*Philippe.* You are very kind, sir. Learn then, sir, that my mother—

*Cecile.* Yes, sir, his mother, Madame Picote, sir, won't let us be married to one another.

*Dumont.* (*With emotion.*) Madame Picote!

*Philippe.* What is the matter, sir?

*Dumont.* Nothing, nothing. There are many Picote's in the world, and this cannot be the daughter of Madame Bertrand.

*Philippe.* The same.

*Dumont.* Rose?

*Philippe.* My mother!

*Dumont.* Your mother? Is it possible! let me look at you again. A fine boy.

*Philippe.* Boy! you forget, I'm on the eve of marriage.

*Dumont.* Ah; true, true. What a precocious age this is. (*Anxiously.*) Your father, Monsieur Picote, is he still living?

*Philippe.* Yes, sir.

*Dumont.* (After a sigh.) Ah! So much the better, perhaps.

*Cecile.* (L.) He has not the least objection to our being united—but, you seem troubled, sir. (*Assists PHIL., in placing a chair for DUMONT.*)

*Dumont.* No, no, a slight pang—a fluttering of the heart. (*Sits.*)

*Philippe.* (R.) You know our family?

*Dumont.* Yes, yes, I am an old friend, of whom you have, perhaps heard your mother speak. Achilles Dumont.

*Philippe.* Achilles Dumont!

*Dumont.* (With earnestness.) Achilles Dumont!

*Cecile.* Oh sir, if you would but speak a good word for us.

*Philippe.* We should be so much obliged to you, sir!

*Dumont.* Well, well, I will! And I dare promise you hopes of success. But I must collect myself (*Aside, crossing to L.*) Poor Rose! what a surprise. What joy will sparkle in her bright eyes (*to them.*) Not a word of who I am, as you value my friendship. Your mother is coming to this apartment. (*Aside.*) My heart beats with hope and fear, in all the vigour of twenty, while my legs tremblingly remind me of sixty. Now leave me my good young folks, leave me

*Philippe.* She's coming!

*Dumont.* Courage, courage!

*Cecile.* (*Approaching, and taking his hand L.*) You tremble, sir!

*Dumont.* Do I, do I? Only a twitch of the nerves. (*Aside.*) To say truth, a tête-à-tête with a fine woman, at my age, is enough to make a man feel a little nervous.

*Cecile.* (*Aside to PHIL.*) Our new friend, is a very singular man.

*Philippe.* (*Aside to her, as they go up towards C. D.*) By the bye, he is the person to whom that packet of letters is addressed.

*Cecile.* True! I'll go and seek them.

*Philippe.* And I'll to my studies, and pray for the hour that makes you mine! [*Exeunt CEC. C. D. PHIL., D. R. S. E.*]

*Dumont.* (*Sits.*) After an absence of forty years, I shall behold her once again. Rose! That little word, transports me, in idea, to the moment when I bid her farewell; when I saw her for the last time in the blue chamber, ornamented with white curtains, on the fifth story. My airy voyage across the perilous bridge, formed by a plank from one window to the other, on which I walked with so much audacity. I see it now (*Rising and walking as if on a plank, with an unsteady step.*) I am there, I walk it again! (*Appears to become giddy, staggers back, and sinks into the chair.*) I have been beating time all my life, and now time beats me! The charming Rose, my affections are as warm towards her as ever. And so are hers to me, I'll be bound. She like me, has not changed. She vowed she never would. I think I see her now—that look so tender! (*Rises.*) That waist so taper. (*With the tenderest expression.*) Ah, Rose! Rose! what ecstatic remembrances. And shall I again hear that sweet, soft, melodious voice—

(*Madame PICOTE, speaking in a loud, harsh tone without, C. D.*) I insist upon it! I have given them warning, and out they shall go!

*Enter Madame PICOTE, centre door.*

*Dumont.* Some one approaches. Should it be—(*Sees Madame, who makes a formal inclination of the head, Dumont returns it and appears vexed.*) Who is this old lady I wonder, and what does she want with me?

*Madame.* You are the person, I believe, who wishes to take my apartments?

*Dumont.* (*Stupified, and regarding her with emotion.*) How! What! Eh? (*Aside.*) No, it can't be, and yet I'm afraid—(*Aloud.*) Are you then Madame Picote.

*Madame.* Yes, sir.

*Dumont.* (*His ardour a little damped, and aside.*) I shall faint! (*looking at her again.*) Now I look at her again, there is still something; and then our hearts—Ah! our hearts! At all events, they are unchanged.

*Madame.* You have seen the antichamber. This is the saloon, that door to the right, leads to my son's apartment (*Crosses R.*) This to the dining-room, bed-chambers, dressing-room, et cetera.

*DUMONT, as she passes him, observes her size, &c.*

*Dumont.* Never mind; I do not wish to see them now, they will suit me very well, I have no doubt.

*Madame.* Yes, but you spoke of detaching the coach-house and stable. I cannot let them separately.

*Dumont.* Then I must take them together, though I have no use for them.

*Madame.* (*R.*) Oh! as long as you pay me for them, I shall not compel you to occupy them.

*Dumont.* (*L.*) You are very good. This affair is then concluded.

*Madame.* Not yet. I cannot let apartments, to nobody knows who. You must inform me, what is your profession, or rank in life?

*Dumont.* (*Aside.*) Ah! this may recall—(*Aloud.*) I am a musician!

*Madame.* (*Starts.*) A musician!

*Dumont.* (*Aside.*) That word startled her, and seems to have awakened thoughts of other days!

*Madame.* (*Aside.*) 'Tis lucky I asked him his profession! I know, from experience, that musicians can't often afford to pay thousand crowns a year, for a lodging.

*Dumont.* (*L.*) You never think of the art of softening rocks now, I suppose?

*Madame.* Sir!

*Dumont.* Music, I mean.

*Madame.* You'll excuse my being a little distrustful; but really I have lost so much through my good nature, that I have resolved never to let a lodging again to any one, I have not the pleasure of knowing, without a deposit.

*Dumont.* (*Aside.*) Oh! the devil! it was the thoughts of the rent, and not of other days, that affected her! How prudent age makes us! I will pay you six months in advance.

*Madame.* (*With an amiable air.*) Oh, sir! I did not mention it.



from any fear I had of you, sir ; the best guarantee is in the manners and physiognomy of a gentleman, like yourself.

*Dumont. (Looking at her very tenderly.)* Do you think so? What you perceive, eh? *(Aside.)* Come, here's the first instalment of a sympathy in arrears.

*Madame. (Offering snuff, and taking a pinch herself.)* Do you take snuff, sir?

*Dumont. (Watching her with horror.)* Oh! oh! oh! Rose, takes snuff!

*Madame.* We will say then—the board and lodging, a thousand crowns; three hundred francs for the coach-house; two hundred ditto, for doors and windows; for you must know, there are a great many grand processions pass by our house; and on birthdays, or any particular festivals of the year, when we have little extras, I shall not ask you for any thing towards them, provided we can have the use of your rooms on those occasions; but you shall give me fifty crowns, which shall pay your share throughout the year.

*Dumont. (L.)* Will that include all extras?

*Madame.* You are too reasonable to suppose it. There will be two hundred francs, for lighting the staircase, and keeping it in order.

*Dumont. Eh?*

*Madame.* Would it be proper that at your age, we should let you go up and down rickety and ill-lighted flights of stairs, with the chance of stumbling—I could not suffer it! My lodgers well-fare, sir, is very dear to me!

*Dumont.* And very dear to them!

*Madame. (Going towards table. L.)* I believe then, sir, we perfectly understand each other. *(Seats herself right of the table, L. puts on a pair of green spectacles, and prepares to write.)* Your name, sir?

*Dumont. (R.)* My name? *(Aside.)* Now then to produce a grand effect! *(Aloud.)* My name! Dumont!

*Madame. (Writing without being the least moved.)* Do you spell it with a T?

*Dumont. (Stupified.)* Rose, wears spectacles! With a T?

*Madame.* What is the matter, sir?

*Dumont.* What! is the name so strange to you, that you know not how to write it?

*Madame.* I am at a loss to comprehend your meaning, sir?

*Dumont.* Have you so entirely banished from your memory and your heart, the friend and companion of your youth, the sharer of your joys and sorrows—Achilles Dumont?

*Madame. (very coolly.)* Achilles Dumont! Is it possible? then you are—

*Dumont. (With transport.)* Yes, Rose, yes! I am your own Achilles! *(Kneels to her on R.)* That far-famed of fiddlesticks, whose bow could never shield him from the shafts of love, fired by those eyes (without spectacles!) into my heart, through the garret window.

*Madame.* Sir! repress this ardour, or I must leave the room  
(*Rise.*)

*Dumont.* You need not; your friendship is all I covet now. Must I recall the cruelty of your conduct on that day, when you violated your vow of eternal fidelity to me, by giving your hand, for money, to this Doctor Picote? Must I remind you of my burning charcoal in my room, and aspiring to the interesting honor of suicide on your account?

*Madame.* Sir, those moments of frailty are eradicated from my mind, and they are to me, as if they had never occurred.

*Dumont.* No!—Time can never efface recollections like these. Only tell me that you have not forgotten them, and I shall be happy.

*Madame.* Well I have not, quite—that is, if I must avow it to you—

*Dumont.* Well, Rose, well—

*Enter JACQUETTE, centre door.*

*Jacquette.* Oh! Madame! Madame! here's Monsieur the Abbe!

*Dumont.* The devil take the Abbé! Just as the chords of our hearts began to vibrate in unison, in pops a flat third! (*Paces the stage towards R.*)

*Madame.* It is well! I know his business. I will come to him!  
Where is my son?

*Jacquette.* In his chamber Madame, studying. [*Exit c. d.*]

*Dumont.* (*Aside.*) Yes, how many one and one make!

*Madame.* (*Goes to door S.E.R., locks it and takes key with her.*) I am desirous that he should not see little Cecile, any more, and that they part without bidding each other adieu. (*Looking at DUMONT.*) These partings are often very dangerous! (*Aloud.*) Sir! (*Curtseys.*)

*Dumont.* (*Taking her hand.*) One word more—I have promised to speak in favour of your son, who is as ardently in love, as we once were.

*Madame.* Again sir. (*Crosses L. going up to c. d.*)

*Dumont.* And in the name of our new friendship and old love—

*Madame.* Sir, believe me, I shall always regard you in the light of a friend (*Dumont advances.*) and a lodger, but my duties at present claim my attention; nay are waiting for me. I shall shortly have the honor of seeing you again. (*Making a cold and formal curtsey.*) [*Exit c. d.*]

*Dumont.* Ah! Why have I beheld her again? I, who thought her so tender, so amiable, so affectionate, so faithful! I can never forgive her for destroying illusions that have supported me through weal and woe, for forty years! I have lived but for her, I have fiddled but for her—my one-string movements were devoted to her. As I ascended the finger board it reminded me of the plank from window to window, and shall I remain near her? No, no, I shall become as callous as she is. The hearts now are not like the hearts of my time. Exit Cupid, and enter Mammon—Exit Love, and enter—

*Enter CECILE, crying, c. d.*

*Cecile. (R.)* Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall never survive it!

*Dumont.* What are you crying about, my dear?

*Cecile.* About— Oh, dear sir! The Abbé Douceur has come to take me away, and place me in a convent!

*Dumont. (L.)* Poor child! And I imagine those places are not over gay.

*Cecile.* Were it a desert—a dungeon—I should not care. It is not that that makes me cry.

*Dumont.* No! what then?

*Cecile.* The idea— (*Sobbing.*) The idea of being separated from my dear Philippe! I'm sure I shall break my heart!

*Dumont.* Say you so? You don't know what pleasure your sorrow gives me.

*Cecile.* Can you be so cruel, you who I thought so kind!

*Dumont.* It is exactly as I say. Hurrah! I have found one who loves yet as they did in my time! (*To CECILE.*) You must positively refuse to comply; I will be at your elbow—I'll back you!

*Cecile.* But how am I to refuse Madame Picote, who has brought me up, educated me, been a mother to me? For you must know, I am a poor orphan, the daughter of an old friend of hers—Constance Gramont.

*Dumont.* Gramont! Gracious Heavens! What, the little amiable gentle Constance, who always wore bonnets a-la-Marengo?

*Cecile.* I do not know that—

*Dumont.* It is as if fate had ordained it should be so.

*Cecile.* But this I know, that she esteemed you as her best friend, and her only wish was to see you once again before she died.

*Dumont.* Poor Constance!

*Cecile. (Giving a sealed packet.)* To place this packet, which belongs to you, in your hands, and which had been many years ago, confided to her care.

*Dumont.* The letters of Rose and myself, which at my departure were placed in her hands. Poor Constance! She then loved truly. Blind that I was—happiness was within my grasp—on the same floor! (*Looking at CECILE.*) And that lovely girl might have been my child. What a senseless fool, was I! I should know better now! And when it is too late see my error. It is the failing of mortality! (*Goes to table L., opens packet and reads a number of letters, with a melancholy air.* PHILIPPE knocks at door R. S. E.)

*Philippe. (Without.)* Hollo! open the door! Open the door, I say!

*Cecile. (Running to the door.)* It is poor Philippe! Oh, my goodness! the key is not there, and they have locked him in!

*Dumont. (Without taking his eyes off the letters.)* His mother did it just now.

*Cecile.* I divined as much, it is to prevent our bidding each other a last farewell!

*Philippe. (Appearing at the small window over the door.)* Last farewell! are you then going away?

*Cecile.* This instant. The Abbé Douceur is come for me.

*Philippe.* And do you think I'll suffer it? Tell them, if they attempt to take you away from me—if they dare to separate us, I will blow my brains out!

*Dumont.* (*Delighted.*) Bravo! You're right my little spark!

*Cecile.* What! to blow his dear brains out?

*Dumont.* What the devil do you want with brains, in love matters? I was just such another, at his age—it is myself, my very self!

*Philippe.* But I'll not stand this any longer! If I do, I'll—that's all! Wait a moment, I'll shatter the door that separates us into a thousand pieces! (*Kicking violently with his feet.*)

*Dumont.* Shatter the door to pieces! what darling children! (*To PHIL.*) Eh! Stay—stay—hush, I say! won't the noise alarm your enemies, and bring them here?

*Cecile.* But how is he to get out?

*Philippe.* Through this window.

*Dumont.* Capital! Oh, you're a boy after my own heart! D—n me! I begin to feel quite frisky again!

*Cecile.* Oh, he'll hurt himself!

*Dumont.* Pooh! Nonsense! there is an especial providence for lovers as well as for sparrows—and with two or three chairs—To the escalade!

*Philippe.* That's right! To the escalade!

*Dumont.* To the escalade! (*He places the table against the door, the sofa against that, CEC. gets on the sofa to assist PHIL.*)

*Cecile.* Take care! pray take care, dear Philippe!

(*DUMONT has by this time placed a chair on the table, and PHIL. is endeavouring to get through the window, when Madame PICOTE and PICOTE enter, wrangling c. d.*)

*Madame.* What do I see!

*Cecile.* Your mother!

*Dumont.* The devil! (*Crosses quickly to L., sits in chair R. of table and begins reading the letters—Madame PICOTE leads CECILE down from sofa.*)

*Madame.* What are you doing there, miss? What am I to understand by such conduct? (*During this PICOTE opens PHILIPPE's door and goes in.*) Looking thus into the chamber of a young man! Speaking with him in secret, unknown to your friends and relatives, and in a house like mine! Are these then the examples I have set you?

*Dumont.* (*Aside.*) I'll read some of her own letters, to shew the example she set. (*Reads aloud.*) "My mother has forbidden me seeing you, but I laugh at that—and the moment she goes out, dear Achilles, I will let you know, by opening the window."

*Madame.* (*Aside.*) Mercy!

*Enter from D. R. S. E. PICOTE and PHIL.*

*Picote.* How, sir?

*Philippe.* But, father—

*Madame.* Silence, sir. You are also to blame! Are you not ashamed, scaling doors, and clambering windows?

*Dumont.* (*Reading another letter.*) "Take care dear Achilles: I tremble at your boldness; and if the neighbours should see you cross the plank from your window to mine, as you did yesterday—"

*Madame.* Gracious powers!

*Picote.* (*Listens, and crosses to Madame.*) What is all this?—What is this gentleman reading?

*Dumont.* A novel, in letters, that I have some idea of publishing, with the names of the parties.

*Madame.* Sir!

*Dumont.* It will depend upon circumstances; and the consent of a certain lady, to a request of mine.

*Picote.* The authoress, I suppose?

*Dumont.* Exactly so! (*Rises.*)

*Picote.* They are doubtless very entertaining; will you allow me to look at them? (*About to cross to Dumont.*)

*Madame.* (*Stopping him.*) And do you imagine I would permit you? I am shocked at the idea of such an indiscretion!

*Picote.* My wife is so rigid in her principles, she will not hear even the name of a romance, or novel!

*Dumont.* I think she's wrong; the first chapters are so amusing, and there is always a moral to be drawn from them, if you look at them in a proper light. (*To Madame, giving her a letter.*) Convince yourself, Madame, by reading this. I may confide it to you.

*Madame.* (*Troubled, and wishing to conceal the letter.*) Sir—

*Picote.* Come, read! read it out, my dear!

*Madame.* (*Reads with great emotion.*) "My adored, my dearest—"

*Dumont.* I must beg of you to pass over the proper names.

*Picote.* That's perfectly correct, my dear—three stars—

*Dumont.* (*Aside to Madame.*) Read there, the first page of the romance of our early days (*Aloud as Picote advances*); and as all romances terminate with a marriage—(*Motions Philippe and Cecile, who kneel, one on each side of Madame.*)

*Philippe.* Mother!

*Cecile.* Madame!

*Picote.* Consent to their union, my dear!

*Madame.* No! no! no! (*At this moment, DUMONT, who has taken up the violin which PHILIPPE had left on the Table L., plays the air he previously sung. After it is once played through, PHILIPPE sings the words which DUMONT accompanies.*

#### PHILLIPPE.

When far from her, we love, away,  
How full of sorrow, is each day;  
Such pangs in separation lie,  
A thousand deaths we seem to die.

*Madame.* (*Aside.*) That air! those words! remind me of the only happy days, I have ever known: sweet remembrancer of my

first love, you triumph over the cold calculations of age ! (*Aloud.*) Take my consent, children, and may happiness attend your union (*Sinks into a chair overpowered by her feelings.*)

*Dumont.* (*In extacy, coming forward*) She relents ! she relents ! Talk of Orpheus moving rocks and stones, I have softened the heart of an obstinate old woman ! Oh, you darling instrument ! (*Hugging the violin.*) *Io pæans* ought to be sung to thee. for I owe thee every thing ! You have made me happy, by enabling me to make two young creatures so, and shall be laid up in lavender, as the first fiddle of love ! (*Crosses into centre.*)

*Philippe & Cecile.* Oh ! how happy have you rendered us !

*Dumont.* (*To PHIL. and CEC.*) Come, come, we need not despair of her becoming a sociable being ; she is still alive to the charms of music ! And now, to make all comfortable, I'll lay my fortune at the shrine of true love, by making Cecile, the inheritor of it.

*Philippe & Cecile.* Our benefactor ! Our friend ! How shall we thank you !

*Dumont.* By proving an union of love, can be happy.

*Philippe.* We will ! we will !

*Cecile.* And we will love you for ever !

*Philippe.* And so shall our—

*Dumont.* No, no ! I shall be quite satisfied with that of one generation ! (*Sighing and taking their hands.*) Love you for ever ! Again those words ! I once, thought it possible !

(*Philippe.* (R.) And do you not think so now ?

*Dumont.* If my dear children to be loved for ever, was the first dream of my life—let friendship be the last ! (*Taking Madame PICOTE's hand*) As I have been instrumental in bringing this little concerted piece to the last bar—that is, the bar of public opinion, I take upon me, as I have played to some tune, in the service, to offer my solo advice, in behalf of the band, who have performed it, in favor of the *composer* ! We make our efforts in a *major key*—and hope, for a *majority* of hands, to beat time, in unison, for a nightly encore to your Modern Orpheus.

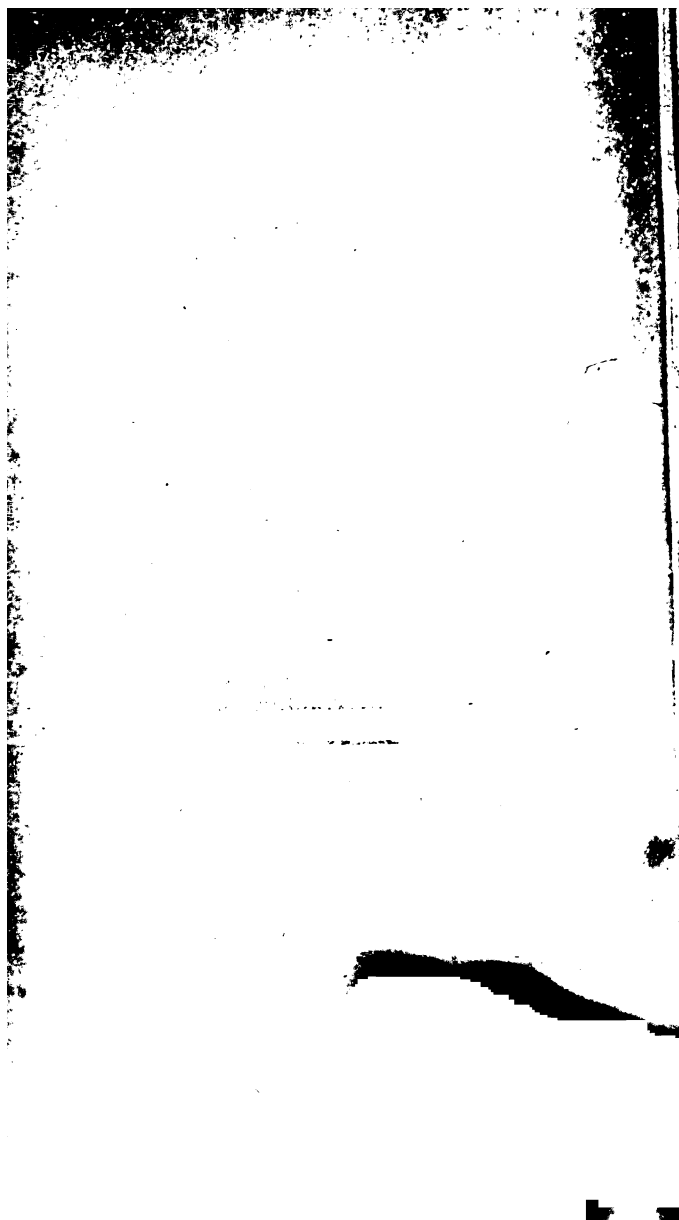
#### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

PHILLIPE. CECILE. DUMONT. PICOTE. MADAME.  
R.] . [L.

23

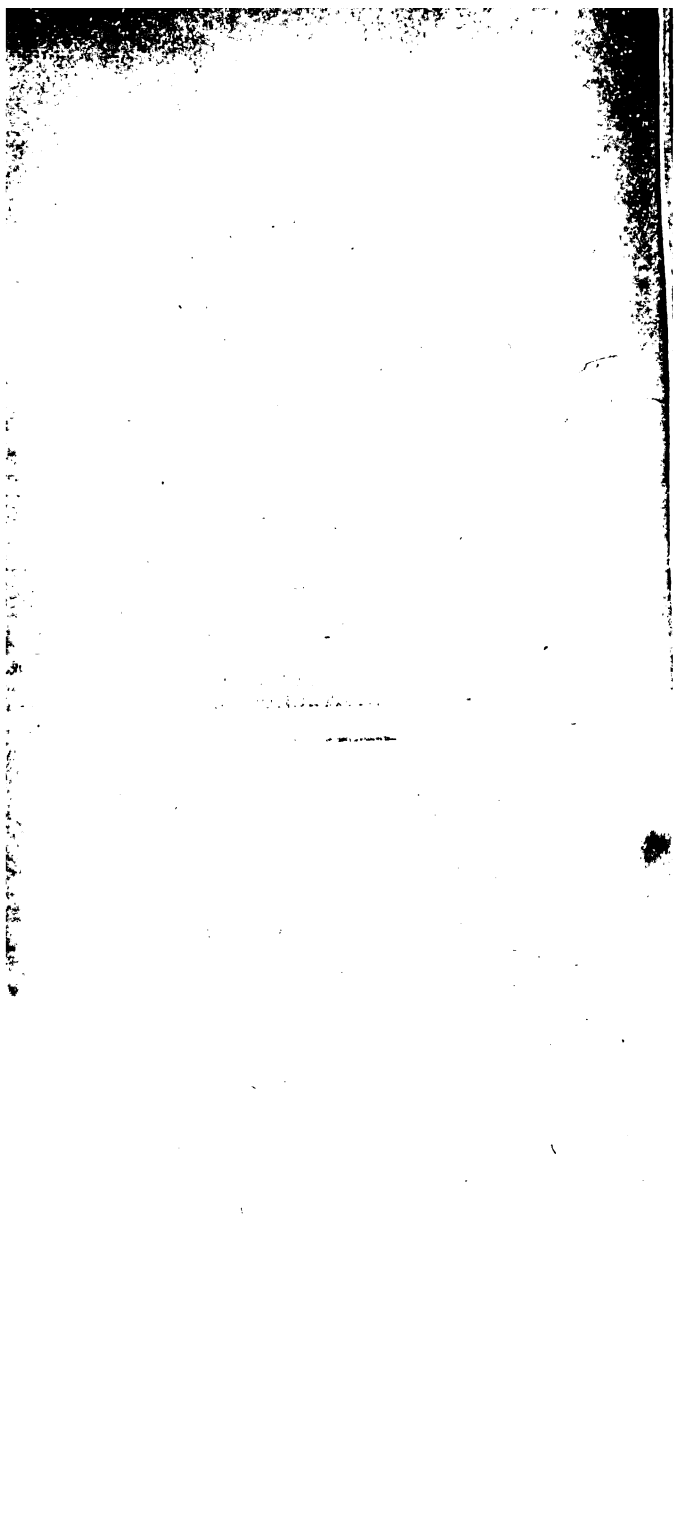
James Turner,—“Star Press” 20, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden.

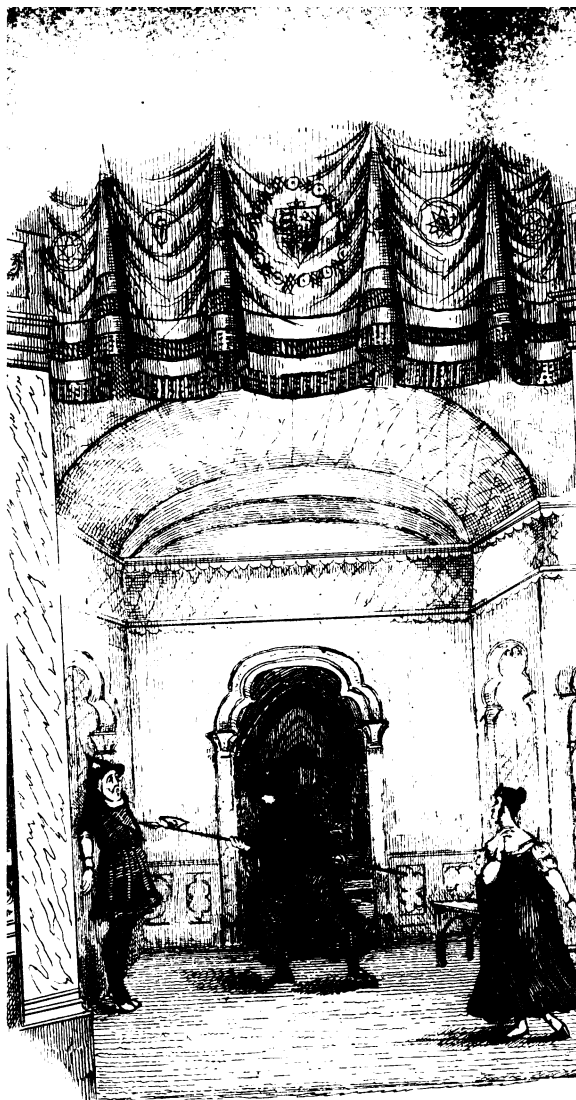












# WALTER TYRREL:

A DRAMA,

In Three Acts,

BY E. FITZ-BALL, ESQ.

(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH  
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC  
ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT,  
AND RELATIVE POSITION OF THE  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,  
BY PIERCE EGAN, THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN  
DURING THE REPRESENTATION.

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LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER,  
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1857  
LLR

**! NASSAU STEAM PRESS,**

**W. S. JOHNSON, 6, NASSAU STREET, SOHO.**

## Remarks.

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This drama is founded on the following circumstances, which are thus related by Sir John Hayward:—"As the King was hunting at Choringham in the New Forest, he struck a deer lightly with an arrow; and stayed his horse to look after the deer, holding his hands before his eyes to keep off the sun-beams which dazzled his sight; another deer crossing the way, Sir Walter Tyrrel shooting at it too carelessly, or too steadily at the King, hit him full in the breast." Mr. Tyrrel observes; "Though Florence of Worcester, Malsbury and Simeon of Durham, (who wrote within forty years after this accident) do all agree in the place and person who had this misfortune thus to kill the Prince, yet there are authors of that very age, who not only doubt, but positively deny that this Walter had any hand in it." Eadmer says; "Whether the arrow was shot at him, or, as most affirm, slew him by his falling down upon it." Malsbury writes:—"It is by no means a clearly ascertained point that it was by Tyrrel's arrow the King died. John of Salisbury says that when he wrote, it was as doubtful by whom William was killed, as it was by whom Julian the Apostate fell; there are circumstances in the case which favour the idea of a meditated assassination; but the insinuation is nowhere made in the historical authorities."—Turner's *Hist. of Eng.*, v. 1, p. 129. Such is the very slight material on which Mr. Fitzball has wrought a very excellent three-act play, a task of no small difficulty, as our modern playwrights can testify, though they are too often slow to acknowledge it. Historical subjects are most desirable on the stage, if well handled; they are generally favourites with the public, and in youthful minds beget a curiosity to become acquainted with the records of the country from which the incidents are taken, so that they are imperceptibly led to acquire a very necessary branch of useful knowledge. Hoping this most successful author will again essay in the higher walk of the drama, both honourably and profitably, is our earnest and sincere wish. Mr. Elton made his first appearance at Covent Garden in this play, and proved himself fully equal to holding a first rank in his profession. Miss Vincent was the perfection of the merry warm-hearted lass of humble life, and Miss Helen Faucit, by her wonted exquisite acting, and unaffected feeling, won the hearts of all who witnessed her.

# Dramatis Personæ, and Costume

FIRST PERFORMED JANUARY 19th, 1837.

- ~~~~~
- WILLIAM THE SECOND, *surnamed Rufus, King of England*,—1st. dress—scarlet and gold long shirt—band and crown, 2nd. dress—green velvet hunting suit. } Mr. Dale.
- PRINCE HENRY, (*his son*), 1st dress—yellow and silver shirt—green hose, and sandal shoes—2nd. dress, green hunting suit. } Mr. J. Webster.
- HUGH RIVET, (*the King's armourer*)—a scarlet shirt and flesh-coloured leggings. } Mr. Tilbury.
- WALTER TYRREL.—Brown shirt—breast plate—helmet—scarlet hose. and sandal shoes. } Mr. Elton.
- ROBERT, (*his comrade*), Ibid—with the exception of a yellow, instead of a scarlet shirt. } Mr. Pritchard.
- PAUL.—A white friar's gown and cowl. Mr. Harris.
- TASSEL. (*A cook in the King's kitchen*)—White tabbed jacket and large trunks edged with black—black hose, and white sandal shoes. } Mr. Webster.
- PETER THE HERMIT.—A monk's brown gown and cowl. } Mr. Thompson.
- BERTRAND.—Scarlet shirt—steel breast-plate—helmet, and flesh hose. } Mr. Worrel.
- SIR HUBERT.—Ibid. Mr. Collett.
- EDITHA, (*A young Saxon Girl*).—1st dress,—Satin and gold train dress, with scarlet satin robe and veil, bound to the head with a band of pearls. 2nd. dress,—a white cashmere peasant's dress, trimmed with blue. } Miss Helen Faucit.
- MARGARET. (*Rivet's daughter*). Blue jacket, and yellow petticoat. } Miss Vincent.

Time of representation 2 hours and 30 minutes.

## EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left. T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

## WALTER TYRREL.

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ACT I.—SCENE I.—*The summit of a hill, beyond which is seen a village, on the border of the New Forest, at Sunset.*

*Enter* HUBERT, BERTRAND, and NORMAN SOLDIERS, *with torches.*

S. E. L.

*Bertrand.* We are soldiers ; not assassins, Hubert !  
Yon dwelling, too, that we are set to burn,  
Was once my comrade's, Tyrrel's,  
A Norman, like ourselves.

*Hubert.* Was not his wife  
A Saxon ? One, who urged her husband on,  
Despite the king's command, to chase the deer ?

*Bert.* On his own grounds ; for which, he lost his eyes !  
Perhaps his life ! and I must now go burn  
His widow and his orphan children, forth !

*Hub.* All are not there : the eldest son's away.

*Bert.* Aye ; absent, in the service of that king,  
Who sends his kindred ruin ! Poor Walter !  
They say that, in the war, he nobly fought,  
And is expected to his country, home,  
Cover'd with glory ! What be his rewards ?  
A father slain !—a hearth made desolate !  
And I must bear the brand that fires his roof.  
Never—Hubert—Never.

A traitor's death I'll die, an hundred times,  
Rather than join in this !

*Hub.* Well, hie thee back !  
I'll neither thee impeach, nor harm yon lives :  
Still must they quit the wood—the cottage blaze—  
For saving it, were to destroy ourselves.  
The warrant of the king's imperative.



*Bert.* I would thy duty had a better task.  
 You know I am no dastard ; that my heart  
 Is firm, as is this armour which I wear :  
 Nor is't disloyal : but Tyrrel was my friend ;  
 And though this hand be sunder'd for a traitor's,  
 I'd rather place it instant on the block,  
 Than lift it 'gainst his children !

*Hub.* Soldiers, on !

[*Exit R.*]  
 [*Exeunt L.*]

*Enter WALTER, shading the eyes of ROBERT, with his shield (L.)*

*Robert.* What blind freak is this ? Out on thee, scapegrace !  
 Jack o' lantern, hence !—into some quagmire  
 Would'st thou lead me ?

*Walter.* No ; nor into peril.  
 Nor would I have thee stumble, but exalt  
 Thy feet of blindness on the topmost hill,  
 From which thou may'st look down upon yon forest,  
 And its calm village sleeping i' the sunset.

*Rob.* I will confide in thee ; “ for now I hear  
 The gushing of some stream, and the light breeze  
 Kissing the leaves of love-assenting boughs :  
 The breath of garner'd hay is on the gale !  
 What a sweet prelude !—it anticipates  
 All the lip promises, which, 'neath a vizor,  
 Breathes perfume to love's young imaginings.”

*Walt.* Down with the vizor, then, and feast thy gaze  
 On lips and eyes, and lovelier features far,  
 Than meet the dreams of those, who never look  
 Beyond the verge of nature—is not this  
 A home to be remembered ? Is it not ?

*Rob. (Gazing.)* Well might a scene so exquisite ! sublime !  
 Such noble mind inspire.

*Walt.* Lo ! where yon bridge,  
 The fallen trunk of what was once an oak,  
 Supplies a path across that sunny stream,  
 Where the tall willow overhangs the bank,  
 Like a young maiden bending low to drink,  
 Her long fair ringlets floating on the flood  
 Of the pure crystal, emblem of herself—  
 That cabin, that, of antique form, o'erhung  
 By the soft shadows of the hill above,  
 It is my father's : how my breast expands,  
 And trembles with an hundred soft emotions,  
 As now I gaze, e'en through its very walls,  
 Into its inmost chamber—and behold,  
 At least with memory's eye, each well known nook.  
 Absence, and service in a foreign land  
 Have changed me nothing in the heart's records.  
 My father, mother, and my dear, dear sisters.

*Rob.* But there is one, I've heard thee mention oft,

Whose name hangs back now on thy falt'ring tongue,  
As at a feast, the rarest cup comes last.

*Walt.* Editha! Yes, my own beloved Editha!  
Together we grew up—there—side by side,  
Coupled and wild as birds. We knew no date,  
Whereby to fix the joining of our hearts—  
They were akin by nature; when we parted,  
What tears we shed—what sad forebodings rose—  
I quite forgot me that I was a soldier,  
And wept me like a wench—would'st thou believe't?  
But now the wars are over—peace proclaimed—  
And I am home again, worthy this sword,  
Which wears her name and purity; and she  
Oh, heaven! I tremble with excess of bliss,  
To think from her dear eyes how all my soul  
Will drink delicious welcome! *(The village begins to burn.)*

Robert, lo!

*Rob.* Is it the setting sun which blazeth forth  
Through the dark leaves of yonder bowering wood?  
But, no! the sun is gone, and still those flames!

*Walt.* Is it some bonfire, lit,—a joyous beacon,  
To 'gratulate the soldier?—No—alas! *(A scream without.)*  
It is no happy blaze; for even now  
I hear the cry of women, in despair!  
The sound of troubled steps—this way it comes.  
Speak, thou!—who—my mother!

*Enter GHITA, with dishevelled hair, and pale, attended by her*  
DAUGHTERS and friends.

*Ghita.* My boy! my son!  
Oh! is it he, indeed, at such an hour! *(Embrace.)*  
Oh! Walter, Walter!

*Walt.* Aye, mother; but these are not the looks  
I hoped should greet my coming—whence the woe,  
Which pales thy cheek—the tears which fill those eyes?  
My sisters, speak!—why thus aghast, and wan?  
Where is our father?

*Ghita.* Oh, my heart! 'twill burst!  
At mention of his name! weep, children! weep!  
Alas! your tears are all the obsequies  
His corse can know!

*Walt.* His corse!—mother! mother!  
Is my father dead?

*Ghita.* Woeful hour!—Alas!

*Walt.* Oh, mother! tell me how he died—when—where—  
And what he said of his poor truant boy?  
Yet, if he cursed me, do not tell me that;  
'Twould kill me! No—no—I sent him, mother,  
A faulchion, taken by this hand in battle—  
How look'd he on that trophy? say, with pride,  
That I may hope he did not quite forego  
The love, the pardon, of his contrite son!

*Ghita.* That sword came not, till he had lost his sight ;  
Yet he appear'd to gaze on't with his tears,  
Which, as they flow'd down the unconscious steel,  
Seem'd drops of blood, wrung by its fatal edge,  
Even from thy father's heart.

*Walt.* How said'st thou ? Blind !

*Ghita.* Demons that lit the forest, blinded him.  
Such was the punishment the king ordained—  
Norman or Saxon, should alike endure,  
Despite of right, or heritage, that dared,  
After his edict, here, pursue the chase ;  
Nor staid the oppressor so : whole families  
Like dogs were driven from their ancient homes,  
“ With all the rigour of the olden time,  
When the first William's scourge fell on their hearths,  
That the next William might still more encroach,  
And hunt the deer, nor greet from bush or bower,  
The honest echo of a Saxon curse—  
No purchase made, nor no exchange of land—  
Nothing, but, get ye forth ! or fire and sword !  
Flames to your dwelling ; blindness to your eyes ;”  
No license granted, but to starve ! to die !

*Walt.* And I, for such a tyrant, fought and bled !

*Ghita.* Three nights ago, thy sisters and myself  
Had ventur'd forth, to join our friends in prayer,  
Leaving your father, 'neath his wounds still smarting,  
Editha, near him, as his nurse remain'd.  
On our return, the orphan maid was gone,  
As't seemed, by force ; for in thy father's hand,  
His cold dead hand, grasp'd as it were in struggling,  
Found we this broken arrow ! (*Taking a bloody and broken arrow  
from her mantle.*)

*Walt.* Murder'd, he !

She, torn by ruffians hence—lived no Saxon,  
To track these blood-hounds to their devil's lair.  
Oh ! that I held but one, now, by the throat !  
To whet still more the edge of my sharp wrath !  
My father ! my betrothed ! Oh ! vengeance, heaven !

*Ghita.* Aye, we cried, vengeance ! and they gave us—fire !  
Alas ! my son, the dwelling of thy birth  
Is now black ashes !—and no roof is left us  
But these wild boughs, to screen us from the storm.  
Despair ! despair ! (*Crosses, L. Wringing her hands.*)

*Walt.* (*With sudden thought.*) Mother, where's that arrow ?

*Ghita.* Here, my son, behold the fatal shaft,  
Red with the life-stream of its victim's heart !

*Ghita.* (*To WALTER.*) Quick ! to yon grave—thy father's grave  
my son,

There to renounce, henceforth, thy Norman blood,  
Which should have gush'd from the son's veins all forth,  
When they did shed thy father's !

*Walt.* (*Examining the arrow.*) Mother, stay, •

This is no common shaft!—no vulgar hand  
 Draws forth such arrows from the quiver, mother!  
 This stamp is one of even princely bearing!  
 Be this the weapon, henceforth, only mine—  
 Vengeance! I am enlisted in thy cause!  
 Be thou the star to guide my darken'd life!  
 Come all, and 'neath yon tree whose dewy boughs  
 Weep o'er my father's clay, we'll swear revenge—  
 Our Saxon oath of justice! blood for blood.

(Kneels.)

(Exeunt L.

## SCENE II.—A room in RIVET's house.

*Enter RIVET and TASSEL following MARGARET L.*

*Margaret.* I touch the cithern, to please a king's mistress!  
 Not I, i' faith! be she as melancholy  
 As holly in the minster, at Christmas.  
 I'll not do it!

*Riv.* What say'st thou, prate-a-pace  
 When thy cousin, here, brings thee such rare chance?  
 Thou should'st go, were she ten kings' mistress!

*Marg.* Wait upon a wanton! a good-for-nought?

*Tas.* (*Crosses centre*) She neither is of those, sweet cousin!  
*Marg.* No?

What is she then?

*Tas.* One, gentle as thyself!  
 Fair, too, as thou; and hath, like thee, twin stars  
 For eyes. 'Tis said, the king while in the chase,  
 Did suddenly surprize a milk-white doe,  
 The which pursuing far beyond his followers,  
 The doe became a woman, young and beautiful;  
 And this is she.

*Marg.* To whom I am to sing!  
 Such does, I ween, are found 'neath every bush!  
 Let birds warble to them, for my music.

*Tas.* My pretty Margaret, quickly now set forth;  
 I'll warrant me, thou'lt make thy fortune soon;  
 And then, I'll marry thee!

*Marg.* Thou hast my hand. (*Strikes him.*)

*Riv.* Out on thee, housewife!—'twere a proper match!

*Marg.* Would'st have me wed a skillet?

'Twere quite as wise, as marry with a cook!

*Riv.* How came the king to hear that Madge's pipe  
 Could cure the spleen?

*Marg.* Aye! how came that about?

*Tas.* Thus then, it was: our master cook came down  
 Into the kitchen, with a dish untouched—

"A dish of peacocks' wings, I think it was,

"Stew'd in pure burgundy—'twas heart breaking

"Such dish should be untouch'd, and so he sigh'd."

And told us that the king's young mistress  
 Was seiz'd of spleen, which no cook's art could cure:  
 Whereat I said, how often Margaret's voice

Had made my heart dance, like an eel i' the pan.  
The rumour spread, be sure, from cook to page,  
From page to king, and back to me again,  
With order to conduct you to the presence.

*Riv.* 'Twas well devis'd, good Tassell, to advance  
Thy kindred's interest. Pry'thee, Madge, make haste—  
Thy hood and cithern !

*Marg.* An I must, I must !

[Exit

*Riv.* Must ! 'twill be thy making—quick !

*Tas.* Quick ! lose no time

*Riv.* Madge is no fool ; that much I'll say for her,  
To waste sweet moments at the looking glass,  
O'er curls and bobbins, and such fripperies,  
Yet cleanly is she—smart—

*Tas.* And comely, too !  
Beautiful Margaret ! how I love her, Uncle !  
'Twere pity we too come not soon together ! (*Sighs.*)

*Riv.* And so thou shalt, boy ! woo her, like a man,  
Not like a turnspit !

*Tas.* Uncle, thou'rt right !  
I'll get me, uncle, i' the Body Guard ;  
Transform my spit into an halberd, uncle ,  
I'm not without ambition !—'tis my foible,  
As all shall shortly see, for Margaret's sake :  
Each smile of her's will make me taller grow,  
And smile she will, when I'm a Halberdier !

*Enter MARGARET, with a hood on, a cithern in her hand, L.*

*Marg.* With hood and cithern I attend thy going.

*Tas.* Did ever hood o'erhang so sweet a face ?

Come, pretty falcon, perch upon my wrist ! (*Taking her arm.*)  
I'll guard thee well at court, be sure I will !  
And brave I am, though I'll not brag of that !  
But let's away, or by my manhood's valor,  
The master cook will baste me to the bone !

[Exeunt.

### SCENE III.—EDITHA'S Apartment.

*Enter THE KING and EDITHA.*

*King.* Still ever sighing for thy native woods  
Thou silly mourner gaze around thy prison—  
How beautiful ! how gay and bright it is !  
“ Flowers entwine its bars, soft minstrelsy  
“ Rings through its domes, its walls, with cloth of gold,  
“ Outshine the sun ! ”

*Editha.* Still it is a prison !

*King.* A heart that lov'd thee less might draw yon bolts,  
And yield thee that, which stronger love denies—  
Liberty !—and then would'st thou fly away !

*Editha.* I had a linnet, once ; a pretty songster ;  
At least it was so, in the forest, ere  
He, who but liv'd to please my weak desires,

Brought the poor thing a captive, in a cage,  
 And hung it in my lattice, while I slept—  
 Oh ! how I fed, caressed, and loved that bird !  
 But still it pined away, and its glad song,  
 So blithe while free, became so mournful sad,  
 That moved to pity, I unclosed its bars,  
 And let my prisoner forth. I see it now !  
 With what a bound it vaulted into air,  
 As its whole nature claimed affinity  
 With that light element !

*King.* Thou'dst be that bird—  
 To quit, unkind, thy cage ?

*Edit.* No ; would I not :  
 Lest, like the bird, I did return again !  
 But hear the sequel of my story—mark !  
 I listened for the note of happy gratitude ;  
 For liberty, restored ; when, presently,  
 A faint small cry of terror met mine ear—  
 I looked towards the wood, and, lo ! my bird,  
 Shorn of its brightest plumes—flutt'ring—bleeding—  
 Pursued by its companions, who disdained  
 A wretch, that slavery's brand had marked,  
 Back to its prison for protection flew,  
 Nestling for safety in its gaoler's bosom,  
 And there the flutterer died !

*King.* I'll lift thee so above the dross of earth,  
 That queens themselves, wives of anointed kings,  
 Shall curse the fates, who made them less than thou.

*Edit.* Give me no titles ; honors, I despise !  
 At least, such honors as attend me here.  
 The lightning of these jewels blinds my senses :  
 A peasant maid should be a peasant's mate :  
 In gilded courts, she's but a spot i'th' sun :  
 I feel, I know, too late, my wretchedness !  
 For, oh ! this heart was never formed to glow  
 With dreams of grandeur ; titles charm not me ;  
 Saving the joyous one of May-queen !—that,  
 Indeed, I own, was my delight !—my throne,  
 A hawthorn bower ; my septre radiant,  
 Of new pluck'd cowslips, gemmed with morning dew.  
 Such smiling subjects !—sweet remembrance !—mine  
 Was a happy reign ; I weep, to think on't !

*King.* Child that thou art, Editha, thus to mourn  
 The broken baubles of thy folly's spring !  
 Out on these teardrops ; gentleness like thine,  
 Needs never fear the tempest o'er life's brook,  
 Thou bend'st thy willowed head, so mildly down,  
 To drink of sorrow that the shaft of doom  
 O'ershoots thy boughs, and joy's returning calm,  
 Decks thee in greener garlands—Weep no more.

*Enter* HUBERT, L.

*Hub.* Sire! the minstrel maid thou bad'st attend,  
Waits in the ante-room.

*Edit.* What minstrel maid?  
Let me not look on any woman's face,  
Whose gaze might turn despair into my soul.

*King.* Calm thee, Editha!—Hubert, bid the minstrel  
Give us a prelude of her skill.

*Hub.* Advance!

*Enter* MARGARET, trembling, L.

*King.* Damsel, fear nothing: with thy music speed.

*Air.*—MARGARET.

Though red be the berries of merry Malwood,  
When boughs are all wreathed in snow—  
More red are the lips of my beautiful love,  
And white as the snow is her brow:  
She's modest and mild, as the meek primrose,  
Which closeth its lids to the day—  
Her breath is more sweet than the violet,  
Or the silvery-tufted May.

I'm far from the bowers of merry Malwood,  
My home is the battle field;  
But Hope, in the form of my beautiful maid,  
Beams bright on my sword and shield!  
Of glory enough, I'll fly to my love,  
She'll weep but to see me appear—  
As welcometh dawn the young violet,  
Through a silvery-shining tear.

*King.* Where learned you, girl, that song?

*Edit.* It is not Saxon measure.

*Marg.* Lady, no:  
At least, I learned it of a Norman soldier,  
Who was himself the minstrel and the poet.

*King.* Indeed! so skilled a bard, should wear a name—  
How called they him?

*Marg.* Walter Tyrrel.

*Edit.* Heaven!

*King.* Editha!

*Edit.* A sudden pang—a tremor,  
Came o'er my heart, this instant—it is gone.

*King.* The music hath disturbed thee! There is gold  
Maiden—go!

*Edit.* I pray you, bid her tarry:  
Her simple manners better suit my fancy,  
Than the high bearing of the hand-maidens,  
Who tend upon me, here—

*King.* Have thy desire: this damsel be thy servant!

And Syren, if thou know'st a song so sweet,  
To light the faded smile upon those lips,  
The lark, which heralds in the virgin day,  
Shall win less favor of the husbandman,  
Than thou in kingly halls! Loved Editha!  
Meet we soon again!—in smiles, remember!  
Farewell! I'm waited for, in council.

[Exit, door c.

*Edit.* Now, oh! maiden, answer me, at once—  
Of that young soldier—Walter Tyrrel—tell me—  
Is he alive?

*Marg.* He is—

And near these walls,  
Was last night seen—

*Edit.* Thou'rt sure his name was Walter Tyrrel?—sure?

*Marg.* He so called himself.

*Edit.* A man, ill-favored—

Was he not? and one of rude discourse?

*Marg.* The contrary, fair lady, of all this.

Comely his look, most courteous his speech—

*Edit.* It was he!—and he is here!—poor Walter!

Her he'll seek, Editha, his first love! yes,

He'll seek for her, in vain—should he come hither,

'Tis a fearful thought—oh, he will curse her!

Maiden, could'st keep a secret, for a bribe?

*Marg.* Without a bribe, lady, were it a love secret.

*Edit.* It is so, then, of disappointed hope—

To one, whose worth deserved a better fate!

This lock of hair, take thou; and 'neath these walls,

Should chance with Walter Tyrrel give thee meeting—

Yet trust not chance, seek him with all dispatch.

Tender this sever'd lock, and say to him,

As this is sundered from her head that wore it,

So she is now from thee cut off, for ever!

As easily rejoin this unto her brow,

As her to thee again: therefore, good Walter,

Forget the flower that in thine absence faded,

And pluck some other from a fairer bough—

Wilt do my bidding?

*Marg.* Faithfully, I will!

*Edit.* And not a word betray?

*Marg.* No; not a word!

*Edit.* Come with me in; I'll tell thee more, anon:

And thou shalt whisper me, of Walter Tyrrel.

But, oh! so softly speak, that on the wall

No murmur tell the name thou utterest,

Lest it be writ in blood. Hush! hush!—observed

We are!—thy cithern to my chamber!—come!

[Exeunt, R.

SCENE IV.—*A view, near the Tower.*

*Enter* WALTER and ROBERT, R. (*hastily*) meeting TASSEL, L.

*Walt.* Friend, what means that outcry? listen! listen!



*Tas.* 'Tis strange! thou look'st a soldier—yet, know'st not  
Rideth the King to Westminster new Hall.

*Walt.* Westminster!—bides not the court at Malwood?

*Tas.* At least, not now. But I've no time to waste  
In idle gossip! no

I cannot tarry—

Why thus detain me from affairs of state?

*Rob.* What be the affairs of state thy presence lack?  
I trust they prove not vital.

*Tas.* There, thou'rt wrong!  
For they be vital to the vital part—  
The stomach!—seven standing crusts I've set  
Into my oven; while I'm prating here,  
Merely to answer you, they'll be all charcoal;  
And I, delaying, strangled on the hearth,  
With the kitchen-towel—and all this tragedy  
To pleasure you.

*Rob.* To pleasure us, thou'dst go.

*Tas.* The thankless cur!—after I've served him up  
A dish of tidings, fit to feast a bishop.

(*A noise.*)

Good patience, what was that?

Why, as I live,  
Yon scaffold, where the mystery is acting,  
Hath strangely tumbled, devils and saints together!—  
Gramercy, what a hash!—was e'er the like?  
And see; a horse hath taken fright—see, see.

*Walt.* They cannot stay that steed, whose stately rider  
No longer bears himself upon the saddle—  
His foot is, by the stirrup, dragged along;  
Ten paces more, and over yonder terrace  
That rider is a corse!

(*Rushes off, followed by ROBERT.*)

*Tas.* Why what a desperate group the fellow hath  
To throw himself, at once, upon the rein  
Of that mad steed!—I could'nt have better done't.  
The man, too, saved!—St. Dunstan, 'tis the king!  
Now, what a fool was I, who thus stood gaping  
That might, myself, have saved his majesty,  
I'll never gape again. I'll run, at once,  
And tell the news to all the scullions round!  
'Tis something to be first, in great affairs.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*The Hall of Westminster. On L., a throne, R. a  
banqueting table, lighted, &c.*

*Enter SERVANTS, arranging the things—then, TASSEL and  
MARGARET.*

*Tas.* I tell ye, it was I, did save the king!

*All.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Tas. (Mocking.)* Ha! ha! ha!

Yes, ha! ha! ha! is mighty easy sport;  
And much less difficult, than save a king!  
Yet that did I, I'll prove it by the rule—

As how? why, thus!—had I not, in discourse,  
Detained the youth hard by the very spot,  
Would he have been at hand to seize the rein?  
Certes, he would not!—Ergo, I'm the cause;  
The first cause, and the origin, i' faith,  
And well deserve a knighthood.

*Marg.* Who is he,  
Did save the king?

*Tas.* Oh! some low-born upstart!  
Not one of us, the royal household men,  
Worthy to be advanced.

(Music.)

Bustle! bustle!

See—the tables served—the king approaches!

*Marg.* Comes his preserver with him?

*Tas.* Aye! no doubt.

And thou shalt note with what assurance, he  
Will wear the laurels, fitted for this brow!  
Anon; my turn will chance, though i' this world  
It seems, the scum be ever uppermost;  
I swear, I'll get me made a halberdier,  
Then, I must be noticed and promoted.

(Music.)

*Enter THE KING, PRINCE HENRY, COURT, &c,*

*King.* Where's this brave youth, who, unrestrained by fear,  
Stay'd with transfixing grasp our courser's speed,  
You said, he was a soldier!

*Hen,* Aye, my liege.

*King.* I'm glad to learn it: I can best promote  
A soldier's weal;

Why seeks he not the presence?

*Hen.* 'Tis his fault.

I bade him gird him in a suitlier robe,—  
Whereat he stoutly swore, by holy Paul,  
He'd don no better garb on such occasion,  
Than the bruised armour, worn at Michael's mount;  
"The gear," quoth he, "that's well to save a king  
Is well enough, methinks, to greet a king."

*King.* Ha! ha!

Why here's a fellow for a king to love  
A free and independent subject, too!  
With so much loyalty as peril's life,  
To save his king, ne'erless; quick! bring him in,  
E'en in the humour, or the garb, that suits.

*Enter TYRREL.*

Welcome, Sir!

We owe to you, our life!—the state, its monarch!  
What wilt, in return?

*Walt.* Redress!

*King.* Redress!

Who hath done thee wrong?

*Walt.* He, that slew my father

*King.* His name?

*Walt.* I know not, yet—

*King.* Your father! was he Saxon?

*Walt.* No! of France was he: my mother, Saxon;  
In whose good right my father, as of yore,  
Pursued the deer at Malwood—and for this  
Robbed they thy truest subject of his eyes.

*King.* Call you that, murder?

*Walt.* Sir, the law hath said,  
“Who sheds man’s blood, by man his blood be shed.” (*Kneels L.*  
Great King, redress!

If I have done thee service, give me up  
The assassin of my father!—blade to blade,  
I will dispute the life he entertains,  
And heaven defend the right!

*King.* What is thy name?

*Walt.* Walter Tyrrel!

*King.* Liv’dst thou in the forest?

*Walt.* Saving of two years past, in Brittany;  
And one campaign with thee. Oh, king, redress!  
My father’s bones cry from their grave—redress!

*King.* Enquiries shall be made for the offender,  
And much as may be, the offence required.

*Walt.* Death for death!

*King.* We’ll speak of this, to-morrow!

“Not but I’d have thee be discreet, and bury  
The memory of thy wrong, in living honors.  
The sun that setteth fair, may rise in storms—  
Waste not to-day upon to-morrow’s hope,  
Lest, at the portal, thou be found at noon  
Not yet astir, while others win the chase.”

*Walt.* Wilt thou not hear?

*King.* No more than this! Rise up, Sir Walter Tyrrel, (*Tyrrel rises*)  
Our almoner shall pay thee marks enough,  
To bear thee as a gentleman,

—Ho! music!

(*Music.*)

Drink to Sir Walter Tyrrel: t’would rejoice  
His father in his grave, to hear that pledge,  
By kingly lips conferred! (*All rise and drink.*)

*All* Sir Walter Tyrrel!

*Walt. (Half distracted.)* Thanks, sire! and nobles, all!—my  
poor, poor brain!

Whirls with excess of—(*Aside.*) misery! To me  
Honors!—what are they?—rose leaves round a canker,  
Covering, not assuaging.

*King.* Serve the banquet!

Music! more music!—quick! begin the dance.

(*Exeunt KING, &c., U. E. L.*)

*Enter ROBERT U. E. L.*

*Rob.* That lady!—the king’s young lovely mistress!

*Walt.* What’s loveliness to me, whose weary life

Is but the shadow on the dial plate—  
Doomed to one end, and darkest still in light.

Robert, farewell!

*Rob.* I pray you, Walter, stay!  
See where she this way moveth—Walter, see!

'Tis a divinity! (*Drawing him towards EDITHA, who is seated R.*)

*Walt.* 'Tis Editha!  
Do my eyes deceive me,—is this frenzy?

*Rob.* Say'st thou—

*Walt.* 'Tis she, that was my love—oh, God!  
Glitt'ring in the raiment of a wanton.  
Robert, I'll snatch her from this infamy,  
And with the loud groans of a broken heart,  
Wake her from hell's delusion.

*Rob. (Detaining him.)* Madman, stay—  
Would'st have the charge of murder on thy soul?  
Thou that would'st so for murder be avenged!  
'Twould kill thy mistress, thus to meet her sight—  
Furious, and unlooked for.

*Walt.* Kill her? ha! ha! ha!  
She hath outlived an hundred deaths in this!  
Yet, yet methinks, I trace upon that brow  
A thread which anguish braids, 'mid strings of pearl!  
Those eyes, though bright appear, as they could weep,  
As dew-drops fall from stars, seeming all fire—  
Take me away!—I shall forgive her, else!  
My brea't is still too human—take me away!  
From pitying, or from cursing, lead me hence!

(*As he is going off, L. MARGARET meets him.*)

*Marg.* It is the same! the self-same Walter Tyrrel! (*Crosses to EDITHA.*)

*Edit. (Starting at the sound.)* That name! that form!—He!  
(*She utters a cry and falls.*)

*Walt.* So young! so frail!—be this the atoning hour?  
Enclasp her, death, in thy transfixing arms;  
Let her not wake, till, in a better world,  
Her soul hath cast away perdition's garment,  
And clothed itself in the pure majesty  
Of immortality!—there will I seek her, death,  
The bridegroom of the grave. (*He rushes off, L., followed by*  
*ROBERT and MARGARET,—as THE KING re-enters hastily, T.E.L.,*  
*and supports EDITHA, &c.*)

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Exterior of Westminster Hall.*

*Enter WALTER and MARGARET, L.*

*Marg.* Aye, such was her discourse.

*Walt.* And she bade thee  
Repeat those words to me?

c

*Marg.* Those very words.

*Walt.* And from her brow, her own fair brow, where once  
Honor and love resplendent shone, she sever'd  
This golden lock to send it me?

*Marg.* She did—

By holy mother, much it grieves me, Walter,  
That I should thus grieve thee; but her sad tears  
Were gems, that won me sadly to her purpose—  
Having none else within whose trusty heart  
She might confide the errand of her woe.

*Walt.* (*Looking at the lock of hair.*) As thou art sever'd from  
the brow that wore thee

So she from me is sunder'd now, for ever!

No wedged gold,

Lock'd i' the miser's adamant bosom,  
Shall more securely rest, than this in mine!  
Meet no more—Editha—said she, never?

*Marg.* Comfort thee, Walter!—time will heal thy grief,  
And thou may'st meet with one whose purer love

*Walt.* Speak not so, I pray, young girl, be silent!

Love is no merchandize that we can barter,  
Or purchase, or transfer—

Love is a portion of ourselves, our blood,  
Which, flowing forth, we die, as clouds  
Rain themselves to nothing.

*Marg.* Woe the while—

*Walt.* You pity me, and weep, I am unhappy.  
If there did come, this night, with silent step,  
A youth, whose breast were all made up of storms,  
Would'st thou, hope's chalice in thy gentle hand,  
Deny its balm to still the waves of anguish?  
For I am he, that am so woe begone;  
And thou art she, that 'twixt me and my love,  
Barrest hope's door.

*Marg.* Out on thee, Walter!

I deserve not this.

*Walt.* Thou guard'st the door 'twixt me and my Editha;  
Hear me then Margaret!—hear me!  
What hour the curfew rings the knell of day,  
Will I, by cunning stealth, and unobserv'd,  
Approach the chamber, wherein poor Editha  
Chaineth her soul unto perdition's car.  
And never monk shall counsel her, as I,  
To break the bonds of an eternal death.  
Aid me then, Margaret, in this holy purpose,  
And saints on high will register the deed!

*Marg.* I dare not, Walter! No!

For at the portal,

A guard is set, to question all that pass—  
And the king—he—

*Walt.* The king, to-night, attends  
A solemn council,

Margaret, all is fair—  
The time and chance agree.

*Marg.* All I can, I will; be sure of that—  
At the eighth hour—why, what a thought is this!  
At the eighth hour, 'tis solemnly believed,  
The ghost of the last king, the conqueror, William,  
Walks in yon gallery, to count the bell  
Toll curfew—then guard, and serf, and vassal,  
Steal from the spot, to cross and bless themselves.  
Had'st thou the courage, now, to play the spectre,  
I'd bring thee, from the armoury, a casque—  
A mantle, too, worn by the king of yore,  
And place them by the fountain, secretly—  
Thoud'st put them on?

(*Musing.*)

*Walt.* Be sure of that.

*Marg.* O, calm those troubled looks.

*Walt.* With the first sound of curfew—?

*Marg.* With the first—

I swear upon this cross I will not fail.

Go now away—

I fear we are observed—

[*Exit.*]

*Walt.* Yes, my Editha, we shall meet again!  
I'll snatch thee from perdition, yet, I will;  
Come quickly night—come brain appeasing night,  
Conceal me in thy mantle for my soul  
Sick—sick!—and all a-weary of the day—  
Yearneth but for thee—O, come, night, come?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*An ante-room.*

*Enter TASSEL, following MARGARET.*

*Marg.* So—get thee gone!  
I bade thee never speak of love, again—  
At least, to me—

*Tas.* Nor do I, for myself;  
But for a soldier, young, and brave, and handsome.

*Marg.* (*Joyfully.*) The saucy knave!—I marvel at his boldness!

*Tas.* Right, right, good coz.—I'll chide him hence, at once,  
And say, thou bad'st me— (*Going.*)

*Marg.* Nay, nay—not so fast!  
A soldier, in these jarring times, gadsooth!  
Is no man to dispute with: he's a friend—  
Especially to woman, who, poor soul,  
Frail woodbine, that she is, hath still discretion.  
To cling, for succour, round the strongest tree.

*Tas.* Cousin, I'll be that tree, an' thou, my woodbine—  
Cling here, sweet flower.

*Marg.* Out on thee, sirrah!—else, I'll bid yon soldier  
Lop thy vain branches! thus to do his bidding.

*Tas.* Look on yon dial, by the sun it worketh—

And, ere time's serpent, with rapacious jaw,  
Hath swallowed him ten golden minutes up,  
I'll send thy suitor to thee.

[Exit L.]

*Marg.* Now, what portends all this? A soldier? bah?

A soldier, and afraid

To speak his mind!

(Looks at dial R.)

Only a minute!—what a snail is time,

Crawling on ~~thus~~: the sun stands still, to-day—

No!—there's another minute! Gallop, sun!

Else night will come, and thou not couch on earth—

Eight minutes more—and then, the virgin thanks!—

Another gone! Come, soldier, to my feet!

*Enter TASSEL, L. as a halberdier—kneeling as she watches the dial.*

*Tas.* Turn, vanquisher! where low the captured kneels,  
And break, at once, his chains.

*Marg.* What sight is this?

Tassel, a halberdier?

*Tas. (Rising.)* Marry, yes!

Promoted from the kitchen, to the staff;

Am I not a soldier, lady love?

(Strutting.)

Come, pretty woodbine, twine thy tendrils round me—

Shew thy discretion!—in these jarring times,

Remember, coz., your soldier is a friend—

Especially, to woman!

(Laughs.)

*Marg.* Mummer! hence!

*Tas.* Mummer, am I none?—and that I'll prove!

My uncle's suit hath won me this estate;

Tassel, the cook, is Tassel halberdier—

A man at arms—the keeper of this door.

*Marg.* Thou hast not wit enough, to be the fool;

Thou, guard a door. A scarecrow i'the corn,

Bestuffed with straw, I'll swear me, hath more courage!

I'd with my distaff rout an army such!

Ha! a soldier!—

Mercy!—what a soldier!

[Exit, laughing R.]

*Tas.* Spite! spite!

Shrew!—I'll run and call her names—No, I'll not!

I'll tell her father—'tis petty treason—

Call me, i'the king's service, a fool's fool!

I'll have her gagged for this, i'the ducking chair!

Nothing's too bad for her! I'll get her set

To do some penance, in St. Swithin's church,

In a white sheet—a taper in each hand—

Or, better still—I'll throw myself away,

Upon some other, fairer far than she:

And, when I've wed—a wife, that knows who's who---

I'd like to ask who will be fool's fool, then?

[Exit L.]

SCENE IV.—*A royal apartment, with archway on R. C., a door, another T. E. L. near it, leading to an armoury, with arms &c., visible through a window, lamp from the ceiling. A door R.*

*Enter MARGARET, cautiously, C.*

*(Curfew tolls.)*

*Marg.* It is the hour!—and, lo! the spirit walketh.  
I'm all afraid, lest the true ghost it be.

*Enter WALTER, in mantle and casque.*

*Walt.* Fear nothing, Margaret; all hath answered bravely!

*(Taking off casque, and placing it on table, L.)*

*Marg.* I'm glad to see thy face!—my heart misgave me—

*Enter TASSEL, C.*

*Tas.* Margaret, conversing with the ghost!—that's strange!

*Walt.* That voice! *(Drawing cowl over his face.)*

*Marg.* 'Tis Tassel's! aid me, woman's wit!

Follow, holy Friar.

*(TASSEL, his halberd in his hand, comes forward, passing his halberd across the doorway. R.)*

*Tas.* Not so fast, I beg!

I am the halberdier of this same door;

A man in office, and I know my duty!

But how know I, this friar be a friar?

*Walt.* (L.) Fellow! back!

Had'st thou the strength of ocean in thy limbs,

I'd breast thee, thus: for I must swim or drown,

In the stern peril of the moment—hence!

*Marg.* (C.) A pretty halberdier, indeed, thou art!

I'll beg his reverence, when my lady's shriev'd,

He give thee absolution.

*Tas.* Absolution! *(Peeping at WALTER.)*

Sure, I should know that face! Your covered dish,

'Scapeth not me, ho!

I'll alarm the watch. *(Going, C.)*

*Walter.* (Seizing halberd.) A step, or half a step, this halberd's point

Shall fix thine abject corse to yonder door.

*Tas.* Sirrah! knowest thou,

I'm i'the king's service?

*Walt.* "Pity, such vile curs

Should e'er be found, to bark out honest heels,

E'en from the courts of kings:" into this kennel *[T. E. R.]*

Dog!—or, by St. Paul, I'll mar thy yelping. *(Drives him in, door,*

Be still as death, and see thou stir not, once

Nor place thine ear against the key hole, there,

To catch one word—this halberd be the key,

To lock the secret in thy bosom up!

*Marg.* 'Tis herself—

I'll watch, without.

*[Exit C.]*



*Walt.* That step, so light of old,  
 One scarce believed it mortal, clings to earth,  
 As though a leaden sorrow held it down:  
 That eye, the matin light, where e'er she came—  
 That voice, the melody of morning birds—  
 Both, both, are changed!—for, lo! she weeps, and talks  
 To vacancy, making the air her confidant.

*Enter EDITHA, (Abstracted.)*

*Edit.* Memory!  
 Why, with these thorny roses, twine my heart?  
 This coil should be a serpent: this, a sting;  
 But that the honey of remembered bliss  
 Tempers the venom, which would else destroy,  
 And mar, the great work of God's crucible.  
 Remorse!—Thou here, holy friar!—comfort! *(She kneels—he  
 lifts up his clasped hands, in benediction.)*  
 Stay!—do not bless me; I deserve it not!  
 Oh, no!—a perjured heart defies all blessings—  
 But teach me, by what penance, or infliction—  
 By what pilgrimage—in what desert sand—  
 Digging, with these false hands, my lonely grave,  
 I may find hope, with music-breathing voice,  
 To solace my last hour?

*Walt.* Editha!

*Edit.* *(Rising hastily.)* That accent!—let me hence—

*Walt.* *(Detaining her.)* Editha, no!

Thou shalt not fly me, so!—a word, one word!  
 I come not to reproach thee—stay!

*Edit.* My story—

Hear my story!—I was mad—deluded!  
 And he that won me from my better love,  
 His sword defended me, a Saxon maid,  
 When Norman ruffians crossed my forest path—  
 Thou would'st have blessed him, for that deed, O, Walter!  
 And I—

*Walt.* Thou paid'st him with a heart, not thine!

But mine—mine!—thou swor'st it, ere we parted—

*Edit.* And do so still!—I was deceived, betrayed?  
 By thankfulness, and what soft magic, else,  
 I cannot tell: he nothing breathed of love,  
 Though oft we met,—for I had said how Walter,  
 When from the battle field he should return,  
 Would bless the hand that saved Editha's honor.  
 Scornful of thanks, he never sought our cottage;  
 But still, by accident, was ever near.  
 Last time we met, he came not then alone—  
 I had escaped, but, lo! the snare entwined me!  
 Seized by a band of hunters, reason fled;  
 Recovering which, was here, to find myself  
 The inmate of a palace: lost, defenceless;

My preserver—my betrayer—England's king !  
Curse me not Walter ; of all women, I  
Am most unfortunate—am most despairing.

*Walt.* Curse thee ? Not I ! The merchant, when he sees  
His argosy go down into the deep,  
Curseth not it, but, on the greedy wave  
Pours the full phial of his bitter wrath,—

*Edit.* Walter ! Walter !  
Escape the peril of thy staying here !  
For thee, there is a road of glory still—  
Honor and fame ; and every princely gift  
Of rank and wealth ! Go ! go ! Forget Editha—  
Forget that we have lov'd—a happier lot  
Awaits thee ! A bright, a bright to-morrow !

*Walt.* Editha, no ! for me there is no morrow,—  
I will not live upon the rainbow hope :  
Editha, wilt thou quick depart this place ?  
It is thy hell ! Come, I'll conduct thee forth,

*Edit.* Oh ! Not with thee !—the plague spot in my hand  
As from the wounded hart flieth the herd,  
Fly thou from me ; there's peril in my step ;  
To die, myself, were nothing ; but to die  
Thy murd'ress, were to crush my soul !

*Walt.* I came not hither to depart alone :  
Wreck'd vessel as thou art, this faithful hand  
Would tow thee still ashore—not for the love  
Which is, but for the love that was, bygone—  
Thy father—

*Edit.* Mercy !

*Walt.* Yes, thy father was  
A Saxon soldier ; brave and honorable ;  
Fighting his country's battles, on the field  
He nobly fell ! His last prayer was for thee !  
Think then, Editha, if that gallant spirit  
Might be permitted to behold thee thus,  
His mould'ring bones would spring out of their grave,  
To curse the child he pray'd for !

*Edit.* (*Shuddering.*) Horror ! horror !  
Methinks I hear his malediction now !

*Walt.* When that father  
Left thee an orphan—who befriended thee ?  
My home was thy home—my parents, thy parents !  
They lov'd thee as their own ; as thou lov'dst them !  
Yet they are gone, or desolate ; their hearth  
Which fost'rd thee, one pile of smould'ring ashes ;  
And all this misery is his decree,  
For whom thou deck'st thy brow in wreathed smiles !

*Edit.* Oh ! did'st thou see the wound within my heart,  
How deep and cureless, thou would'st not—no, no,—  
Thou could'st not tear it thus !

*Walt.* If thou say'st true  
Why hesitate to fly this lazar house ?

The hardest rock that ever brav'd the storm,  
 If thou say'st true, were softer to thy head  
 Than all the silken pillows of these halls!  
 I feel on earth our hearts can link no more—  
 But come, I'll guide thee to a shrine so sacred,  
 Angels themselves shall listen to hear thy story;  
 And while recording saints attest its wrong,  
 Soft pity's tear will wash away the fault,  
 And blot the page that registers against thee.

*Edit.* Can such hopes live? Away then let us go. (*Recoiling.*)  
 Oh, heaven! I hear a footstep—thou art lost!

*Enter MARGARET hastily, c.*

*Marg.* Alas! the king returns! Good Walter, hence.  
 Into this armoury. till all be safe,

*Walt.* (*To EDIT.*) Thou'lt come to me again?

*Edit.* I will! I will!

*Walt.* And quit the place?

*Edit.* But save thyself—I will!

*Walt.* Enough. I'm gone! (*He enters the armoury T. E. L.*)

*Edit.* Support me, Margaret, or I sink, o'ercome!

[*Exit EDITHA, supported by MARGARET, R., as THE KING enters at back, attended by FRIAR PAUL, and GUARD, PAUL wears a cloak and cowl exactly like WALTER'S.*]

*King.* This way, unguarded? List! what sound was that?

*Tas.* (*Knocks, and speaks without T. E.*) Unfast the door;—help;  
 treason; murder; help.

*King.* Treason and murder!—quick, withdraw yon bolt!

(*They open the door, TASSEL enters, door T. E. R.*)

Thou, sirrah!—Speak!

*Tas.* (*R.*) Oh! mighty King; your pardon.

Plots are at work—treachery is brewing—

That wicked monk; (*Points to PAUL.*) in yonder prison locked me,  
 At peril of mine own halberd—naughty monk:

That no monk art—no! he's a wolf, my liege;

Off with his sheep's clothing.

*Paul.* (*L.*) (*Dropping his cowl.*) Halberdier!

*Tas.* Amazed, I am.

*King.* The knave is mad, or drunk.

Go, place him in the stocks, till four at morn,

To freeze, or sleep away these swinish fumes.

*Tas.* Hear me, O, king;—the monk is not a monk,

Although he be—

(*They force him off.*)

*King.* Away, degenerate hound!

Now, where's Editha? (*Going.*) Whence that hurried foot?

Walter Tyrrel here.

*Enter WALTER, door T. E. L. hastily, without the mantle, with an air distracted—he has a quiver filled with arrows, in his hand, which he examines with great agitation.*

*Walt.* (*L.*) Alike! the same—!

The very cypher on this arrow—graven!

Heaven speaks in this!—Vengeance, thou mighty king;  
Vengeance for this! and I'll forgive all else— (Kneels.)

King. Vengeance!—on whom?

Walt. My father's murderer!

King. Who is he? Speak!

Walt. To whom belongs this quiver?

King. It is mine.

Walt. (Starting up.) Thou art the man!—  
Give me my father's eyes—his blood.  
A Saxon oath is register'd on high—  
My father's blood, or thine!

King. Force him away!

Walt. Stand off!

Or, with this crimson point, I'll strike him dead  
That stirs!—King! is this arrow thine?  
Thou dar'st not trust the answer to thy tongue—  
But on thy quailing cheek I see is writ,  
In characters that cannot be misread—  
Murderer!! My father's bleeding spirit  
Howls in mine ear—"Behold the murderer!"  
Blood demandeth blood;  
My father's blood, then, be upon thy head.  
My father's son avenges, thus, his death!

(Attempts to strike THE KING—GUARDS arrest and detain him.)

King. Another instant—I'll not spare his life:

Call up the headsman; on yon battlements,  
The traitor dies. Yon moon shall not depart  
So soon as he;—the axe! the axe prepare!

Edit. (Rushing on, L.) Mercy, mercy!—hear! oh, hear  
Editha!

He saved thy life, this morning; spare thou his.  
Be merciful! be just—this hour thou said'st,  
"Editha, ask of me whate'er thou wilt,  
'Tis thine." Thus, lowly at thy feet I fall.  
I kiss thy robe—I'll be thy humblest slave—  
Spare me this man's life.

King. (Raising her.) Enough! he's free.

Walt. Editha!

Edit. (Crosses to c.) Away! away!

Walt. (Reproachfully.) Thou say'st it—

I knew thee not, till now  
Thou bid'st me hence, to tarry here with him—  
Oh, base! perfidious!  
Aye! clasp—clasp his hand;  
'Tis well thou should'st do so—the murderer's hand—  
Thou!—there's blood upon it! yes, accusing blood—  
The blood of Walter's father.

(EDITHA With a wild cry, releasing, herself from THE KING'S grasp, remains torpid.)

King. (L.) Hence, Editha.

Walt. (Struggling.) Stay, tyrant!—thou that dar'st  
To make of innocence a loathsome thing, o

And shed, as recklessly, man's guiltless blood ;  
 The time will come,  
 Thy hand shall lack the power to repel  
 The circling raven, croaking thee to death—  
 From thine doom's glass a power, invisible,  
 Draws back its blood-stained curtain—lo!—behold,  
 Reft of thy ermin'd robe, thou liest, a corpse,  
 In some dark wilderness, unseen, forgot— (*Points to EDITHA.*)  
 And she is there, beside thee—even there—  
 Her image cold and ghastly, as thine own—  
 Thy fate, her fate ;—thy grave, her grave !  
 Out from mine eyes, grim vision, out—no more !  
 King ! we shall meet again !—I know it.

Murderer !

We shall meet again—once more—once more !

THE KING, *half appalled, gazes silently on, and trembles beneath the frenzied looks of WALTER.* WALTER, *with almost super-human strength, resists the efforts of the GUARDS to force him away, till the conclusion of the speech.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Court of Castle Malmwood, from which there is a flight of steps, T. E. L.*

TASSEL *discovered in the stocks, R., HUNTERS and FALCONERS laughing ; EUSTACE and NOBLES.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY, L. T. E.*

Prince. Take wages for your pains, my merry men,  
 For those maidens, pay them with soft kisses.  
 The day wears on, apace—I marvel me,  
 The king so late astir is—ah !

What knave art thou, thus early i' the stocks ? (*All laugh.*)

Tas. Fast by the heels, thou see'st ambition's fool :  
 A fool that was a cook, would be a soldier—  
 The spit brought honor, which the halberd lost.  
 Every dog has his day ; I have had mine.

Prince. What's thine offence ?

Tas. I am too honest, sir,  
 To dwell with kings, or monks ; that's my offence.

Prince. Peace, unholy knave !  
 Or o'er hot ploughshares, barefoot must thou walk,  
 Or penance do, with pebbles in thy boots.

Tas. Here comes one, could tell, an' she would speak,  
 How wrong'd I am—and she's my cousin, too,  
 But, like the sex, thus seeing me in straights,  
 Will straightway turn aside: the stocks, your highness,  
 Are mighty shutters out, of great relations.

*Enter MARGARET from Palace, L. T. E.*

*Marg.* See, what I have.

*Tas* My warrant to be hanged!

Oh! fool was I, to touch on politics,

*Marg.* See! I bring a warrant of release.

*(Giving paper to PRINCE.)*

*Prince.* 'Tis so, indeed!

Good verger free the rogue. *(They release TASSEL—all laugh.)*

*Tas.* Gadso! here's luck!

Thou art the very pasty of a coz;

What shall I do, to prove my gratitude?

Could'st eat a maunchet?—such a one I'll make,

Kneaded in honey, sweet as are thy lips.

*Enter A PAGE, L. T. E., and speaks apart, to the PRINCE. R.*

*Marg.* I'll set thee service, thou must quickly do—

An errand to be run, with zeal and care—

An' thou would'st keep my favor—this way—come—

I'll tell it thee.

*(Music.—She beckons TASSEL, they all exeunt, L.—except PRINCE and PAGE,*

*Prince.* Said'st thou asleep?

*Page.* Aye, your highness—the king, like one aghast,

Did gaze upon me, as I entered in,

With eyes that seemed to see, yet saw me not.

*Prince.* This is strange!

*Page.* Behold, sir, where

The king approacheth!

*Enter THE KING, (L. T. E.), pale and hurried.*

*Prince. (Apart.)* Whence that troubled look?

*King. (Seeing HUNTERS.)* This cavalcade!—Brother, what dates the day.

*Prince.* The second of the month; 'tis Lammas chase.

*King.* I'll not hunt to-day.—Henry, not to-day

Will I go hunt; the clouds portend a storm.

*Prince.* Pardon, your grace—the sky is one wide arch

Of spotless blue; calmer morning never,

Did greet your going forth. I remember me,

Last year it thundered; so, the year before—

Yet, to the Lammas chase, first rode the king.

*King.* Well, by and bye, I'll come—say—presently:

My spirit needs repose. *(Exeunt PRINCE, HUNTERS, &c., R.)*

*Enter PAUL, (L.)*

*King.* Come hither, friar! A hideous walking-dream,

Within this hour, did all my brain invade—

As, in my chamber, waiting for my page,

I sat, alone, methought the canopy

Above my head, did seem like forest boughs—

Thick-woven, yet, by forked lightnings pierced—  
 Lit by one flash, I gazed upon myself,  
 And, lo! a ghastly corse, this form appeared;  
 Then, from these veins burst forth the purple stream,  
 Mixing its kingly tide with earthly dust!  
 Death's chilling grasp fell heavy on my throat,  
 Whereat a form unearthly rose beside me—  
 The wasted form of that old sightless man,  
 Who when I tore Editha from her home,  
 Clung to my raiment—would have dragged me down,  
 But for that arrow, from my quiver snatched,  
 Which struck him dead.

*Paul.* And ended so the dream?

*King.* Not so, indeed!—for, as this image passed,  
 The howl of many wolves was in mine ears—  
 Then, then, there hemmed me round, a grisly pack,  
 Who slaked their burning tongues in the red blood—  
 And he was there—that boy, Walter Tyrrel,  
 Who, last night, sought my life; within his grasp,  
 I saw again that arrow so uplifted—  
 Here, here it fell, deep hissing through my heart,  
 Its shaft of winged fire,

*Paul.* Gracious sir,  
 Go not to the chase: of death take heed—  
 Of cruel death, by violence enforced.

*King.* Monk—did'st, as I ordained,  
 Bid me some one, of trust, last night, pursue  
 The steps of that same Walter Tyrrel?

*Paul.* Sir,  
 I followed him, myself, and counselled him  
 To tarry at the Malwood hermitage.

*King.* Till thou should'st bring him tidings of his love?  
 So I told thee.

*Paul.* E'en as your highness said,  
 Did I.

*King.* 'Twas well; and wisely understood.  
 This base half Saxon, and half Norman cur,  
 Shalt thou, apostate to our faith, denounce  
 Speed to my closet; letters I'll indife  
 To Peter the hermit—he shall do it! (*Reflecting.*)  
 I were not safe, an' Walter Tyrrel live!  
 Monk, come in. *Exit (L. T. E.) followed by PAUL.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment, with a window to open.*

*Enter MARGARET L., looking out of window R.*

*Marg.* What delays the chase? not yet departed?  
 Goeth not forth the king? And yet he doth—  
 Or why that steed detained there, at the portal?  
 Ah! now he quits the palace! (*Bugle R.*) Lady! ho!  
 That sound proclaims the cavalcade is gone!

*Enter EDITHA, R. simply clad.*

What garb is that ?

*Edit.* The garb of innocence !

It was so once ; its wearing cheers my heart,  
Kindling anew, tho' with a transient breath,  
The golden embers of expiring joy.  
Simplest of forest maids, thus clad was I,  
When he, that should have scorn'd me, pluck'd me from  
The bank whereon I grew, and placed me here,  
To wither in a clime, too bright ! too sunny !  
The violet bloometh best beneath its leaves—  
In these sad garments, all of bliss remaining,  
Oh ! let me to my native bowers again,  
And die !

*Marg.* Gramercy ! no ! die, shalt thou not !

But, with thy friends, live happy.

*Edit.* Happy ? Oh !

For me, there is no joy like dying—none !  
Give me to look upon my early home ;  
And close these tearful eyes, 'mongst Saxon friends,  
'Tis all I ask—expect—entreat, no more.  
For thee, oh, Margaret ! kind and generous maid,  
Who peril'st haply life to set me free—  
These jewels, given me by the king—

*Marg.* No—no !

I need no recompence, but conscience :  
To mitigate your woe, my sole desire—  
Except to live within your kind remembrance.  
But, lo ! our pilot cometh !

*Enter TASSEL, as a Monk, L.*

Holy father,

Is all prepar'd ?

*Tas.* Aye, pretty daughter, all !

Here are the pilgrim weeds—quick ! throw them on !  
The coast lies clear—save, at the outer gate,  
A single sentinel—knowest the pass word ?

*Edit.* “ Lammas-tide ! ” And here I have the signet,  
From the king's closet.

*Tas.* That's the best of keys !

But bides no danger in this masquerading ?

*Marg.* Think'st thou of danger, which I nothing fear !  
What heart, so faint e'er won a heart like mine ?  
Out on thee, coward !

*Tas.* I no coward am !

And that I'll prove, an' thou'lt requite me, Coz.

*Marg.* Said I not, I would ? Be silent pray !  
Or I withdraw my promise.

*Tas.* Let's begone—

*Edit.* (*Crosses c.*) Stay ! to thy keeping, I these gems confide,  
As Margaret's dowry—she a richer jewel



Then any here, tho' these be princely goods—  
Nay, put them by, kind Margaret, not a word!  
I'll have it so, or stay!—  
Now speed we for the forest—quick—remember  
“Lammes tide.”

*Tas.* Lammes tide: (*They follow TASSEL out L.*)

**SCENE III.**—*Cell of PETER the hermit, L. A rustic altar, with crucifix L. near it a rude chair on which are a robe and a cowl. Door at back L. opening into the forest. In a recess of the rock, R., a bed of moss, across which a tattered curtain is partially drawn. PETER the hermit discovered reading a letter; PAUL standing near him.*

*Peter.* Thou accusest this man of heresy?

*Paul.* So writeth the king.

*Peter.* Ah! I understand!

“Advise,” means here, “Perform”—it must be done!

So get thee hence; and humbly tell his grace.

Peter the hermit shrinks not from the task.

*Paul.* Farewell! (*Aside.*) Right glad am I, to be releas'd  
From deed so foul, and cruel! [*Exit at back.*]

*Peter* (*After placing THE KING's letter in a missal on the altar.*)  
Sleeping still!

(*Drawing aside the curtain he discovers WALTER asleep on the bed of moss.*)

A darker, deeper sleep, awaits him here—  
Since die he must, to please you tyrant king,  
From whose stern mandate their is no redress;  
The executioner must play his part.

*Walt.* Editha!

*Peter.* Ha! he calls upon her name,  
Whose Saxon sorceries have turn'd the king,  
Of late, so much aside, and shed a scandal  
On the cause of Rome—

*Walt.* Editha! let us hence!

I will forswear my Norman blood and faith!

*Peter.* Enough! enough!

The subtle poison of this deadly cup, (*Producing it.*)

Wrung from the leaves of pestilential herbs,

Drain to thy Saxon gods!

*Walt.* (*Awaking.*) I parch! I burn!

*Peter.* Here's that, will 'suage thy thirst—  
Here's drink for thee!

(*Offering cup.*)

*Walt.* Thanks, friendly hermit, thanks!

But, tell me—tell me—hath not yet the friar,  
With promis'd tidings, hither sped?

*Peter.* Not he!

*Walt.* (*Comes forward.*) No!—How my wild brain beats and  
throbs!

will swift compose thee—

o, quickly, then— (*A scream heard c.*) What

A woman's voice ! and see ! where thro' the wood  
A female form sinks trembling down ! (*Rushes off c. and turns R.*)

*Peter.* (*Placing cup on altar.*) I'm glad it chanceth thus !

Fate turns aside the blow—'tis off my soul !

Oh, heaven ! I thank thee that of this youth's blood,

At least, these hands are stainless !

[*Exit L.*

*Re-enter WALTER R. C., supporting in his arms EDITHA, her long hair conceals her features, as he places her in a chair by the altar (L. C.)*

*Walt.* Maiden, lo !

Danger now is past—Great heaven ! Editha !

Good hermit, quick, some water ! Is he gone !

Nay then, this wine— (*Gives cup from altar.*)

Thou dost revive—

*Edit.* I thank thee—yes !—Walter !

*Walt.* Nay, nay, Editha ! shrink not from my gaze—

These garments speak that even I have wrong'd thee !

*Edit.* Oh ! take me, take me to some place of refuge !

Where I may tell thee all my anguish, Walter—

My sufferings, and my fault !—where, on my knees,

I may fall down before thine injuries—

Entreat forgiveness, and atoning die !

And thou wilt dig me there, a quiet grave,

Walter, wilt thou not ! and place me in it ?

And no one, but thyself, shall ever know

Where lost Editha, and her wrongs, repose.

*Walt.* Rather I'll bear thee to some distant land,

Thereshalt thou live, and Walter be thy servant !

I know a cliff, which overhangs the deep,

Where none, save desperate feet dare ever climb ;

Yet being there, the eye looks grateful out,

On floods of gold, and woods of waving green—

The eagle in her eyrie, shall not be

More safe from harm, than thou on that fair summit.

I'll guard thee through the dawn, the day, the night—

Bring thee the forest fruit—the ocean shell—

I'll trim thy little garden with sweet flowers,

Where thou shalt meditate, unwatched, unseen—

And sink at eve, calm as the eve, to rest,

Lulled by the melody of distant waves.

*Edit.* Alas ! alas, what hopeless dream is this ?

But, list !—I hear a footstep—save me, Walter !

The castle guards, from whom I fled, are near—

Hark !—this way they come.

*Walt.* Here, Editha, here !

(*She goes behind the curtain of the recess R, which he draws, hastily, and puts on the cloak and hood, kneeling before the altar, as*

HUBERT and SIX SOLDIERS enter, (C.)

*Hub.* Hermit, tell us—passed there not, but now  
A female, through this door ?

Walt. None behold I! none!  
There---and there---are other chambers---search around!

*They exeunt, (R. and L.) as EDITHA shows herself.*

Where stood my father's dwelling—quick!—I'll follow—  
(*She glides out, and he kneels, as HUBERT and SOLDIERS return. (L. and R.)*)

Hub. None see we there! (*Drawing back curtain. (R. S. E.)*)  
Nor here!—search yonder glen.

[*Exit with SOLDIERS, (L.)*]

Walt. (*Rising hastily, the missal in his hand, which he has pretended to read, lets escape therefrom, the king's letter.*)

That way they wander, this way, she is gone—  
I'll follow—(*Goes to replace book.*) What hath fallen there?  
some creed?

'Twere sacrilege to leave it on the earth—  
Amazement!—my name writ!—a king's letter?  
It warrants my destruction---by poison!  
Mighty power!—that cup!—what frightful doubt  
Bursts on my brain!---Editha! where,  
Where art thou?—I scarcely dare to follow—  
My brow is cold—Walter! be a man!  
Avenging lightnings never would permit,  
Even unwittingly performed, a deed  
So horrible;—Editha!

[*Exit c.*]

SCENE IV. *The heart of the Forest, thunder and lightning.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and HUNTERS. (L.)*

Prince. Hillio! there, hunters! who hath seen the king?

1st. Hunter. Not I.

2nd. Hunt. Nor I.

3rd. Hunt. Nor any here about?

Prince. I saw him half a mile before us all,  
When the last deer did from the covert break;  
But when the storm came on, he disappeared,  
Nor have I since beheld him! Wind your horn!  
He'll hear it, and reply. (*Horn sounded, (R.)*)

No! not a sound!

Take separate paths—the king will chide us for  
Neglect, I fear! Let the whole forest with  
Your bugles ring!

[*Exeunt (R.)*]

(*THE KING speaks, without, (L. S. E.) Horn heard in the distance, dying away.*)

King. Stay there my steed! this bough uphold thy rein!  
Deeper and darker grows the tangled wood.

*Enters, L.*

What zeal, intemperate, urged me thus outstrip  
My tardy followers?—As I've lost the deer,  
So have I them; they wander from me, still---  
More distant, and more distant, flows yon strain!

(*Bugle.*)

My bugle broken, not one warning note  
 Can give yon laggards notice where I roam.  
 Now, the last tone is hushed; not e'en echo  
 Whispers me the way! The fiend of thunder,  
 Flashing his fearful torch above my path,  
 With growling menaces, alone directs me:  
 What reptile this, which glides across my foot,  
 Soft as the tread of mischief? O'er my head,  
 Why croaks that raven?—hence! ill-omened bird!  
 Am I a child, to start, and tremble thus!  
 The fortunes of a king are not mere vapour,  
 Nor writ in sand, for common destiny  
 To blow, at once, away.—Hillio! there! ho!  
 Methinks I see a cabin—Who goes there?  
 Woodman, ho! a guide! (*Thunder and lightning.*) [*Exit R.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Saxon cottage in ruins* L. *On R is a spreading oak tree of unusual dimensions, on its trunk is carved "To the memory of the murdered TYRRELL!" The back scene represents a thick wood, with vivid lightening occasionally playing among its branches.*

*Enter EDITHA, over a bridge, at back, c. pale and trembling, her garments torn by briars, her hair dishevelled.*

*Edit.* Sick, sick to death!—my quailing heart  
 Almost forgets to beat—courage! courage!  
 Dare I advance, and contemplate again,  
 The changed scene of my once joyous days?  
 But, ah! less chang'd than I! Will not the eyes  
 Which gaz'd on me, in kindness, and the voice,  
 Sweet music to my childhood's happy ear,  
 Conspire to curse me, now, a blighted thing,  
 Whose fate unlucky dragg'd down all it loved,  
 Into the vortex of its own destruction? (*Advances.*)  
 God! what a sight is this!—the peaceful cabin,  
 The smiling garden—all—all, desolate!  
 Where are the tender looks so often met,  
 Here at this threshold? Where the verdant flowers!  
 Trampled down all, and wither'd, like myself,  
 In one fell destiny! Walter! Walter!  
 Was this the soldier's welcome to his home!  
 And I—Oh, misery! oh, misery! (*Leans against tree R. C. U. R.*  
*Thunder.*)

*Enter GHITHA, from cottage L. U. R. mad.*

*Ghi.* (*Comes down L.*) What wretch art thou, that wailest thro'  
 In, in, with me; we'll yield thee honest shelter— [*the storm*]  
 Yet stay an instant—comest thou from the king?  
 Or from his court? If so, in lieu of welcome,  
 We'll give thee curses! (*Bitterly.*) Curses!

*Edit.* (*Falls at her feet.*) Oh, mother!

*Ghi.* The grave hath not a voice—and yet, I heard

A sound so soft ! a broken harmony,  
 Fill'd by the chords of sweet remembrance up,  
 That my poor heart leapt from its bed of woe,  
 And danced a moment, in the extacy  
 Of gone-by days—Why wakes it not again ?

(*Listening,*)

*Edit.* Oh ! mother, pardon !—knowest thou not Editha ?

*Ghita.* (*Recoils.*) Editha !—one I knew, who wore such name ;  
 But, serpent-like, she turned, and basely stung  
 The heart, that fostered her from infancy :  
 She fled a virtuous home—through blood, she fled !  
 To ruin ! to perdition ! Oh, my husband !  
 Who thy destroyer, she alone might tell,  
 Who sold herself, and thee, and me and all,  
 The love of my poor, poor boy !—the wanton !  
 The gilded mistress of a cruel king !  
 Malediction !

(*Crosses R.*)

*Edit.* Hear me, mother !—hear me !  
 Despairing that I am, and broken hearted :  
 As there are Saxon Gods, I nothing knew  
 Of my dear father's death ; nor culpable  
 Were my feet, to fly his dwelling—but, force—  
 Oh ! again this suffering strength forsakes me.

(*Falls.*)

*Ghita.* (*Kneels behind, and supports her.*) I will not harm thee,  
 pretty one—look up :  
 Why is thy hand so cold ?—from thy closed eyes,  
 Why gush those crystal drops ?—now out—alas !  
 Methought that I, alone, seemed born to weep ;  
 But I am old—at, least, in suffering, old—  
 While thou art young, and fair—and, on thy cheek,  
 There should be roses yet—revive ! revive ;  
 I'll warm thee, in my heart.

*Enter WALTER, over bridge.*

*Walt.* Mother ! mother !

*Ghita.* Come hither, Walter !—know'st thou this pale child ?

*Walt.* Mother, aye ?—it is Editha ?—alas !  
 This corpse-like hue !—look up, Editha—speak !

*Edit.* (*Reviving.*) Walter !

*Walt.* Thou knowest me !

Banish the wild, wild terror of thy looks !  
 Harm cannot reach thee now—Editha, come—  
 To safety I'll convey thee.

*Edit.* Walter, no !

A surer safety than this earth can yield,  
 Death's citidal from which none may escape,  
 Awaits to circle me within its walls—

*Walt.* She sinks ! she dies !

Why did these parched lips not drain yon cup ?  
 Poison how sweet, to such a sight as this.

*Edit.* Said'st thou of poison ?

*Walt.* No, Editha, no !

*I'm mad—bewildered !—know not what I say.*

*Edit.* Walter, thou dost, and fear'st to tell it me.

Some poisoned cup it was, thou spokest of—  
Was it the cup of yonder hermitage?  
By thy hand too conferred; if so, Walter,  
Speak, speak the truth, expiring I'll forgive thee.

*Walt.* What dark suspicion occupies thy soul?  
Acquit me of a thought, so hideous—  
That wine, I swear, was for myself intended,  
A holy hermit's gift.

*Edit.* I understand!

These agonies betray what thou'd'st conceal—  
The king had set the monk to poison thee—  
Happy mistake! if, dying thus for thee,  
I still preserve thy life, for joy and peace.  
Were it to do again, and at my lip  
The fatal cup, I'd drain it all, my Walter,  
To rescue thee.

*Walt.* O—h!

*Edit.* We shall meet again—I feel—know—we shall!  
There—where the stern and wicked never come!  
There is no torture in these throbs—none—none—  
It is not pain, but sleep, which overwhelms me—  
Calm, sweet sleep; not suffering, Walter, no—  
No—No!

(*Dies.*)

*Ghit.* (*Observing WALTER, who appears torpid.*)  
Walter, Walter, speak to thy mother, boy!  
Speak, and weep, or soon thy scorched brain,  
For need of moisture, like the parched earth,  
Will crack, as mine hath done, and bring to bear  
No seed of future reason. Even now

I cannot well collect, why she lies there,  
And thou stand'st so transfix'd? And yet, I know  
Thou should'st be taken from this scene away.

It is so horrible! the chill wind shakes thee,

The agony of thy limbs convulses thee.

(*Crosses behind, L.*)

Walter, come! nay, if not for thy mother,

I'll send thy kindred forth, to drag thee hence! [*Exit into Cottage,*

*L.T.E.*] (*A storm—rain—thunder—lightning.*)

*Walt.* What dreadful incubus sits on my soul?

Off, dream of misery! Ah, 'tis but too real!

(*Seeing EDITHA.*)

She lieth there, indeed,—pale, blighted, dead!

(*Weeps.*)

Alas! Editha!

*Enter the KING, L.*

*King.* Editha!

*Walt.* (*Starts.*) That voice—it is the King!

*King.* Tyrrel, at liberty!—and I alone!

*Walt.* Why, that is well! Tyrant! thine evil spirit  
Hath sent the hither, to thy great account!

*King.* Villain! thou would'st not murder me?

*Walt.* Why not? I murdered her!

*King.* Editha, dead!

*Walt.* Aye, slain by me! tho' on thy damned soul  
Shall fall the leaden vengeance of the guilt!

*King, gaze around:* read, on this ancient bark,

My father's epitaph—this arrow—thine ! did shed;  
Here, in the dust beneath, his aged blood !  
Now tell me, King, what law of Heaven, or nature,  
Should spare thee from my fury.

*King.* I feel the web around me—but, this way  
Remains—Traitor, die ! *(He draws, suddenly, the arrow from his  
quiver, and discharging it at WALTER, it overshoots him, and  
appears fixed in the tree over the grave.)*

*Walt.* Vain man, thine hour is come !  
My father's shade hath turned aside the shaft, *(The arrow falls.)*  
And dashes it, a symbol of thy doom,  
To earth !—I understand—now, murderer ! *[throat.]*  
My ruined home !—my mother's reason, fled ! *(Seizing him by the  
Editha, gone !—and last, my father's blood—  
All with this weapon evidence against thee !  
Here, on this grave, all, all, I thus avenge !  
(Drags him to tree, and stabs him with the arrow.)*

*King. (Falling.)* My dream, my fatal dream !  
I hear the doom-bird croaking in mine ear ;  
I see the crimson tide around me flowing—  
And there, that sightless man, denouncing, stands.  
Mercy, help ! I die. *(Dies.)*

*Enter ROBERT, GHITA, and SAXONS. (L. T. E.) NORMAN SOLDIERS  
and HUNSMEN over bridge.*

*Walt.* Saxons, rejoice, rejoice !  
Tyranny is dead !—the oppressor's hand  
Is cold !—My oath performed,  
Father, take back thy pledge. *(Drops arrow.)*  
Come, madness, come, with thy oblivious cup,  
Drown all remembrance—be this wretched brain  
Wild as these locks I tear—warped as this heart ;  
Where art thou, death ?—beautiful death, where art thou ?  
Ha ? I feel thy grasp !—'tis here !—'tis here !  
Editha, is it thou ?—so fair, and lovely ;  
Aside, stern king !—despite thy ghastly brow,  
Thou part'st us not again. Away ! she's mine !  
I hold her in these arms !—ha, ha,—ha, ha.  
She's mine ! she's mine, mine !—Editha ! cold, cold, dead !  
*(He rushes suddenly forward, as if clasping her in his arms, and  
falls beside her. Curtain slowly descends.)*

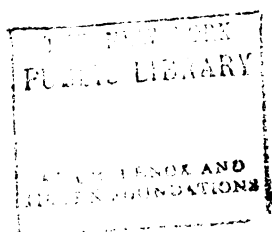
## DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

### SOLDIERS AND HUNSMEN, ON BRIDGE.

|          |              |          |
|----------|--------------|----------|
| HUNSMEN. | SAXON WOMEN. | HUNSMEN. |
| KING.    | GHITA.       | SAXONS.  |
|          | WALTER.      | ROBERT.  |
|          | EDITHA.      |          |

R.

[L.]







MY YOUNG WIFE  
AND  
MY OLD UMBRELLA.

Paul Aimé Chapelle Laurence  
**MY YOUNG WIFE**

AND

**MY OLD UMBRELLA.**

A FARCE,

In One Act.

(ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.)

cc By  
No  
**BENJAMIN WEBSTER, COMEDIAN.**

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

**THE THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET.**

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY WITH REMARKS  
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prefaced by a Dedication to  
**D. E. MORRIS, ESQ.**

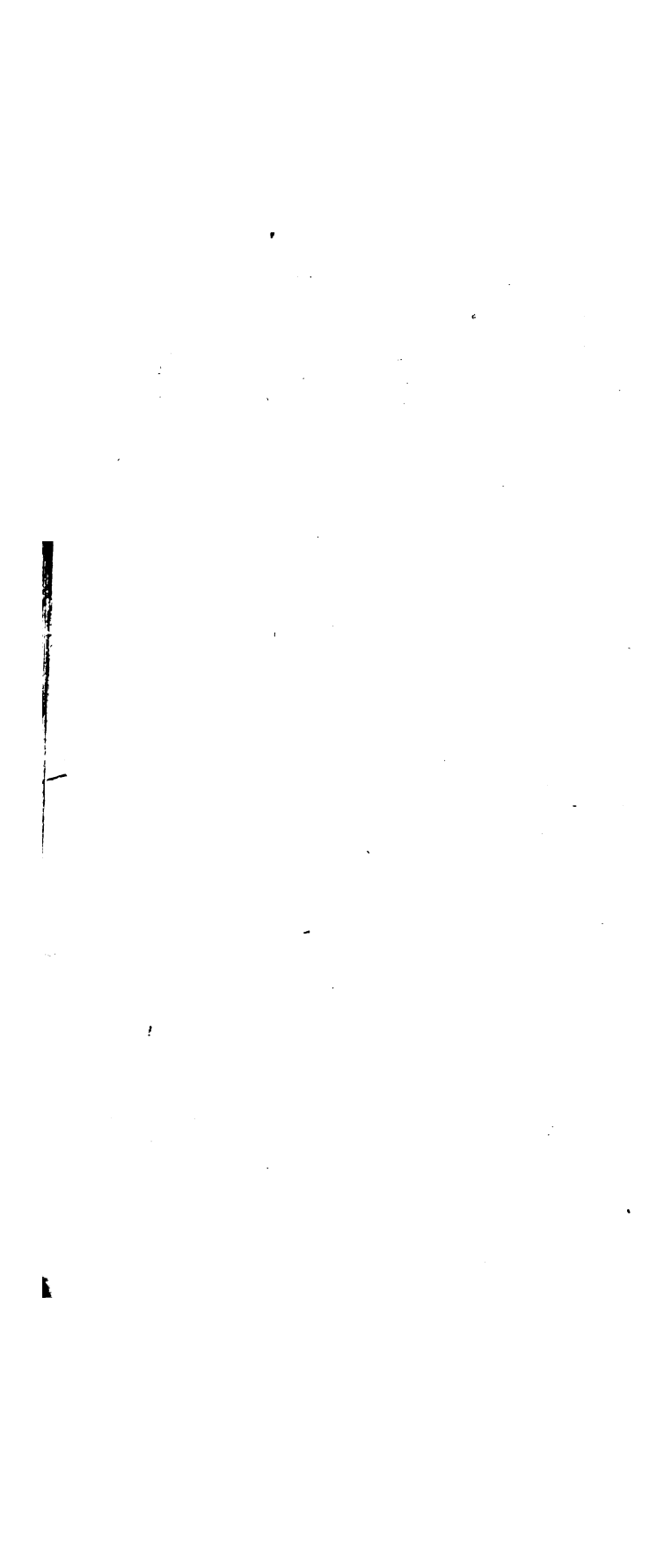
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ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,  
By Pierce Egan the Younger, from a drawing taken during the  
representation.

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LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1937  
413



TO

D. E. MORRIS, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,

I beg leave to dedicate the following trifle to you, as a small mark of esteem, being the first piece I have produced at a theatre, where the legitimate drama was always upheld in all its purity, through good and ill success, and from which you have retired with honour, and the respect of all those who have ever been under your management.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your obedient servant,

B. WEBSTER.

*Theatre Royal, Haymarket,  
July 3, 1837.*

1

2

## REMARKS.

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THIS farce is merely an adaptation of a clever French vaudeville, by M. Laurencin, called "*Ma Femme et mon Parapluie*," with some slight alterations to make it more palatable to an English audience. Wives and umbrellas are of very ancient date; the former originating with Adam and the latter, some commentators on the Bible conceive to be alluded to in the passage where "a shade, defending from the sun," is mentioned. Certainly, it is very plainly depicted in those most ancient sculptures at Persepolis (which are considered to be anterior to the times of Alexander the Great); the chief personage, when in the open air, being invariably attended by a servant holding, with both hands, a large umbrella over his august head. In later sculptures, on the Takht-i-Bostan rock, although they date twelve centuries back, close behind the horse on which the king is riding, walks a man holding over his majesty's head an umbrella, very much resembling the chaise umbrella of the present day. No doubt the umbrella is of Asiatic origin. It has been known in the warm countries of that quarter "of this great O" from time immemorial, though it is labour lost to endeavour to trace in which of them it originated; but it is only in China, and the Europeanized parts of Turkey, that it is an article in common use among the people against the sun and rain. In fact, the parasol is the parent of this child of larger growth, the original

use of the umbrella being to afford shelter from the sun, its application as a defence against rain having been chiefly introduced from Europe. In the further peninsula of India and in Persia the umbrella is strictly confined to royalty itself; and in the king of Ava's letters to foreign powers he styles himself "brother to the sun, a near relation to the moon and stars, lord of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, king of the white elephant, and lord of the twenty-four umbrellas." This latter title sounds rather absurd, but is not really so, the umbrella being an ensign of royal authority, and, we believe, signifying the number of kingdoms and states which have been subjected to the Birman empire. In Hindostan the umbrella was a distinction reserved for great personages, although not exclusively appropriated to royalty itself. In the Mahratta state, the title of "lord of the umbrella" is still maintained as a peculiar mark of honour by the highest officers. Among the Arabs the umbrella is also a mark of authority, and it was probably by them this use of it was carried into Africa, where we still find the umbrella, among the Moorish tribes of the north and the negro nations of the west, employed as a royal distinction; and an umbrella was among the presents offered by Ali Bey to the Emperor of Morocco. In Constantinople, even now, with all the present Sultan's European notions, you must not pass the actual residence of the "brother of the sun and moon," in the most pitiless storm, without lowering your umbrella, or running the chance of a bayonet being thrust into your abdomen. Thus much for umbrellas; for wives—we must venture no tales about them, or we might hear of sad stories about husbands by way of *lex talionis*; but as far as our own experience goes we sincerely wish, in homely phrase, "The single married and the married happy."

## **Dramatis Personae and Costume.**

FIRST PERFORMED JUNE 23, 1837.

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|                                                                                                                                                   |   |                 |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---|-----------------|
| GREGORY GRIZZLE. Brown patched coat, buttoned close up to the neck ; faded nankeen pantaloons, rather large, black gaiters, neckerchief, and hat. | } | Mr. W. Farren.  |
| PETER PROG. Green Newmarket cut coat, yellow waistcoat, white smallclothes, drab gaiters, and broad-brimmed hat.                                  |   |                 |
| GEORGE ALLEN. Black surtout and waistcoat, and white trousers.                                                                                    | } | Mr. J. Webster. |
| AUGUSTUS TOMKINS. Light-green surtout, crimson velvet waistcoat, light jean drab trousers, and eccentric hat.                                     |   |                 |
| DINAH. Light-blue silk dress.                                                                                                                     |   | Miss Phillips.  |

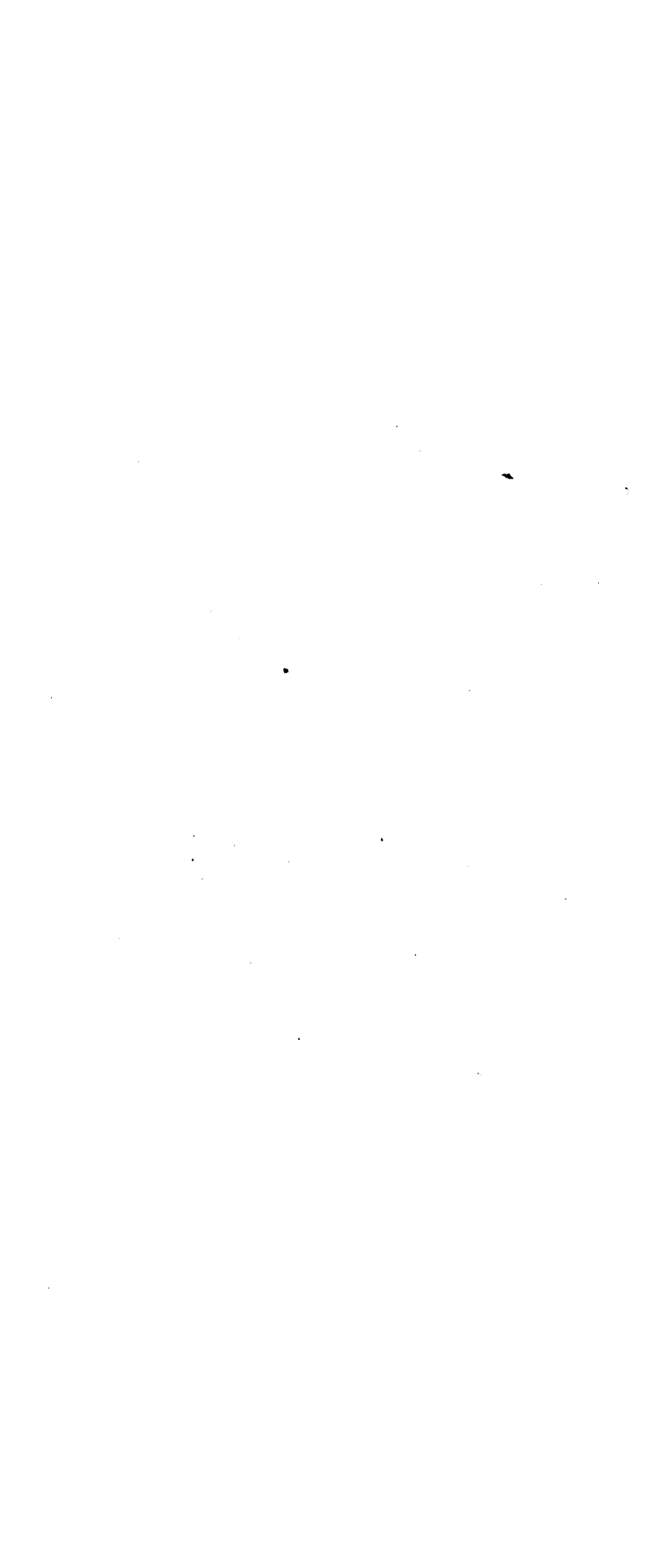
Time of representation, thirty-five minutes.

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### **EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.**

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.





OK 8 -

## MY YOUNG WIFE AND MY OLD UMBRELLA.

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SCENE I.—*A Chamber ; a door, L., and window in flat, R., looking on a court and garden ; doors R. and L. ; chairs, table, sofa, and writing materials ; DINAH, L., and PROG, R., discovered seated ; DINAH at work, PROG reading the newspaper.*

*Prog.* It's all true, it's all true, my dear Dinah ; the news I received yesterday is confirmed ; my beautiful farm of Cutaway, near Eton, is burnt to the ground !

*Din.* My dear father, this is a very great misfortune.

*Prog.* How do you know that ? Never judge by appearances.

*Din.* Why, surely, my dear papa, a destructive fire like this—

*Prog (rising).* Hold your tongue, Miss Prog, or you'll put me in a rage ; imitate my philosophy, and tune up "The Light of other Days" on your piano.

*Din. (rising).* But you know, papa, my piano is out of tune.

*Prog.* What does that signify ? can't you play on the keys that are in tune, and let them that are not, enjoy the air with me in silence. At any rate, you have no excuse for not getting it put in order.

*Din.* I have spoken to Mrs. Primmers, next door, and she has promised me her tuner this morning.

*Prog.* Well, in case she should forget it, just go jog her memory.

*Din.* Certainly, papa, I would not cross you for the world ; this fire is enough to put you out of temper.

*Prog.* Look at me, cool as a cucumber in an ice-pail. Thanks to the march of intellect, I know what philosophy is, and can bear this loss with the calmness of a Cato. I can afford it, especially as it was insured in the Sun fire-office.

*Din.* In the Sun ! excellent—why, my Cousin George is in that office ; and I'm sure, if he could be of the least service to you—

*Prog.* Miss Prog, never speak of that young man to me. His means are so small, he should neither make love nor marry—he can't afford it, so I have desired him to pay his addresses and visits elsewhere.

*Din.* I'm sure he's a very nice young man.

*Prog.* How do you know that ?

*Din.* By his appearance.

*Prog.* Never judge by appearances.

*Din.* Then he has such a liberal mind !

*Prog.* Without a penny in his pocket ; most people are liberal-minded, when they can't afford to be otherwise, my dear.

*Din.* We have not seen him these eight days.

*Prog.* So much the better ; and, as I have promised you to another, you must not see him any more, at any rate—

*Enter GEORGE, D. in F.*

*Din.* Here he is.

*Prog.* The devil !

*Geo. (c.)* Yes, sir, at your service ; don't mind me, uncle ; I'm one of the family.

*Prog. (r.)* Yes, and you want to increase it.

*Geo.* My sweet cousin.

*Prog.* Mr. George Allen, I am astonished, damme—I'm electrified. Dinah, go to Mrs. Primmers, and see if the pianoforte tuner is come.

*Din. (L.)* But, papa—

*Prog.* Miss Prog, must I speak twice ?

*Din.* Good morning, George.

*Prog.* Will you go ?

*Din.* La, papa !

*[Exit, D. in F.]*

*PROG walks up to GEORGE, with a very severe look, and is about to speak, when GEORGE checks him.*

*Geo.* I have just heard of your misfortune, uncle ; and, as one of the family, I have come to offer you my services.

*Prog.* I'm obliged to you ; but, as I have nothing to do, I shall not trouble you.

*Geo.* Trouble ! it would be my pleasure, uncle. In adversity, friends should prove what before they professed.

*Prog.* Sir, my farm cost me £6000. Well ! I could afford it ; it was insured for £8000. Well, they can afford it ; and, as it is burnt to ashes, they must down with the dust ; so you see "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good."

*Geo.* My dear uncle, I am afraid you reckon without your host that you will not get a shilling from them.

*Prog.* What ?

*Geo.* They assert that your farm was fired through wilful neglect, and if they can prove it your policy might as well have been burnt with your property.

*Prog. (jumping up).* I'm ruined ! I'm ruined ! all my savings gone ! After keeping a shilling ordinary for thirty years I shall want a dinner. I'm dished at last.

*Geo.* Never mind, sir, as one of the family—

*Prog.* As one of the plagues of Egypt !

*Geo.* I have not the plague-spot in my hand when I offer it to you, and ask you to share my earnings.

*Prog.* George, but for this accident you should not repent this kindness.

*Geo.* But for this accident I could not have proved my disinterested regard for you.

*Prog.* But I'll not stand it. I'll go to law. I'll serve them with *a fieri facias*.

*Geo.* Don't put yr

tion.

*Prog.* Why not? my constitution is strong, and I can afford it; damme, it's the only thing I can afford now.

*Geo.* Coolness and caution must be our weapons; nothing is yet decided; I have some influence with the directors, they are always open to reason, and you shall not be wronged out of your rights, if I can help it.

*Prog.* Oh, you dear boy! your kindness is engraven here—I'll not say more now, only recommend you to keep secret that my farm is insured; something may happen—I am rather anxious that my intended son-in-law should not know.

*Geo.* Your intended son-in-law! Mr. Augustus, whom I have seen with you you or three times?

*Prog.* The same; he's a musical director of concerts in the suburbs, as harmonious as disinterested; he counts on having £4000 with Dinah, but, thanks to the fire, I dare say he'll be content with half.

*Geo.* Not a word shall escape my lips; this Mr. Tomkins is very rich then.

*Prog.* Not yet, but with the money I shall advance him, he will be; he is going to start a perambulating concert-room—a magnificent idea—engage a host of foreigners, and visit all the principal towns in the world.

*Geo.* And you would give your daughter to a man like this—a perambulating musician!

*Prog.* What can I do better? I love music—love it passionately; why not? I can afford it.

*Griz.* (*without, D. in F.*) Oh, very well, first door on the right; thank you, much obliged.

*Prog.* Some one comes. (*To Geo.*) My dear boy, I have no hope but in you.

*Geo.* Rely upon my zeal. I'll return to the office, meet me there in an hour, and bring your policy of insurance with you.

[*Erit, D. in F.*]

*Enter GRIZZLE, D. in F.*

*Griz.* (*L.*) Mr. Prog?

*Prog.* (*R.*) The same.

*Griz.* You Mr. Prog?

*Prog.* I am the gentleman.

*Griz.* Gentleman!

*Prog.* Does that astonish you?

*Griz.* You kept an ordinary

*Prog.* Yes, sir.

*Griz.* At a shilling a head.

*Prog.* Yes, sir.

*Griz.* I've dined with you often. (*Sighing*) Oh dear!

*Prog.* Why do you sigh?

*Griz.* Sigh! it's enough to make any man sigh (*spitefully*), to think, that an ordinary man, at a shilling a head, beer included, (that is, small) has made his fortune; while I, who helped you into this galloping consumption of eatables, am poor and out at elbows—'tis humiliating, is it not?

*Prog.* Sir, this language—

*Griz.* Why you (*calming his rage*)—I'm wrong, excuse me—misfortune has soured me—I am a lost individual.

*Prog.* Oh, I see, (*aside*) a shabby-genteel beggar. I'll give him sixpence, and get rid of him (*takes money from his pocket*). Here, friend, I am not rich, and this is all I can afford (*offering him money*).

*Griz.* Sixpence! sixpence! do you mean to insult me?

*Prog.* Who and what the devil are you?

*Griz.* You don't know me—nothing personal? then all's forgotten, forgiven. I'm Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte tuner.

*Prog.* Recommended by Mrs. Smith?

*Griz.* Even so.

*Prog.* Why didn't you say so at first?

*Griz.* I forgot it. When I looked at you, your face recalled a thousand things to my recollection; above all, it reminded me of my wife.

*Prog.* Is she like me?

*Griz.* Like you! nasty brute! I see you wish to insult me.

*Prog.* I tell you, I don't.

*Griz.* Like you! Not so bad as that neither; no, sir, no; but we used to dine at your house together.

*Prog.* Ah, indeed! then you—

*Griz.* Exactly so. Poor Emma! Curses on the villain who stole my Emma from me; for, spite of myself, I regret her loss.

*Prog.* Have you lost her then?

*Griz.* No, she has lost herself; but don't let us speak of that, (*crying*,) whenever I think of her my heart is ready to burst.

*Prog.* Indeed! poor man, how I pity you.

*Griz.* Sir, I require no man's pity; no one shall pity me, sir; to pity me is to insult me.

*Prog.* Well, I won't pity you; so go and tune my daughter's piano; to-night we sign her marriage-contract, and 'tis a good occasion for showing off her talent.

*Griz.* I heard of this marriage, this morning, at Mrs. Jenkins's! You know Mrs. J., delightful woman to chat with—speaks ill of every body.

*Prog.* Indeed!

*Griz.* She says, that your daughter does not love Mr. Tomkins, and that she is very fond of her cousin, Mr. George Allen. It's no affair of mine—I know neither one nor the other—but, take my word for it, my Emma's example may be followed.

*Prog.* Well, time will show; but I have to go out on business; and, as it is going to rain—

*Griz.* (*quickly*). Is it really going to rain?

*Prog.* Yes, and I must make haste before it comes down.

*Griz.* And to think that I don't know the scoundrel who has carried off what I prized so dearly.

*Prog.* Ah, your wife?

*Griz.* No, my umbrella.

*Prog.* Your umbrella?

*Griz.* There must have been a plot against me; a man whom I have never seen; well, sir, he has deprived me of her.

*Prog.* Her! was it a feminine umbrella?

*Griz.* No, my Ma.

*Prog.* Your Ma?

*Griz.* Yes, her name is Emma; for shortness, I call her Ma, My lawful wedded wife, a lovely young creature, besides a family umbrella that had walked with grandfather, father, and son, on every cloudy day—only eighteen years old, with flaxen ringlets, a mouth like a rose, a Grecian nose—she wished to make a parasol of it.

*Prog.* Of her nose?

*Griz.* No, no, of my umbrella, an heir-loom;—the villain to deprive me of them both!

*Prog.* 'Tis a sad business, but permit me to observe—

*Griz.* (*quickly*). On that very day it rained in torrents, and I had returned home for my lamented—umbrella; but, imagine my horror, I found neither umbrella nor wife.

*Prog.* My good friend, that is not the point in question.

*Griz.* But, there's the crime, sir; wives run away every day, that's nothing; very likely they have taken away yours; but they dare not take away your umbrella; there's the crime—your wife is not your goods; but your umbrella is; if a man run away with your umbrella, he's transported; but, if he run away with your wife, he's delighted.

*Prog.* Well, sir, if you will not listen to me—

*Griz.* I'll show you proof; a note (*feeling in his pockets*),—no, I haven't got it about me, but I remember all the expressions: "Beautiful Emma, cease to be sorrowful, to-morrow at two, I will tear you from your tyrant, and conduct you to—you *know* where"—but no name—no, no; the scoundrel! Well, sir, I was like a madman, I rushed into the street without my hat, went to all my friends and neighbours, and gave an exact description of her—covered with green silk, an ivory hawk's head, and mother-of-pearl eyes. Now have I not cause to hate the whole human race? You have done me no harm, but I hate you; and when it rains, I hate myself, I hate the world, I hate every thing.

*Prog.* But, my good sir, what have I to do with your wife or your umbrella?

*Griz.* Enough, sir, I understand you. Where is your umbrella?

*Prog.* My what?

*Griz.* I beg pardon, your piano.

*Prog.* (*showing him to room R.*) In that room—put it in proper order—I don't care about the expense—I can afford it.

*Griz.* (*crosses R.*) Ha, ha, insult my poverty, do, do.

*Prog.* (*aside*). What a queer fellow!

*Griz.* (*aside*). An old, selfish, poisoning, shilling ordinary rascal, to have made a fortune by the digestive organs, when with tuning pianofortes, I am as poor as Job, but I was born to misery, so it's my father's fault, not mine. (*goes into room R.*)

*Prog.* I thought I should never get rid of him. Ah! there's the rain coming down in torrents; but it mustn't prevent me from going to the insurance office—I must take a coach, I can afford it, and I will.

*Enter AUGUSTUS TOMKINS, D. in F., closing umbrella.*

*Tom. (L.)* Good morning, father-in-law.

*Prog. (R.)* Oh! 'tis you Augustus is it? What a storm!

*Tom.* Yes, horrid; I've just stepp'd over with a bouquet for my intended (*showing it*). I wouldn't wait for a coach, so trusted to my umbrella. Where the devil shall I put it? it's famously soaked.

*Prog.* I'll put it in my study (*goes into L. room*).

*Tom.* Thank you, it's very strange he does not appear more serious; 'tis a false alarm, no doubt.

*Prog. (re-entering from room L.)* Well, son-in-law, how goes on the music?

*Tom. (R.)* Better than ever; the age is decidedly musical, and we are daily becoming more melodious.

*Prog.* Glad to hear it, hope you will soon make your fortune.

*Tom.* Be assured I shall; I have several capital plans, you cannot imagine what I have in my head; I have millions there—by the by, I have come to ask you to advance me a few hundreds.

*Prog.* Sorry, my dear Tomkins, very sorry, but I am unfortunately in a very distressing position.

*Tom.* Indeed! then it's true that your farm is burnt down?

*Prog.* Too true, my dear friend.

*Tom.* The devil! (*puts the bouquet in his pocket.*)

*Prog.* Consequently you must feel that the fortune of my daughter must suffer by it, and since you have millions in your head, it can matter very little to you whether I give my daughter a few hundreds more or less.

*Tom. (aside).* So, so, a few hundreds.

*Prog.* Have you any objections?

*Tom.* None, none, I assure you.

*Prog.* Very well, then we will sign the contract to-night; I must leave you now, for I have to go into the City on particular business. Dinah will be here directly, and I think you like her company better than mine. [*Exit, D. in F.*]

*Tom.* Ha! ha! ha! I won't contradict you. The devil! I am nicely taken in, I reckoned on receiving at least 4000*l.* with the girl; I dare say now he won't give her half, perhaps only 500*l.* cash, the other five I have already touched; he thinks I will marry his daughter—I had made up my mind to it. I have broken off my affair with Emma, old Grizzle the pianoforte tuner's wife; she was invulnerable, and, I hear, is gone back to her husband. I will not marry old Prog's daughter;—but stay, if I refuse the old fellow will be furious, and arrest me for the money I owe him, and I have not a shilling in the world. I must arrange that the refusal shall come from him. Ah! an idea—a double bass idea—my father-in-law doesn't know my handwriting, and an anonymous letter will do the business (*sits down*); I'll say I'm a drunkard, a gambler, and a libertine, without honour or honesty, morals or conduct; a liar, a scoundrel, and every thing else that is respectable in that way (*writing at table R.*) "I heard sir, that you are on the point of uniting your daughter—um—um—um—

GRIZZLE enters from room B.

Gris. (crosses L.) My usual luck! I've broken two strings, I must go and buy some.

Tom. The devil! I'm not alone.

Gris. There is a shop close at hand. (Perceiving TOMKINS) Ah! who's that?

Tom. I have never seen this person before, 'tis a new servant, no doubt. (Writes again.)

Gris. Can this be the intended of the young lady, or only the cousin?

Tom. There, it is done (folding letter).

Gris. (going to window, in flat, R.) Let me see if it rains, still.

Tom. Now for the address.

Gris. Pouring! never mind; I'll run through it, 'tis not far (going).

Tom. I say, my friend!

Gris. His friend!

Tom. Do you know if there is a twopenny post-office in this neighbourhood?

Gris. There is one opposite the music-shop (sulkily).

Tom. Is it far?

Gris. About 150 yards.

Tom. Far enough to get wet; and this letter should be put into the office directly.

Gris. Give me your letter and I will throw it into the box as I pass. (takes it.)

Tom. Thank you, my good man; by the by, I can lend you an umbrella.

Gris. An umbrella! Do you mean to insult me?

Tom. Hey!

Gris. (at the door). I had one once, a family relic—no matter, no matter.

Tom. I assure you my dear fellow—

Gris. (going up to him). Your dear fellow! That's what my wife used to say, and when it rained, as it does now, would keep me dry as hay—no matter; your umbrella! ha! ha! ha! your umbrella. [Exit, D. in F.]

Tom. A monstrous queer fellow! what the devil did he mean? Never mind, he has done me a service: thanks to him, I can have an interview with my intended before I leave the house, and adroitly prepare her for the rupture I meditate—ah! here she is!

Enter DINAH, D. in F.

Din. (L.) Did you wish to see me?

Tom. (R.) I am always wishing to see you, charming Dinah; but I fear the wish is not reciprocal on your part.

Din. Have I said any thing to make you think that your presence was disagreeable to me?

Tom. No; but yet, in spite of yourself, I have perceived—perhaps, another more fortunate than myself.

Din. Another! What would you say, sir?



*Enter GEORGE, D. in F.*

*Tom.* Your cousin, doubtless, can answer for me.

*Din.* George!

*Tom.* Come in, Mr. Allen; come in, sir.

*Geo.* How I detest the fellow! (*aside.*)

*Tom.* I am sorry; one too many, I perceive.

*Geo.* What do you say, sir?

*Tom.* Nothing; but there are secrets that have not escaped my penetration. No, my friends, you do not know me. Augustus Tomkins, the natural protector of love and harmony, disunite two hearts beating in unison? Never. No—I'll sacrifice myself for you. Your happiness shall be mine. No thanks—adieu. What I feel here will reward me sufficiently—adieu—be happy! be happy!

[*Runs off, D. in F.*

*Geo.* What does this mean? Explain.

*Din.* Why, he, no doubt, knows you have paid your addresses to me.

*Geo.* He knows that I love you, and you think that he is generous enough to resign you? Hope returns to me.

*Din.* You conclude too fast—there is still my father's consent wanting.

*Geo.* Never fear; I have some good news for him—news that will make him happy.

*Din.* Indeed! then I begin to have hopes myself.

*Geo.* You love me, then? Oh, celestial cousin!

[*Kisses her hand.*

*GRIZZLE appears at door in F.*

*Griz.* Ah!

*Geo.* The devil!

[*Runs off, L. door.*

*Din.* A stranger!

[*Runs off, R. door.*

*Griz.* So, so. I've spoilt their billing and cooing; 'twas Miss Prog—lets a young man kiss her hand before she is married—hum—hum—they're all alike—this it is to teach girls to play "Love among the roses" on the piano; but, apropos, the young man who confided this letter to me, must be mad. As I was putting it into the post, I looked at the address; and, to my astonishment, I read, "To Peter Prog, Esq.;" the Peter Prog, who lives here, no doubt; and so I thought I would save the old fellow twopence by delivering it myself. I hate the human race, but such is my character, I will always save a man twopence, if I can, when it costs me nothing.

*Enter PROG, D. in F.*

*Prog.* (*L.*) I couldn't find my nephew at the office.

*Griz.* (*R.*) Talk of the devil—Mr. Prog.

*Prog.* Ah, Mr. Grizzle! is the piano in order?

*Griz.* Not yet—an accident; these sort of things are always happening to me particularly; but that's nothing—there is a letter for you.

*Prog.* A letter! from my nephew.

*Griz.* Very likely, he looked like one of the family.

*Prog.* Yes, he's a fine fellow! (*opening letter.*)

*Griz.* I merely meant in manners.

*Prog.* (*trying to read.*) The—he—hear—hum—what a scrawl; 'tis impossible to decipher a syllable—only look at it. (*giving letter to GRIZZLE.*)

*Griz.* Really, it seems to have been written by a fly that has accidentally dropped into the ink.

*Prog.* What's the signature?

*Griz.* It has none.

*Prog.* 'Tis very singular.

*Griz.* I think I can make it out. (*reading.*) "I hear, sir, that you are on the point of uniting," surely I know this hand.

*Prog.* Why do you stop?

*Griz.* Be quiet, be quiet—"on the point of u-uniting your daughter to Mr. Augustus Tomkins, I think it necessary to warn you"—eh! warn you.

*Prog.* To warn you.

*Griz.* It looks exactly like warn— . . . "to warn you that he is a libertine, a bad-conducted fellow, and a gambler."

*Prog.* What an atrocious calumny!

*Griz.* Mr. Anonymous may be a rival.

*Prog.* Ah, true, my nephew—the rascal has disguised his hand.

*Griz.* I should think so, or else he was educated before charity-schools were in vogue.

*Prog.* Go on.

*Griz.* "At this very moment he is living with a young woman whom he has carried off from her husband"—(*laughing.*) Ha! ha! capital, capita!

*Prog.* It makes you laugh then.

*Griz.* Yes, yes, I have a sort of ferocious joy on such occasions. Another husband deceived, ha! ha! ha! so much the better, the more the merrier—(*laughing.*) Ha! ha! ha!

*Prog.* Go on, go on.

*Griz.* "You will not doubt what I advance, when you know the lady's name." Ah! ha, now we shall know who she is.

*Prog.* It seems to delight you.

*Griz.* To be sure, to be sure, you never had a wife taken from you, or you'd be as pleased, as I am—"this young woman is called Emma"—oh! Lord! I'm very ill—(*sinks into a chair.*)

*Prog.* Emma! (*taking letter.*)

*Griz.* I must have made a mistake.

*Prog.* No; "Emma, and her husband is Mr. Gregory Grizzle, pianoforte tuner." Why that's you!

*Griz.* Yes, yes, I am the unhappy wretch! oh, villainous Tomkins, I shall know you at last—you then have carried off my umbrella.

*Prog.* Still I'll not believe that Tomkins—

*Griz.* But I'll believe it. Where is he, where does he live, name his place of abode, that I may annihilate him, crush him to bits?

*Prog.* Don't put yourself in a passion.

*Griz.* Why not? I ought to be in a passion, and I will be so.

Has he not left me for the last fortnight exposed to all the inclemencies of society and the weather?

*Prog.* Still you must not condemn him unheard.

*Griz.* But I will condemn him unheard.

*Prog.* I'll go to him, and if he doesn't justify himself, I will find another son-in-law—I can afford it.

*Griz.* Perhaps you can, but I can't afford it. But where shall I find another family umbrella?

*Prog.* Will you wait for me here till the affair is explained?

*Griz.* Well, well, I will; but make haste, for I'm in such a state of nervous excitement I shall do something desperate. *(Takes up a chair and flourishes it over his head.)*

*Prog.* Be calm, be calm, I'll return immediately. *[Exit, D. in F.]*

*Griz.* Now, Tomkins! damnable Tomkins! you cannot escape me; hide yourself where you will, I'll find you—stay; on entering this room a little while ago, the individual who was kissing Miss Prog's hand—if it should be Tomkins, he is there in that room. *(pointing to door, L.)* Oh, Heavens! thoughts of murder and blood flash across my mind. *(GEORGE appearing at door, L., with the umbrella.)*

*Geo.* Mr. Prog does not come, so I'll return to the counting-house, notwithstanding the rain.

*Griz.* There he is.

*Geo.* I have taken the liberty of borrowing this umbrella which I found in the room.

*Griz. (a.)* Umbrella! my umbrella, by all that's horrible! 'tis he, no doubt—Tomkins, the destroyer of my peace.

*Geo. (going).* I'll bring it back at night.

*Griz.* You shall not stir. *(standing before the door in F.)*

*Geo.* What would you with me, friend?

*Griz.* I have found you at last, wretch!—look at me—let me examine you face to face. He's not even good looking.

*Geo.* Sir, I am as fond of a joke as any man, from those I know but from you, a total stranger—

*Griz.* A stranger! you don't know me? but you shall, you shall. *(mysteriously,)* Grizzle.

*Geo.* No.

*Griz.* Pianoforte tuner.

*Geo.* No.

*Griz.* Air-street.

*Geo.* No.

*Griz.* Husband of Emma.

*Geo.* No.

*Griz.* No! you don't know me? But you have got my umbrella, infamous robber! Do you know me now? do you deny my umbrella?

*Geo.* Does it belong to you then?

*Griz.* You know it does.

*Geo.* For what do you take me then?

*Griz.* For a reptile, a knave of hearts, a thief!

*Geo.* This is beyond bearing, and if you persist—*(raising umbrella).*

*Griz.* Strike—do—assassinate me—put the finishing blow to your

crimes, and bring yourself to the gallows! Ah! you dare not do it; you fear the scaffold, coward that you are (*in a sepulchral voice*). The scaffold! the scaffold!

*Geo.* Stand out of the way then.

*Gris.* You stir not hence—give me back my wife—where is she, where is she—where is Emma?

*Geo.* Once more, will you leave me alone?

*Gris.* Give me back my wife.

*Geo.* Go to the devil.

*Gris.* Then let me go to my wife—you won't?—then keep her; 'twill be a sufficient punishment; but, at least, give me back my umbrella; my wife is culpable, but my umbrella—give me back my umbrella.

*Geo.* Are you mad?

*Gris.* Yes, my umbrella, my umbrella. (*seising it.*)

*Geo.* You shall not have it. (*holding it.*)

*Gris.* Leave go, sir, leave go. (*pulling.*)

*Geo.* I won't, I won't. (*pulling.*)

*Gris.* Oh you thief! you unfeeling robber (*pulling.*)

*Enter DINAH.*

*Din.* What is the meaning of this noise?

*Gris.* Come here, Miss (*pulling*), and let your presence confound him.

*Geo.* Don't listen to him, Dinah, he is mad.

*Gris.* Hold your tongue, you cannibal, hold your tongue, I despise you. Yes, Miss, this man, who is making love to you, is a villain;—you know you are. Taking advantage of the rain one day, he walked off with my wife, a vile seducer! and has lived, for the last fortnight, with my umbrella.

*Din.* Good gracious!

*Gris.* Never marry him, never. In the first place, I know you wouldn't like him—I know you wouldn't; besides, I can give you other reasons—I can, you highway robber, you know I can—Mr. Prog knows all about it.

*Geo.* Mr. Prog?

*Gris.* (*letting go the umbrella*). Never mind, you cannot escape me; I go to seek for a letter, your rascally letter; after that, I will never leave you, never—

*Geo.* Leave the room, sir.

*Enter TOMKINS, D. in F.*

*Tom.* What's the matter?

*Gris.* (*to TOMKINS*). Oh, my dear friend, thanks to you, I shall be revenged. (*to GEORGE*). Oh, you villain!

*Geo.* Leave the room, sir, or by heaven—

*Gris.* The scaffold—the scaffold—Newgate—Monday morning, 8 o'clock—my wife—my umbrella! [*Exit, D. in F.*]

*Tom.* (*c.*) What does he mean?

*Geo.* (*L.*) Really I don't know, he has been abusing me in an outrageous manner, but for what I cannot imagine.

*Din.* (*R.*) What he has said was very clear—your conduct is shameful.

*Geo.* Why, cousin, he's mad!

*Din.* No such thing, sir; I have seen him at Mrs. Primrose's often, and I believe every thing he has said about you.

*Geo.* Indeed! (*crosses to her*). He told me just now that he knew you could not bear me.

*Tom.* (*L.*) What's all this? a quarrel between two lovers who adore each other.

*Din.* I can never love a man of intrigue.

*Geo.* Nor I a coquette. (*crosses to L.*)

*Tom.* (*c.*) Come, come, be friends; follow my advice; I have a right to give it, since I have sacrificed my own love.

*Din.* You were wrong, Mr. Tomkins, for 'tis you alone whom I esteem, and I am ready to marry you.

*Geo.* Perfidious woman!

*Tom.* The devil! this will never do (*aside*).

*Din.* When my father returns I will tell him so.

*Tom.* I beg pardon, I merely call'd for my umbrella; oh, you have it in your hand.

*Geo.* Is this umbrella yours, then?

*Tom.* Certainly.

*Geo.* Indeed! it was claimed by another person just now.

*Tom.* Mr. Prog will certify to you that it is mine.

*Geo.* (*giving it*). That's sufficient—I know you—there it is. (*aside*) I'm out of that scrape.

*Tom.* Adieu, my friends—make it up—too happy that your happiness is my work.

[*Going to exit through door in R., stopped by Mr. PROG, who enters.*]

*Prog.* Ah! Tomkins, I have just been to your house.

*Tom.* Indeed!

*Prog.* (*L. c.*) I have learnt some fine things about you, sir.

*Tom.* (*a. c.*) (*aside*). Good, he has received my letter.

*Prog.* I hope you will be able to clear yourself, otherwise I—Ah nephew! Well!

*Geo.* (*L.*) Some excellent news, the insurance will be paid to the utmost farthing.

*Tom.* (*aside*). What do I hear? Your farm then was insured?

*Prog.* For a third more than its value.

*Tom.* I've made a nice thing of this. Father-in-law, I rejoice at your good fortune, and hope you will, at once, fix the day for my union with your charming daughter.

*Prog.* To the point (*taking out letter*), I have been written to, sir—I have in my hand a letter relative to you—

*Tom.* A letter!

*Prog.* Which speaks of all sorts of dreadful things. Yes, sir, it states that you have enticed a certain Emma, the wife of a Mr. Grizzle, pianoforte tuner, from her home.

*Din.* 'Tis he then.

*Geo.* You see how every thing comes out.

*Tom.* I have enemies, Mr. Prog, and, above all, a rival; there he is, and 'tis he alone can have written that infamous letter.

*Geo.* (*taking letter from Prog*). Look, uncle, is this my writing?

*Tom.* Pshaw! you have, of course, disguised your hand, and he has put the Grizzle affair to my account, when he is the guilty party.

*Din.* Just now Mr. Grizzle had a dreadful scene with him

*Tom.* You hear.

*Geo.* I shall choke with rage.

*Din.* Cousin, your conduct is abominable.

*Geo.* Mr. Tomkins, we must fight, sir.

*Tom.* Pooh, nonsense!

*Prog.* Go, sir, leave the house—I've done with you, sir, for ever.

*Geo.* My uncle, you are deceived.

*Enter GRIZZLE, door in F.*

*Griz.* (*pointing out GEORGE.*) Ah! there he is! my dear friend, let me embrace you. (*Embraces him.*)

*Prog.* Here's another.

*Geo.* (*L.*) You suffocate me.

*Griz.* (*L.C.*) Don't try to shun my gratitude, you are the most generous of men; yes, you see before you the most generous of men.

*Prog.* (*c.*) My friend, have the kindness to speak intelligibly, for upon my word, at present—

*Griz.* Mr. Prog, this morning you saw me melancholy, misanthropical, the chain of my existence was unhinged, I was like a piano with the strings broken, all jar and discord; but now I'm in tune again, for on entering my house just now I found—

*Prog.* Your umbrella.

*Griz.* No; my wife, my Emma!

*Tom.* (*L. c.*) (*aside.*) Emma!

*Griz.* The dear Emma, threw herself into my arms, a thing she never did before, and to whom do I owe this happiness? To him whom I accused, to this excellent and good friend, Tomkins. (*To GEORGE.*)

*Geo.* You are still in the umbrella error.

*Griz.* Hold your tongue your perfection of Tomkins's, let me publish your virtues; Mr. Prog, my wife is very jealous, my profession of pianoforte tuner, brings me in contact with numberless young ladies, Emma did not like it; she was tenacious of her Grizzle; so much so that she had almost determined to throw herself into the river.

*Prog.* Well, well.

*Griz.* I should, however, tell you she had taken with her my umbrella. This gentleman (*to GEORGE*) passing at the time, saw, on Waterloo Bridge, my young wife leaning on the umbrella—no, no; on the parapet! he ran and found her drown'd.

*Prog.* Drown'd.

*Griz.* In tears. He consoled her, and walked with her home, carrying in his hand my grandfather's umbrella, which in his hurry he forgot to return. (*shaking GEORGE's hand.*) Good creature, Emma begged him to escort her to her aunt's, who lives at Putney, and 'tis that which gave rise to that letter which caused all my suspicions.

*Prog.* Yes, yes, "charming Emma!"

*Griz.* "Dry your sorrows."

*Prog.* "To-morrow about—"

*Griz.* "Two o'clock, &c. &c.," you know it was as well as I

do. (*giving letter to GEORGE.*) There it is, I return it to you, generous man, you have triumphed over my blue devils, and I feel again in my heart love for my fellow-creatures; I wish every one to live a thousand years, with twenty thousand a year, and a dozen or two of children; the universe has changed its aspect, human nature appears beautiful to me, and the ugliest person seems handsome, even you, Prog, look handsome. By the by, generous man, will you allow me to ask what you have done with my umbrella?

Geo. Ask that gentleman there, he says it belongs to him.

Griz. To him? has he the effrontery—

Tom. No, Mr. Grizzle, 'tis yours, and I beg leave to return it.

Griz. (*taking it hastily.*) Very well, sir—being without delicacy! I say it before Mr. Prog, though he is your nephew, he is a being without delicacy.

Prog. My nephew! really, sir, I—

Griz. Don't defend him; 'twas he who wrote the anonymous letter against my friend, Tomkins!

Prog. Against Tomkins!

Griz. I saw him myself concocting the devilry.

Tom. (*aside.*) He will betray me.

Geo. (*who has examined the note.*) Why, really this letter is in the same handwriting as the other, look at it. (*Giving letter to PROG.*)

Prog. Can I believe my spectacles!

Tom. (*aside.*) All is up.

Prog. Oh, Tomkins, I'm ashamed of you.

Griz. You mean George.

Prog. No, no, Tomkins. (*Pointing to TOMKINS, R.*)

Griz. No, no, that's George, and this is Tomkins. (*Pointing to GEORGE, L.*)

Prog. No, no, that's Tomkins, and this is George.

Griz. Is it possible! (*Crosses to TOMKINS and embracing him*) My dear sir, I beg your pardon, you are my friend.

Prog. Really, I don't understand this.

Geo. But I do, and will explain.

Tom. (*aloud.*) No further explanation is necessary, sir. You love Miss Dinah, she loves you, take her, and be happy.

Prog. What? what? what?

Tom. I resign her. Good morning. (*going.*)

Prog. Stay, stay, you owe me £500.

Griz. Never mind. I'll pay you.

Prog. You! how?

Griz. With my umbrella.

Prog. Pahaw! it's not worth sixpence.

Griz. I beg your pardon, its value is immense; it is an object of public curiosity. I could make a fortune by showing it at a penny a head. Look, isn't there something very patriarchal about it; observe this patch and the handle; is there such another umbrella in the world? No! in itself it is valuable for its singularity; but when such an affecting story is connected with it, when it has been the cause of such unparalleled domestic distress, it becomes invaluable—who would not like to possess such a treasure—no individual can purchase it; but, to accommodate the

public and the world in general, I've hit upon an expedient, I'll raffle it; and, to render the excitement greater, my wife, the affectionate and beautiful Mrs. Grizzle, shall superintend the arrangements; now don't you see your paltry £500. Come, generous friends, (*to TOMKINS*), come under this faithful shelter, and form, with me, an interesting tableau! (*Puts up his umbrella.*) There, I've put up my umbrella; (*TOMKINS goes to GRIZZLE*); long may it rain over us, and bear the heaviest shower of applause your approbation may pour down upon my

"YOUNG WIFE AND MY OLD UMBRELLA."

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DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

PROG.      TOMKINS.      DINAH.      GEORGE.

R.]

[L.]

23





THE LENOX AND  
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS



no. 6

THE  
**COUNTRY SQUIRE;**

OR,  
TWO DAYS AT THE HALL,  
AN ORIGINAL COMEDY,  
In Two Acts,

BY  
CHARLES DANCE, Esq.,  
(MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.)

AS PERFORMED AT THE  
THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH  
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC  
ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT,  
AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

WITH A  
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MRS. GLOVER.

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SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING,  
BY ORRIN SMITH, FROM A DRAWING BY PIERCE EGAN, THE  
YOUNGER, TAKEN DURING THE REPRESENTATION OF  
THE PIECE.

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LONDON:  
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1837  
LLR

1850, 1851

W. S. JOHNSON, "NASSAU PRESS," NASSAU STREET, SOHO.

## DEDICATION.

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MY DEAR FARREN,

There is perhaps no gratification more complete than that which a Dramatic Writer experiences in seeing a pet part of his own faultlessly performed.

You have afforded me that gratification in Squire Broadlands and as a small but earnest acknowledgment of it I have sincere pleasure in dedicating this Piece to you.

Believe me to remain,

Very faithfully your's,

CHARLES DANCE.

Garrick Club,



AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

Mrs. GLOVER.

I am a *glover*, and one of *better ton*  
May not be found 'twixt this and Abingdon.  
Your hands therefore, for I have many mouths  
That look to me for food.

PETER PEEBLES.

Mrs. Glover, is the daughter of Mr. Betterton, and though they say women and music should never be dated, first saw the light at Newry, on January the 8th, 1782. Her father being an actor of some repute, she was to the manner born, and at the early age of five, made her first appearance on any stage, at York, as the *Page*, in Otway's tragedy of *The Orphan or the Unhappy Marriage*, consequently has been an actress full fifty years and is the mother of the histrionic profession. Tate Wilkinson, that most eccentric of managers, was so delighted with her performance, that he presented her with five pounds, and though it was customary to give children half a crown, or five shillings per night, for their infantine displays, Miss Betterton being a very "Triton of the Minnows" received half a guinea. In short she was a star, and George Frederick Cooke thought so much of her, as to enact Glumdalca, to her Tom Thumb, and in the love scene placed his little Thumb on the palm of his hand, to receive (as our modern play bills would describe it) the reiterated bravo's and applauding shouts of an audience crowded to the ceiling. Between the age of thirteen and fourteen, for she was as precocious in person as in talent, she went to Bath to lead the business, and made her curtsy to the fashionable water-drinkers, with the most perfect success. Her fame reached London, and Mr. Harris, the then proprietor of Covent Garden, made her an offer of £10 per week, which was refused. The following season he offered her £12 per week, but was ultimately glad to conclude an engagement with her at 15, 16, 18, and 20 pounds per week, for five years. On the 12th of October, 1797, Mrs. Glover, then Miss Betterton, put her talent to the test before a London audience, in the character of *Elvina*, in Mrs. Hannah More's tragedy of *Percy*, and came off triumphantly. Mrs. Glover possesses an extraordinary memory; we quote an instance that came under our own observation in the Haymarket Green-room last summer. The conversation turning on the Dramas of times gone by, she repeated scene after scene of the tragedy of *Percy* verbatim, though she had not read or seen it for thirty years. Notwithstanding the eclat of Mrs. Glover's tragic efforts, she was obliged to resign her throne of Melpomene to Mrs. Pope, and make a bold effort to firmly seat herself on that of Thalia, which she accomplished by appearing in *Charlotte Rusport*, in the *West Indian*, to the great delight of all, especially the author (Cumberland), who instantly named her for the heroine of his new comedy, called *False Impressions*, and speaker of the epilogue, a post of great honour in those days, and one which she did not fail to make the most of. Here she remained the full term of her engagement, though rather unfairly treated, through the appearance and favouritism of Mrs. H. Johnstone, having to drag the heavy tragedy queens their slow length along, because her salary was too large for the management to allow of her being kept idle, or probably they thought, clever souls,



## BIOGRAPHY.

to annoy her into a resignation. During this engagement, in the year 1799, her worthy father, Mr. Betterton undertook for a bond of £1000, to obtain his daughter's consent to marry Mr. Glover, and though he never got the money, he compelled her to fulfil the contract, which she did on the 20th of March, 1800, and sealed for herself a series of miseries almost unparalleled. In 1803 she joined the Drury Lane establishment for one season only, a renewal of engagement for three years at a considerable advance, made by Bannister and Richardson, having been cavilled at by Baron Graham, the representative of Richardson, because Richardson had died before signing the agreement, and the learned Baron of the Exchequer, thinking the salary too much by two pounds per week; however, John Kemble was wise enough to secure her services on her own terms, and she returned to Covent Garden, for four years, and then only left on account of higher terms being required. After provincialising for some time, she joined the burnt out Drury Lane company, then acting at the Lyceum, now the English Opera House, and with them went to New Drury, and continued a member of the company during 1813 and 1814. From this time she was lost to the town, with the exception of a few nights at Covent Garden when Macready first appeared, and a short engagement at the Surrey, then under the sway of the facetious Tom Dibdin until 1818, when she again appeared at Drury and greatly aided in the success of Poole's clever farce of *Simpson & Co*, by her admirable personation of the perplexed Simpson's better half.

Mrs. Glover has ever since been a constant member and an ornament of the Haymarket Company, and in the winter, at one or the other of the great houses; but at no place is she seen to such advantage as at the Haymarket. Any one who has there seen her Estifania, Mrs. Malaprop, Mrs. Candour, Mrs. General Dartmouth, Mrs. Heidleburg, Mrs. Subtle, &c. &c. and heard her joyous laugh, has many a delightful hour to remember.

Mrs. Glover in private life has been most unfortunate, having married a man, who instead of being her protector and guide was her persecutor, and bane of her life. Luckily he has been dead some time, and on Valentine's day last she followed her father to the grave, after having entirely supported him for years. She has two sons and two daughters living, two of whom are married, and seem likely to perpetuate to a very considerable extent the name, if not the fame of a mother, whose only thought is the welfare and happiness of her children.

Mrs. Glover is of middle stature, fat, fair, and scarcely looks more than forty. When young (why do women ever grow old), she made many a man's heart beat for the possession of her's, and her dark lashed blue eyes even now, are what many a sweet girl would improve her looks by possessing. She is very attentive to her business, always perfect, was never known to disappoint an audience but twice, then only from accident, and is a very early riser; points, which we beg to recommend to the serious consideration of young ladies who think themselves far above the top of the histrionic tree, and who are too often affected with *part* colds, *imperfect* fevers, and *late* headaches. Here we close our brief memoir of a most inimitable actress, wishing that when she *retires* she could bequeath her talent to any one who would *worthily* fill her place.

B.—W.

*February 15th., 1837.*

## Remarks.

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This admirable little drama is purely English; English in construction, language, and character. Our love of country sparkles in the eyes of all during its representation and when in the last scene, the song of "*The Old English Gentleman*," is played and illustrated, it has never failed to have a most exciting effect; all seem wishing to shake "*The Country Squire's*" hand, but serve him more by shaking their own hands, which they do most heartily. The old English Gentleman, one of the olden time, is we fear nearly extinct, we say *fear* because the proper association of the landlord with his tenantry has always produced a happy result. In some isolated parts of the kingdom, the oxen and sheep may still be seen roasted whole on festive occasions, and in the midst of fashion, at Brighton, one of its most favoured resorts, that noble patriot of art, the Earl of Egremont may be seen on the anniversary of his birth entertaining a thousand persons in true old English style under the blue canopy of heaven, himself anxiously attending to their wants, walking from table to table, and by his affability, winning golden opinions from those less elevated in life than himself, but from whose efforts flow the riches of the land, both in money and matter; for it is a remarkable circumstance in the history of mankind, that some of the best books have been written, and some of the greatest achievements performed, by those whose origin was truly plebeian. *Nobilitas sola est atque unica virtus*. We cannot pass by unpraised the Morris-dance in this piece. It is admirably arranged and the nightly *encore* it is honoured with proves how well it is executed. While on this subject it may be well to mention that "*Morris-dancers*," is a vulgar corruption of the Spanish word "*morisco*," signifying a Moor, as well as a dance, wherein, there were usually five men, and a boy dressed in a girl's habit, called the "*Maid Morian*," from the Italian word "*morione*," a head piece, because her head was particularly gaily ornamented. It is a dance of great antiquity, and is still to be seen at wakes, fairs, and sometimes in the streets of London, though somewhat despoiled of its original character, Maid Morian being dispensed with, and the number of men varying from six to a dozen. Of the acting, we must allow the author to speak for himself, and he has requested us to offer his best thanks to Mrs. Glover, and all the Ladies and Gentlemen, who have so ably supported their respective parts in this drama, as well as to Mr. Henry Wallack, the Stage-Manager, for his friendly and judicious exertions during the progress of its rehearsals.

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### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. L second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left. T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# Dramatis Personæ, and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED JANUARY 19th, 1837.

SQUIRE BROADLANDS. (*1st. dress.*) Green shooting coat, buttoned up to the neck—Leather breeches, and shooting gaiters—Broad brimmed white hat—Coloured neckerchief—Shot belt—Gloves. (*2nd. dress.*) Dark blue coat, gilt buttons—Buckskin breeches—High top boots—White waistcoat and cravat—Close white wig and tail—Broad brimmed black hat. } Mr. W. Farrea.

HORACE. (*1st. dress.*) Dark bear-skin surtout—Dark trousers—Boots. (*2nd. dress.*) Fashionable black surtout, velvet waistcoat and trousers—(*3rd. dress.*) Brown Newmarket coat, basket buttons—Fashionable white trousers—Boots—Blue and white spotted neckkerchief—Light gloves. } Mr. J. Webster.

GEORGE. (*1st. dress.*) Brown great coat—Dark trousers—Travelling shawl, round the neck—Boots. (*2nd. dress.*) Olive surtout, slate colored waistcoat—dark trousers. (*3rd. dress.*) Claret dress coat, with gilt buttons—light waistcoat and trousers—Boots—Black stock. } Mr. Pritchard.

SPARROW. An olive-green short tail'd coat, with gilt buttons—Brown musquito pantaloons—Spotted waistcoat—Shoes—Light drab hat—White neckcloth. } Mr. Webster.

GUARD. Complete Mail coach guard's dress. } Mr. Harris.

SAMUEL. (*Servant to Horace.*) Drab great-coat—Travelling shawl—Breeches—Gaiters—Shoes. } Mr. Collett.

SERVANTS. White livery coats, trimmed with scarlet—Scarlet waistcoats, and plush breeches—White hose—Shoes. } Messrs. Paulo Becket and Andrews.

COOKS. White jackets—aprons and caps.

WRESTLERS. Nankeen tight dresses and belts.

MORRIS-DANCERS—Short smock frocks, with belts, and tied round the arms, above the wrists and elbows with coloured ribbons—blue breeches—white hose—black shoes; round straw hats with coloured ribbon and coloured neckerchiefs, &c.

SOPHY. (*1st. dress.*) A Pink satin dress—Satin bonnet, fashionably made. (*2nd dress.*) White muslin. } Miss Lee.

FANNY. (*1st dress.*) A handsome blue riding habit—round black hat—Gloves—Boots. (*2nd dress.*) Light blue silk pelisse, and bonnet. (*3rd dress.*) Black velvet spencer, and polish cap, trimmed with gold—White muslin scirt. (*4th dress.*) White muslin. } Miss Vincent.

TEMPERANCE. Fawn coloured silk dress, with white muslin pelerine and cap. } Mrs. Glover.

ALICE. A chintz gown—Blue silk kerchief and apron—White hose—Black shoes—Cap } Miss. Nicholson.

FEMALE ARCHERS. Same style as Fanny's third dress.

Time of representation 1 hour and 40 minutes.

# THE COUNTRY SQUIRE,

OR

TWO DAYS AT THE HALL.

## ACT, I.

**SCENE I.**—*The Park of Broadlands Hall. The Lodge R. and iron gates across stage, smaller gate practicable R. near lodge. The open country seen beyond.*

*The sound of a coach-horn is heard, Mail-coach GUARD appears, outside the gate, and rings the bell. After a short pause he rings again more violently.*

*Guard.* Hollo ! Lodge there ! Hollo ! What a sleepy set you are ! Lodge, there, I say !

*Alice.* (*Opening Lodge lattice window, and looking out.*) Coming ! What a hurry you are in ! I declare, you mail people are the plague of one's life ; you always come teasing one in the morning, before one's made one's-self as one should be !

*Guard.* Come, be alive ! Keep moving, there's a good lass !

*Alice.* I am alive, Mr. Guard ; but if I keep moving, how can I pin myself ? What have you got for us ?

*Guard.* A parcel from London, for the Squire.

*Alice.* Throw it over the gate, then.

*Guard.* Aye, but I want two and eight pence !

*Alice.* Throw it over, I tell you ; and I'll pay you to-morrow I can't come out, till I'm proper, and I won't !

*Guard.* (*Throwing parcel over the gate.*) There you are, then ! But you must come out ; 'cause here's two gentlemen and a servant coming, and I can't throw *them* over the gate !

[*Exit Guard, R. U. E.*

(*Alice shuts window—Horn heard again, a little further off.*)

*Enter from L. U. E. beyond gate, GEORGE SELWOOD, and HORACE AMELIUS SELWOOD, followed by SAM, carrying a Portmanteau and Carpet Bag. SAM, rings the Bell.*

*Enter ALICE, from Lodge Door, R. S. E.*

*Alice.* Three more males, I declare ! but of a different sort. The Squire's relations that be expected from London, no doubt ! Coming, gentlemen, coming ! (*Unlocks side gate, R. C. and curtseys, as the SELWOODS enter, followed by SAM.*)

*Geo. (Advancing c.)* Good morning to you, my dear! and a good morning it is indeed, for the weather is beautiful!

*Alice. (Who is L.)* Charming, sir!

*Horace. (On R. to Alice.)* And you are beautiful!

*Alice.* Charming, sir! (*checking herself*) Oh, dear! I beg your pardon, sir—I thought you were speaking of the weather.

*Horace.* You are both charming!

*Alice. (Curtseys.)* Thank, you, sir.

*Horace.* What's your name?

*Alice.* Alice, sir.

*Horace.* Then, my dear Alice.—(*Advancing a step.*)

*Geo. (Pushing him aside.)* Now, Horace, be quiet! do, for decency's sake, let some one woman alone.

*Horace. (Aside to him.)* My dear fellow, what on earth would you have me do? You saw that I couldn't let that woman in the coach alone—and this one is infinitely better looking—infinately! (*Attempts again to cross to her, GEORGE puts him back.*)

*Geo. (To Alice.)* Is the Squire at home?

*Alice.* Yes, sure, sir, he's up at the Hall, and he expects company, I know: I had best step up with you, sir—whoshall I say, sir?

*Geo.* The Squire's two nephews—Mr. George Selwood, and Mr. Horace Amelius Selwood.

*Alice.* La, sir! can it be really? Well, I never—I beg your pardon; but you don't recollect me—

*Geo. (c)* Faith, I don't!—Who are you?

*Alice.* Alice, sir, little Alice that was—niece to my aunt, sir—

*Geo.* Likely enough!

*Alice.* Yes, sir; but I meant niece to aunt Temperance—la! I thought every body must know my aunt! Why, she's the Squire's housekeeper, sir—la! sir! don't you recollect, tho' it is sixteen years ago, when you came down to the Hall to spend your Christmas holidays, and we all had a dance—Gentlefolks, tenants, servants, and all—and one of the Squire's nephews danced with a little dark girl—that was you, sir.

*Geo.* I a little dark girl, child!

*Alice.* No, sir, no—I was the little dark girl; you were the nephew.

*Geo.* You seem to have an excellent memory!

*Alice.* Capital, sir! And one of the Squire's nephews got into Aunt Temperance's room and stole two custards before dinner—that was you, too, sir.

*Horace.* Ahem! George!

*Geo. (Confused)* I forget about that.

*Alice.* And then the Squire's other nephew was a little fair-haired boy, with a sky-blue jacket, and a great many rows of white sugar-loaf buttons; and we used to call him—for you know, sir, servants will be familiar with gentlemen, when they are children; we used to call him, "Miss Molly Selwood!"

*Geo.* Ahem! Horace!

*Horace.* Poh! Nonsense!—I don't remember any thing about that—et us go and see Nunky!

*Geo.* Come then. Friend Alice, shew the way. (*They cross to L.*)

Geo. Sam ! follow us with the portmanteau.

[*Exeunt, HORACE and GEORGE, L.*]

Sam. (*Who has remained up the stage R.*) Yes, sir !

Alice. (*Going up to Sam.*) Here, let me help you up with it !  
How d'ye do, Mr. Sam ? as that seems to be your name.

Sam. (*Shaking hands with her.*) How d'ye do, Mrs. Alice, as that seems to be *your* name. I thought you did not mean to speak to me.

Alice. Oh ! but I did, tho' ! but gentlefolks before servants, always ! I'm glad to see you ; we're all glad to see one another here at the Hall, and the good old Squire is glad to see every body.

*Enter HORACE and GEORGE, L.*

Geo. (*To Horace, who is looking at Alice.*) Come along, Miss Molly Selwood !

Horace. Come along, Mr. Custard-stealer !

Geo. (*Looking round.*) Come along, Alice !

[*Exeunt GEORGE and HORACE L.*]

Alice. (*Following, then looks round.*) Come along, Sam ! [*Exit L.*]

Sam. (*Looking after them.*) All gone ? Then come along.  
portmanteau. [*Exit, L.*]

#### SCENE, II.—*A room at the Hall.*

*Enter SPARROW, L. looking at his watch.*

Sparrow. Alice ! Alice ! upon my word this is too bad ! It is already nineteen minutes and a half past the time at which you promised so to arrange as to meet me, by accident, at the clock in the Great Hall. Three times have I taken off the hands, and three times have I put them on again ! I have wound it up for the week, and set it for the day. Alice ! Alice ! I repeat, it is too bad ! Your neglect pains me as a lover ; and your want of punctuality hurts my feelings as a Watchmaker.

*Enter ALICE, L.*

Alice. Here's little Sparrow, I declare ! How d'ye do, Sparrow ?

Sparrow. How do I do, Alice ? What a question ! it only wants seven minutes to nine !

Alice. I didn't ask you what it was o' clock, you little goose ! I asked you how you did ?

Sparrow. Alice—dear, but late, Alice—I set myself by you, and I never do well when you don't—you are twenty three minutes after your time !

Alice. Nonsense ! how you tease one about half an hour, what does it signify ?

Sparrow. What does half an hour signify ? You astonish me ! Listen, while I teach you what half a minute may signify—what think you, where there is a large fortune in the case, of one brother of twins being born half a minute before the other ? What think you of a man being hanged, and a reprieve coming half a minute afterwards ? What think you of a woman being married, and—

Alice. What has all this to do with me ? I am no more likely to have a large fortune, than I am to be a twin brother—I have no intention of being hanged, and, what is worse, I don't expect to be married. (*Crosses to R.*)

B 1

*Sparrow.* Not expect to be married, Alice? Oh! Don't say so! Think of the length of time you have kept me in suspense. It was on the thirty first of August in last year, under the great Oak planted by the Squire's Grandfather, that I first ventured, at fourteen minutes past eight, P.M., to offer you my hand in marriage; and here on the first of May, at five minutes before nine, A.M., I am still anxiously waiting for your answer.

*Alice.* What a funny little man you are!

*Sparrow.* There it is again! I see how it will be, that little word, "little" will be the death of me! I wish to fate I could wind myself up till I was as tall as the Monument.

*Alice.* And do you think I should like you any better if you could?

*Sparrow.* What you *do* like me, then?

*Alice.* I didn't say that.

*Sparrow.* Then you don't like me?

*Alice.* I didn't say that.

*Sparrow.* Hang me if I can tell what you mean! Talk of mechanism indeed! Why a watch is nothing to a woman!—What I mean, myself, is this—Your great gawkey maypoles of men may sometimes get snubbed by the women; but they never get laughed at, as we under sized individuals do. Oh! Alice! if you could only see the size of my heart when I'm talking to you, you would think that it belonged to a giant! It feels to me as big as a kitchen clock, only it goes faster.

*Alice.* La! does it really, Mr. Sparrow! As big as a kitchen clock, do you say?

*Sparrow.* Not a doubt of it Alice, if you didn't mind putting your head just here, you might hear it tick!

*Alice.* Well, well, not now. It's just nine o'clock, and the Squire's two Nephews are come from London, and there's more company coming, by and bye, and we shall be so busy! (*going R.*)

*Sparrow.* Oh! hang it! five minutes can't signify.

*Alice.* No! why I thought punctuality was every thing with you?

*Sparrow.* Yes—well—that is, no—not every thing. (*aside.*) Confound that hall clock, I wish I had put it back! (*aloud.*) Well, but you're not offended with me?

*Alice.* Who? I! La! bless you, no! quite the contrary! I'm as pleased as Punch with you, you're so polite, and civil!

*Sparrow.* Charming Alice! and you'll marry me?

*Alice.* Bless me! what a short question; you quite startle one!

*Sparrow.* I beg your pardon if I was any ways abrupt; but I made the question short, because you said you was so particularly pressed for time. Let me say it again; it wont frighten you half so much the second time.

*Alice.* No! no! don't say it any more just at present.

*Sparrow.* (*taking out his watch.*) Will you be so good as to mention any time that I may see you again?

*Alice.* Now, don't tease me any more just now, there's a nice dear little man!

*Sparrow.* What am I to do then?

*Alice.* Go away.

*Sparrow.* But going away is coming to nothing— (*going L.*)

*Alice.* Go away, I tell you!

*Sparrow.* But listen to me. (*bell rings L.*)

*Alice.* Listen to the bell! [*Exeunt—ALICE, R. SPARROW, L.*]

SCENE III.—*The Hall. Large glazed doors opening to the floor in centre. The Squire's grounds seen beyond. Table L. C. laid for breakfast. Side table, L. S. E. with cold meat, fowls, ham, ale, &c. Four chairs, and one large easy chair, discovered.*

*Enter TEMPERANCE, R. preceding GEORGE, and HORACE SELWOOD.*

*Temp.* This way, gentlemen, if you please.

*Geo.* My uncle enjoys good health, I hope?

*Temp.* Excellent, sir! I have known him for thirty years, and never knew him ill.

*Horace.* Then you have known him well! ha! ha!

*Temp.* I beg your pardon, sir—I was not aware that I said any thing to laugh at.

*Horace.* Oh dear, no! I was laughing at what I said myself.

*Temp.* Certainly, sir—you must be the best judge of what ought to be done with your own speeches.

*Geo.* (*c. Aside to Horace.*) Ahem! Horace!

*Horace.* Poh! poh! (*crosses to Temperance.*) My good lady, you don't understand me; I made a joke, ha! ha! a joke, I say, ha! ha! what we call, in London, a joke—ha! ha! (*Aside.*) How serious the woman looks!

*Temp.* Is good health then so plentiful in London, sir, that you can afford to make a joke of it? here in the country we look upon it as the first of blessings, and daily give thanks for possessing it.

*Geo.* (*R. Aside to Horace.*) Horace, my boy, how do you get on?

*Horace.* (*Aside to him.*) I don't believe a word about house-keeper—I think she's the chaplain in disguise.

*Geo.* You had better change the conversation. (*Aside.*)

*Horace.* (*Aside.*) I will. (*Aloud.*) May we expect the pleasure of the old gentleman's—I mean, my uncle Broadlands' company at breakfast?

*Temp.* Surely, Sir! But as it is so many years since you have seen him, it is proper that I should inform you that he will not like you to call him either Uncle Broadlands, or the Old Gentleman.

*Horace.* No? What are we to call him, then?

*Temp.* The Squire, Sir—the Squire, and nothing else: it is his humour, and as he always says—“let any man dare to cross my humour, and he shall see what I'll do!”

*Horace.* Well, what would he do?

*Temp.* Sir, we never cross him here; and so we don't know.

*Horace.* What sort of man is my Uncle, I mean the Squire?

*Temp.* He is an Old English Gentleman, Sir.

*Horace.* That I suppose,—old, because upwards of seventy—English, because born in this country, and gentleman, because my uncle!

*Temp.* Having been considered a gentleman for fifty years before you were born, sir, he may be one, notwithstanding he is your uncle! but he can hardly be said to be so, because of it.



*Geo. (Aside to Horace.)* Horace, I knew you would burn your fingers!

*Horace. (Aside to him.)* Come and help me then. Hang me if I can manage her at all!

*Geo. (Crossing to C.)* ~~Miss~~ *Temperance*, my brother and I have not, as you know, seen the Squire since we were boys, and he has now suddenly sent for us: we are therefore naturally anxious, before we meet him, to learn something of his temper and disposition.

*Temp.* Well sir, he is truly and completely that which he often says that it is his only ambition to be thought—The Old English Gentleman; a character which we read of in books, hear of in songs, but do not often meet with in life.

*Horace.* What! does he wear a huge snuff-coloured coat adorned with gold lace? does he encase himself in a doublet and trunk hose? is he punctilious in paying and receiving visits? does he employ running footmen, and go to church, on a Sunday, in a large coach of Queen Anne's time, drawn by six long tailed black horses?

*Temp.* No, sir, no! nothing of the sort. It is the good feeling of the olden time, rather than the peculiarities of dress or customs, that he adheres to. He is happy to visit his friends, when he can spare time; happy to receive them, at all times! He lives on his estate, holds the wealth which Providence has given him, in trust for the benefit of his less fortunate fellow creatures—cares for the humble, does *not* care for the proud—is kind and affable to all, and he always walks to church.

*Geo.* Upon my life, it delights me to think that I am the nephew of such a man!

*Horace.* He seems to be a capital old chap! but I think he's wrong to walk to church always. He should ride when it's hot. *(Goes up the stage.)*

*Geo. (To Temperance.)* A word with you, if you please.

*Temp.* Surely, sir!

*Geo.* Is my cousin, Sophy Herbert, well?

*Temp.* Quite well, sir; but Miss Herbert is at present on a visit.

*Geo. (Eagerly.)* On a visit? How unfortunate.

*Temp. (Aside.)* So! so!—the wind sets in that quarter! *(aloud)* The young lady is in the neighbourhood, sir; she has only been spending a fortnight with Mr. Medium, and his niece, Miss Fanny Markham—or, "Master Francis Markham," as she is sometimes called.

*Geo.* Indeed! So masculine is she?

*Temp.* Yes, sir. You haven't a young lady in London to match her for spirit, I'll be bound. But you'll see her to-day, for they are coming here.

*Geo.* Delightful! Let me see—my cousin Sophy has now been nearly two years with the Squire. They agree very well, I believe?

*Temp.* Perfectly, sir; but that is no great wonder; every body agrees with the Squire; and I should think, that any body might agree with so nice a young lady as Miss Herbert.

*Geo. (Shaking hands with her.)* Your praise of my cousin charms me!

*Horace. (Who is sitting in a chair R. up stage, turning and observing them.) Why, that fellow is making love to the House-keeper! (Rises, and comes forward R.) George.*

*Geo. Well?*

*Horace. You seem to have a devilish deal more influence in that quarter than I have! Can you get me a question answered?*

*Temp. There will be no need of influence, sir: any question of yours, which I can understand, it is my duty to answer.*

*Horace. Well, I am excruciatingly hungry; do you think the Squire will get up soon?*

*Temp. Get up, sir! He has been up, and out, these three hours.*

*Horace. Why when on earth does he sleep?*

*Temp. At night, sir. You London gentlemen sleep in the day, I hear.*

*Geo. He's quite right! That's the way to enjoy health!*

*Temp. The Doctor says he is as likely to live twenty years as any man in the county.*

*Geo. Good! and as nothing is better, for one of his time of life, than peace and quietness; be assured that he shall meet with no disturbance from us: we'll be as quiet as mice—Won't we, Horace?*

*Hora c. I'm quite willing to be a mouse; but I should like to have something to nibble!*

*Geo. Hush! Speak lower, he'll be here directly, perhaps, and we must practice moderation.*

*Temp. Oh! sir, as to that, the Squire's nerves are not very delicate; he doesn't mind a little noise, sometimes.*

*Horace. Loualy.) Oh! well, you know, if he doesn't mind a noise—*

*Geo. Hush! Horace, pray let me have my way, for once. Hush, now, hush!*

*(A double barrell'd gun is fired, without. L. U. R. The Hall bell rings.)*

*Squire. (Calling without lustily.) Breakfast! Breakfast!*

*Geo. I'm astonished!*

*Temp. I told you the Squire didn't mind a little noise, sometimes, sir.*

*Geo. A little noise! But here he comes.*

*Enter at centre door the SQUIRE carrying a gun in his hand. followed by RICHARD.*

*Squire. Well, dear boys! How are you? How are you? Welcome to the Hall! I'm glad to see you both—that is, I shall be, when I've washed the dust out of my eyes. And I'm happy to shake hands with you both—that is, I shall be, when I've washed the gunpowder off my fingers. (To RICHARD.) Get me some water, and a towel, Richard, and here, take my gun! (Gives him shot-belt and gun. Exit RICHARD L.) I suppose you London lads haven't much to do with guns; but in case you should, I'll give you a bit of advice. Never bring a loaded gun into the house. Temperance! Good morning! How do you do, to-day?*

*Temp.* (*Curtseys.*) Good morning, sir. (*Coming down L.*)

*Squire.* Give me a chair; there's a good soul?

(*Temperance, wheels the arm-chair to centre. SQUIRE sits.*)

*Temp.* Tired, sir?

*Squire.* For the moment, only; the morning is hot, and I am hungry!

(*TEMPERANCE returns to the table—RICHARD enters L. with basin, water, towel, soap, &c. the SQUIRE proceeds to wash his face and hands.*)

*Squire.* You lads mustn't think me rude; at my time of life, it is allowable to get at one's comforts by the shortest road. (*Turning to her*) Have you made the tea, Tempy?

*Temp.* (*At table.*) Yes, sir.

*Squire.* (*Turning to R.*) And therefore I do as you see. (*turns to TEMP. L.*) Order coffee, &c., &c., &c., will you?

*Temp.* This moment, sir!

[*Exit L.*]

*Squire.* (*To RICHARD, in an under tone.*) Have you been over to the village, this morning, to see your father and mother, as I told you?

*Richard.* Yes, sir.

*Squire.* Are they better?

*Richard.* Both better, thank your honor.

*Squire.* Did you give them the money?

*Richard.* Yes, sir, and they both said, "Heaven bless the good Squire."

*Squire.* Heaven has blessed me, largely blessed me; and my being able to serve your poor father and mother, is one proof of it—Take away the water. (*Rises. Exit RICHARD, with basin, &c.*) There, now boys, that I can see you—come forward, and let me have a look at you—(*They advance towards him, on R.*) *GEORGE, in front.*) Bless my soul! Strange alterations in the last sixteen years, on both sides; you were boys, and have become young men—I was a man, and have become an old boy! Well, well, we all have our turns! (*holds out his hand to GEORGE*) Which is this?

*Geo.* George, sir, (*shaking him heartily by the hand, and moving so as to discover HORACE.*)

*Squire.* And which (*crossing to, and struck with HORACE's appearance, pauses.*) or, rather, what is this?

*Horace.* (*R.*) Horace Amelius, sir, at your service.

*Squire.* (*Shaking hands with him with much formality.*) Sir, you are vastly polite—and I beg to say in return, that I am happy to see as much of your face as you think it right to leave uncovered with hair.

*Horace.* (*Aside.*) Odd people! these Country Squires!

*Squire.* George, come hither! (*aside to him.*) What is the meaning of all that mess upon your brother's face?

*Geo.* (*L.*) That sir? that's the fashion.

*Squire.* The fashion! Why, he's not in the army?

*Geo.* No, sir.

*Squire.* Then he shall take it off!

*Geo.* I doubt if he will consent to do so: he is very proud of them.

*Squire.* Proud of them? Proud of them? Proud of looking like a monkey? Proud of being too lazy to shave himself? I'll have those things off, if I turn village barber myself!

*TEMPERANCE, enters L. followed by Two Servants bringing coffee, urn, &c. They move great chair back, advance breakfast table c. Place chairs. &c.*

*(Aloud.)* Come! Breakfast! No ceremony! One there, the other here! This is my great chair; and you, Mistress Temperance, take, as usual, the head of my bachelor's table! *(They sit, TEMPERANCE C. fronting the audience. SQUIRE, at R. corner. HORACE, at the opposite corner; and GEORGE, between him and TEMPERANCE.)* And now, boys, while we breakfast, we must have a little family conversation. You think me an odd old man, I dare say; but I shan't explain myself. You must find me out as we go on. *(Servant comes down on SQUIRE'S R. hand, with silver tankard of ale—he drinks, and returns the tankard. Servant retires with it to side table L.)* One of my maxims is, never to lose time; and, in pursuance of it, I mix up pleasure and business till I don't know one from the other; by these means, I enjoy myself from morning till night. *(The Servants keep handing ham, &c.)*

*Geo.* A most excellent plan, sir!

*Squire.* *(To Horace.)* Do you think it good?

*Horace.* *(Eating,)* Capital, sir! I never tasted better.

*Geo.* Why, Horace! You didn't understand the Squire's question.

*Squire.* Let him alone, boy; let him alone; we shall find one another out, in time. I like to study character; and this is something quite new to me. But, I say—where did you learn to call me the Squire?

*Geo.* Mistress Temperance told us it was your wish, sir.

*Squire.* Good soul! Good soul! She anticipates all my wishes.

*Temp.* It is my duty, sir.

*Squire.* It is your inclination, my good friend; and, without that, I would not give a farthing for its being your duty. Surely the world cannot be so bad as it is said to be; every body about me is good to me.

*Temp.* It is the force of example, sir; you are so good to others, that they cannot, dare not, be otherwise than good to you.

*Squire.* Hollo! Hollo! Poll's the king's trumpeter! Some more tea, if you please, my friend; and next time, a little less sugar—You understand me?

*Temp.* Perfectly, sir.

*Squire.* To be sure you do. I say, lads, if you mean me to like you, you must respect that worthy individual; but you must not swallow all she says about me; for she would make you believe that I am something more than mortal; whereas, I have many faults—among the rest obstinacy: for instance, I choose that every body about me should respect her—it is my humour. Let any man dare to cross my humour, and he shall see what I'll do.

*Horace.* Aye; but they never cross you here, and so they don't know.

*Geo.* *(Checking him.)* Horace?

*Squire.* (To *George*.) Let him alone, boy! (to *Horace*.) Who told you that, my friend?

*Horace.* I learnt it from—

*Temp.* (Interrupting.) More tea, did you say, Mr. Horace?

*Horace.* Hush!—I'm answering the Squire: I learnt it—

*Squire.* (Interrupting.) First do me the favour to answer Mistress Temperance.

*Horace.* No more tea, thank you! (To *Squire*.) I learnt it—

*Temp.* (To *Squire*.) Then I believe, sir, breakfast is over—

*Squire.* Have you done, George?

*Geo.* Quite, sir, thank you.

*Squire.* And so have I! (*Rises*.) come, then—for I expect some friends presently, and I want a few minutes talk with you boys first. (to *GEORGE*) Push my chair to this end of the room. (*He does so*.) Now, bring your's, and place yourselves one on each side of me. (*They do so*, *GEORGE*, R. *HORACE* L.) Stay! get up, again! I have changed my mind: leave the room, both of you, for two minutes, but don't go farther than the next, that I may call you, when I want you. I order you about, you see.

*Horace.* (*Crossing behind, to George—going*.) He's a devilish odd fish!

*Geo.* (*Aside to him*.) Come along, we must not cross his humour.

*Horace.* (*Aside to him, and pausing*.) Upon my soul, I should like it! I want to see what he would do.

*Geo.* (*Taking his arm, and pulling him off*.) No, no, come away, I tell you! [*Exeunt*, R.]

*Squire.* Temperance!

*Temp.* (*Advancing on L*.) Sir

*Squire.* Have you had much conversation with these young men, since they came?

*Temp.* I have, sir.

*Squire.* Which do you like best?

*Temp.* Mr George, sir, beyond all doubt: indeed, if I might be so bold, in speaking of a Nephew of yours, I should almost say I disliked the other.

*Squire.* What is your objection to him, any thing solid?

*Temp.* Nay sir, my principal objection is that I have remarked nothing solid about him, that is, if I except the breakfast he eat.

*Squire.* He seems to have a good appetite certainly; but that is a proof of good health—good health generally brings with it good humour, and with two such blessings to his back, he can't go far wrong—or if he does, it must be fashion, not nature, which misleads him.

*Temp.* Ah! sir, according to your doctrine, nobody is wrong: you make people's very faults appear virtues.

*Squire.* No, I don't; you are wrong—so there's somebody wrong, you see in a moment. All I mean to say is—that that boy's father and mother were two as worthy people as ever lived; and I think there must be some good beneath the incrustation of London folly which disfigures him. If so, damn me if I don't dig it out!

*Temp.* Why, Sir!

*Squire.* What's the matter?

*Temp.* You swore an oath!

*Squire.* Eh? Egad! I believe I did! well, never mind, I'm the Squire of the parish, and I forgive myself.

*Temp.* But then, as a Magistrate, you know, Sir, you ought to fine yourself.

*Squire.* Oh, no! as a Magistrate, I have only to say, "sworn before me," and it's all right! Well, then, I must form my own opinions of these lads, at last. So I wont detain you any longer, for you have plenty to do. (*TEMPERANCE is going, L.*) One moment—are all the preparations for the entertainments going on well? In the house, to-day,—in the park to-morrow?

*Temp.* Yes, Sir.

*Squire.* Let there be plenty of everything; remember my favorite song. (*Sings.*)

"And he kept a fine old Mansion up, at a bountiful old rate."

Talking of that, reminds me that— (*Sings.*)

"He had a good old Porter, to relieve the old poor at his gate."

And you know I shall be seventy to-morrow, and there are the seventy bags of money to be distributed according to the list I made out—for that I do, every year, in humble imitation of the King—God bless him!

*Temp.* I believe, sir, you will find all your orders attended to; and that full effect will be given to your benevolence to the poor, and to your hospitality to all—

"Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time."

*Squire.* Ah! Good soul! Good soul! Another line from my favorite song; I like that of you—I like it; but I say, Tempy, why don't you sing it?

*Temp.* (*Laughing.*) Nay, sir! Any thing but that; I can't sing, even to oblige you.

*Squire.* Why, it's very easy. I'll teach you—(*sings*)

"Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time."

But, perhaps, that's too low for your voice. (*Beginning again,—"Like a fine."—in a higher key.*)

*Temp.* Indeed, sir, I cannot sing!

*Squire.* Did you ever try?

*Temp.* Never!

*Squire.* Then how do you know you can't? I never learnt! Well, never mind, you have other things to attend to just now, and so have I. See to them! See to them! (*TEMPERANCE is about to curtsy. He goes to her, takes her hand, and conducts her to the wing L.*) There, no curtseying, you're a good creature. (*Earnestly.*) a good creature! (*Exit TEMPERANCE L.*) And so she is a good creature! An excellent creature! Personally speaking I always had rather an objection to matrimony; but, if it had happened to occur to me, about five and twenty years ago—some day when I was at leisure, I would have married that woman. (*calls off R.*) George! Horace!

*Enter GEORGE and HORACE R.*

*Geo.* Here we are sir!

*Squire.* Good! Resume your seats. (*They sit, the SQUIRE in the middle, as before.*) I am rich—I am seventy, and I have no heir—You two boys being the children of one sister; and your cousin, Sophy Herbert, the child of another sister, both of whom have preceded me to—in short, you are my nearest living relations; Sophy, is a dear, good girl. She has been, as you know, under my roof these two years. (*George sighs.*) There is nothing to sigh about, my friend; she is very comfortable; at least, if not, it must be her own fault, for she does just as she likes.

*Horace.* (L) Upon my life, sir, yours must be a devilish pleasant house to stay in!

*Squire.* Sir, you do me infinite honor; but I haven't time to luxuriate in your praises just now; Miss Fanny Markham, and your cousin Sophy, will be here shortly, if therefore you can make it convenient to let me proceed without interruption, I shall take it as a personal favor. (*They bow assent.*) Consider your cousin Sophy provided for. I now come to yourselves. I shall deal frankly with you. I have plenty of money to leave you both; but I have sent for you here, because I want to fix upon one of you to take my name when I die; and to do me the honor to inherit the bulk of my estates. (*They look at one another in astonishment.*) Don't stare, but listen. You are both good, I dare say, in your ways; but I want to discover which of you is the best man for my purpose. I have now told you my object, openly and honestly, as a gentleman ought. If you are gentlemen, and mind I use the term in its broadest sense, you will answer my questions as openly, and as honestly. I have scorned to deceive you; and, if either of you condescend to try to deceive me, depend upon it, (*observing a movement on their parts, he continues,*) don't be in a hurry, I was only going to say, depend upon it I shall find you out! (*All rise.*)

*Horace.* Sir, we pledge our honors.

*Squire.* I require no pledge, my friends, no pledge! Besides, the honor of a gentleman is a treasure too precious to be lightly parted with; it should be retained within the workshop of his mind to gild and beautify each action of his life, ere it passes into public observation. George.

*Geo.* (R) Sir.

*Squire.* You are the eldest, I believe?

*Geo.* By five years, sir.

*Squire.* You are a merchant of the city of London?

*Geo.* I am, sir.

*Squire.* And you take pride in being so?

*Geo.* I do.

*Squire.* So you ought. But the time approaches when you may, perhaps, be called upon to exchange that appellation for another, equally honorable—that of an English country gentleman. In the hurry of business, I have somehow forgotten to get married, until it's too late.

*Horace.* Too late, sir! Why, you seem as hearty as a man of fifty!

*Squire.* Don't interrupt me, and above all, don't talk nonsense; it is too late, I say; I can't help being an old man; but I can help

being an old fool! I am the last of my name, in the county. *(sits)* I would do anything, in reason, to oblige my friends and neighbours; but I can't live much longer, even to accommodate them. Now, I don't relish the notion of removing from the family mansion to the family vault, without leaving behind me some future Squire upon whom I may depend to carry on the war as I have done. Yes, boys, I say, as I have done; for when I reflect upon my past life, *(becomes affected,)* I feel that I may assert, without fear of contradiction, that I have done some little good, in my time. *(Rousing himself.)* Psha! This is folly! At my time of life, one needn't lie, even about one's-self! *(earnestly,)* I have done a damn'd deal of good, and I know it!

Geo. Every body about you seems to know it equally well, sir.

Squire. My dear boy, I want no flattery; I was talking about a fact, and I only mentioned that because it came in as a matter of business. Now answer *you* first. Should you like to succeed to this place, when I die?

Geo. I trust that such an event is yet far off, sir.

Squire. Poh! Poh! Nonsense! I shall die none the sooner for your talking about it. Answer my question.

Geo. If I could fill it as you do, sir—Yes.

Squire. Very well. Now, what is to hinder you from doing so?

Geo. My education and habits.

Squire. Why, you have had the education of a gentleman?

Geo. True, sir.

Squire. Used to habits of business, you must have a good head.

Geo. For the duties of a merchant I hope I have.

Squire. And a good heart?

Geo. Nay, sir.

Horace. *(Unaffectedly)* Let me answer for him, there; a better hearted fellow than George Selwood does not exist!

Squire. *(Rising, sharply to Horace.)* I told you not to interrupt me! *(then shaking his hand,)* But I can forgive that! *(To George.)* And so, sir, you seem to think upon the whole, that my place wouldn't suit you, as the servants say?

Geo. My dear sir—I know little about horses; nothing about dogs, or guns. I neither ride, drive, shoot, nor hunt; and therefore, upon the whole, honestly, I doubt it!

Squire. Then, honestly, I say, you shall have a fair chance of changing your opinion. *(takes his hand.)* George, your candour does you honor. I have rather slender hopes of our friend, here—but, I must try him, now. *(turning to Horace, who is playing with his moustaches.)* Mr. Horace Amelius Selwood?

Horace. Sir!

Squire. If you think there would be no danger of your head falling off your shoulders, perhaps you will let go of those things, and attend to me?

Horace. *(Putting down his hands.)* With pleasure!

Squire. *(Imitating him.)* With play-jaar! What a queer word you make of it! *(to George.)* What does he talk so for?

Geo. It's the fashion, Sir.

Squire. Fashion, again! I observe, that everything that is particularly ridiculous is the fashion. *(To Horace.)* Well, Sir,



you perceive the difficulty in which I am placed; can you do anything to relieve me?

*Horace.* Hang me, if I know!

*Squire.* I tell you what, young Gentlemen, you really are two of the queerest fellows I ever met with! It is not often, I suspect, that station and fortune go begging in this manner.

*Horace.* Don't mistake me, Sir; I have no objection to the money.

*Squire.* Haven't you really?

*Horace.* Oh, no; none in life! In point of fact, I rather like it; and I'll tell you why; I have rather "Out-run the constable" lately.

*Squire.* (*Astonished.*) You have done what, Sir!

*Horace.* Out-run the constable.

*Squire.* (*To Geo.*) What on earth has this boy had a constable after him, for?

*Geo.* (*Smiling.*) Oh, sir, don't be alarmed! out-running the constable is only a fashionable phrase for spending more than one's income.

*Squire.* And the offence, I fear, is as fashionable as the phrase, (*To Horace.*) Then pray, sir, why don't you jump at such a chance as this?

*Horace.* Because I haven't the least idea how to be a Squire!

*Squire.* Come, that's honest, at all events! Are you willing to learn?

*Horace.* Is it much trouble?

*Squire.* Less than to be a noodle!—at least I should think so.

*Horace.* Then I'll try!

*Squire.* So you shall. Give me your hand! And give me yours, George; now mind! this brother of yours, engages to become my pupil, if I succeed in humanizing him, he will be my heir; if not, you must! No answer; for by Jupiter! one of you, shall!

*Geo.* Horace will be the man, sir, no doubt: he is younger than I am, and his habits are less settled.

*Squire.* Much less seemingly! (*Aside.*) How shall I begin with him? (*To Horace.*) Can you ride?

*Horace.* I flatter myself that's about the best thing I do!

*Squire.* Then you really are not afraid of a horse?

*Horace.* I'm afraid of nothing!

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) How one may be deceived by appearances! *Aloud.*) Can you drive?

*Horace.* Gig, curricule, tandem, unicorn, or four! I have driven the coach from London to Brighton, about two hundred times.

*Squire.* I'm glad you can drive; but, I beg to inform you that whoever becomes my heir will be able to make a decent livelihood, without turning stage coachman!

*Geo.* It isn't for that, sir—it's the fashion.

*Squire.* (*To George.*) Oh! (*to Horace.*) Pray, sir, is it the fashion for gentlemen to turn servants of all denominations? Because, although our roads here are well supplied with coachmen, at present, I have a vacancy for a footman, if that would suit you?

*Horace.* That would be degrading!

*Squire.* Oh! I beg your pardon. I didn't perceive the distinction. Can you shoot?

*Horace.* I can kill eleven birds out of twelve, at thirty yards; for further particulars, enquire at the Red House, Battersea.

*Squire.* Is that true?

*Horace.* I never tell a lie, it's ungentlemanly.

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) He's a strange animal; but there is good about the fellow! (*Aloud.*) Now, sir, one thing more, and I have done with you, for the present. You are short of cash, I understand?

*Horace.* Excruciatingly!

*Squire.* I want to make a purchase of you; if I give you fifty pounds, may I take my choice of any article you have got about you?

*Horace.* Most willingly!

*Squire.* Enough! (*Taking out pocket-book.*) George! I lodge the money with you, when the goods are delivered, pay the vendor.

*Geo.* But what is the purchase, sir?

*Horace.* Aye; what is the purchase?

*Squire.* The growing crop of hair upon your face; with liberty to mow, whenever I please. (*GEORGE laughs—HORACE looks astonished.*)

*Horace.* My whiskers, and moustaches!

*Squire.* Even so! Come, a bargain is a bargain; away to your room. Shave them off clean! (*Puts HORACE over towards R.*) and don't let me see your face again, until, until—in short—I can see it. (*Goes up to table and rings bell, HORACE is going, R.*)

*Geo.* Horace!

*Horace.* (*Turning.*) What?

*Geo.* (*Laughs, and imitates shaving.*) I say—

*Horace.* Now be quiet! (*Going.*)

*Geo.* Horace!

*Horace.* (*Peevishly, turning again.*) Well! What do you want

*Geo.* Look here, old man! (*Holding up note.*)

*Horace.* Well—to be sure—a fifty is two ponies; and the hair will grow again! [*Exit R.*]

*Enter Servant, L.*

*Squire.* Take some hot water into Mr. Horace's room, directly.

*Servant.* Yes, sir. (*Bows, and exit, L.*)

*Squire.* I'll turn that young monkey into a man, yet!

*Geo.* I have no doubt, sir, that you will succeed with him; and I sincerely hope you may; a town life suits me better than a country one.

*Squire.* Well, well, we shall see! (*Large bell rings, L. U. R.*) Oh! there are the two girls, I dare say! Your cousin Sophy and you, are old friends?

*Geo.* Oh! yes, sir.

*Squire.* You don't know Fanny Markham?

*Geo.* I never saw her in my life, sir.

*Squire.* Ah! Say no more about that; because it reminds me that I've been wrong to let so many years pass without sending for you.

Geo. She is quite an original, I believe?

Squire. Quite. She's a male-girl; a good hearted wench as can be, and we all like her! (*Bell rings again, violently.*) What does this mean? There must be something the matter.

*Enter SPARROW, hastily, centre doors.*

What is it? What is it Mr. Sparrow?

Sparrow. Oh, sir! Such a misfortune!—The carriage has arrived, with Miss Herbert—(*Comes down, L.*)

Squire. That's no misfortune, foolish fellow! Is it overturned?

Sparrow. No, sir; but Miss Markham, sir—

Squire. What of her?

Sparrow. Miss Markham, sir, wouldn't ride in the carriage, and so she came on horseback, sir; and the great yard dog was loose, sir, and flew at her horse, sir; and the horse whirled round and round, as if his main-spring was broke! (*GEORGE, hearing this, rushes off, C. D.*)

Squire. Is she thrown?—Is she thrown?

Sparrow. No, sir—She keeps her seat like a good un! But the horse is galloping over the park, like mad; and they are afraid she'll be dashed to pieces against some of the low branches of the trees!

Squire. Here, George, run! (*Missing him.*) Oh! he's gone! Good fellow! Run you, too, sir! Call all the men about the farm! A hundred pounds to anybody who saves that poor girl! (*With vehemence.*) Fly, Sparrow! [*Exit SPARROW, C. D.*]  
My young legs are gone; but I must try what I can do with my old ones. (*Going up, C.—a cheer without, he pauses.*) Oh! that sounds well!

*Enter ALICE, hastily, centre.*

Now Alice, how is it?

Alice. It's all right, sir—Miss Markham is quite safe! Oh! he is a brave young gentleman, if ever I saw one!

Squire. Who is a brave young gentleman?

Alice. Your nephew, sir! If you had seen him! There stood Miss Markham's servant, who had got off his horse, before her's ran away, afraid to mount him, and go after her, like a great nasty coward, as he was! When down comes your nephew, without so much as waiting to put his hat on—jumps on the horse—gallops after the other, like the wind—cuts off a sort of a corner—heads the young lady, and seizes the bridle, just as the mad beast was going to plunge into the river with her; they were both thrown off, but neither of them much hurt—and here they come, sir! Ah! I could scratch that servant's eyes out! (*Servants run in, C. D. and move chairs back.*)

Squire. (*Aside.*) Bravo! George! You're a noble fellow! You must be my heir, whether you like it or not!

*Enter, SOPHY, (C. D.) who runs to the SQUIRE, and points to FANNY, then FANNY, supported by GEORGE then SPARROW and SERVANTS, an arm chair is put forward, in which they place FANNY. TEMPERANCE enters with salts, &c., and goes to FANNY. HORACE appears at the door (C.)* [*have sir.*]

Squire. Stand from about the chair, open the window, let her

*Temp.* (L. c.) There is no danger, sir, Miss Markham is only stunned by the fall.

*Squire.* (R.) My dear Sophy, this is a most fortunate escape!

*Sophy.* (R. c.) It was poor Fanny's own fault, I must say. She would ride a colt of her Uncle's, that isn't half broken in.

*Squire.* Well, let us hope it may serve as a lesson: but hadn't we better send for a surgeon?

*Sophy.* No, Uncle, I think not. See! she is reviving, already! (They all watch FANNY, as she revives.)

*Fanny.* Steady, steady, you cross grained rascal, you! I'll pull you up, yet! (Putting her hand to her side.) Hollo! I've got a stitch in my side!

*Temp.* Have a little more sal-volatile, Miss! (Offering a tumbler.)

*Fanny.* (Pushing it aside.) Sal-fiddlestick! Take it away, you nasty creature, do.

*Squire.* Fanny, my dear, don't speak so.

*Temp.* Oh! sir, Miss Markham and I understand one another, quite well!

*Fanny.* To be sure we do! La! bless you, I wouldn't affront old Mother Tempy, for the world! (Shaking hands with her.) Would I, old girl?

*Temp.* (Laughs.) No! I'm sure you wouldn't. [Exit.]

*Squire.* "Old Mother Tempy." What an animal it is!

*Fanny.* (Rising.) I say, Squire—you don't mean to tell me, that I have been thrown?

*Squire.* No—no—not exactly thrown.

*Fanny.* I should think not!

*Squire.* No, my dear; only, you see, your horse run away, and—

*Fanny.* (Interrupting.) Yes, I remember all about that; but, it wasn't my fault, and it wasn't the colt's fault; it was all that Master Dick!

*Squire.* (L.) And who may Master Dick be?

*Fanny.* What! Don't you know "Dick?" He's nunky's groom, that he's so fond of! A pretty chap *he* is, to call himself a groom! He knows as much about a horse, as I do about a needle and thread! This Master Dick, you must know, chose to stand me out that I could ride that hot-headed brute of a colt, in a snaffle; I told him how it would be—but he was as obstinate as a mule. Well, it wouldn't do, for Fan Markham, to cry craven; so, up I jumped!

*Squire.* And off went the colt.

*Fanny.* Not a bit of it! The horse went quietly enough, till your dog flew at him.

*Squire.* I'll have that dog shot.

*Fanny.* Nonsense! Shot? It wasn't the dog's fault—they had no business to let him loose.

*Sophy.* You know, my dear Fanny, you will always be in extremes; the groom says that the snaffle you had was too light; but, that the curb you wanted would have been as bad the other way—it would have made him kick.

*Fanny.* Who cares for his kicking? It's the running away that bothers one!

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) You male-female!

*Fanny.* I'll trouble you for that colt's carrying me over your park at a slashing pace; I say, who saw me duck when he took me under the trees? I flatter myself I did that pretty bobbishly!

*Squire.* I suppose it *was* bobbishly!

*Fanny.* What stopped my horse, at last? I can't remember how I got here.

*Squire.* I'll tell you: My *yard* dog, made your horse run away; and one, whom I mean in future to be my *house* dog, stopped it; so that if one of my family put you into danger, another took you out of it. (*Crosses to GEORGE R.*) George, stand forward, and let me present you, in due form, to the damsel whose life your knight-errantry has preserved.

*Geo.* Had the chance been mine, sir, I hope I should have done my best; but, Horace was before me, and to him your praises are due. (*Pointing to HORACE, who is seated L. c.*)

*Squire.* Why you don't say so! *you*, Horace! is it possible! This is a better beginning than I could have hoped for! (*Aloud.*) Come here, young hopeful? (*HORACE comes slowly forward, L., SQUIRE meets him.*) If you go on this way—well, well, we'll talk of that hereafter. (*To Fanny.*) Miss Fanny mad-cap, allow me to introduce to you, my nephew—Mr. Horace Amelius Selwood—a young gentleman, who has saved your life, at the peril of his own; and prevented you from getting your neck broken—(*Aside.*) Ahem! till a future opportunity! (*passes FANNY over to HORACE, and talks to SOPHY: HORACE bows.*)

*Fanny.* You saved my life, then?

*Horace.* I had that happiness.

*Fanny.* (*Shaking hands heartily with him.*) Well, thank you old fellow! I'll do as much for you, when you are in a mess.

*Horace.* (*Aside.*) Extraordinary creature!

*Fanny.* (*To HORACE.*) But now I can't make out how you did it?

*Squire.* He followed on your servant's horse.

*Fanny.* What the Chesnut? (*To HORACE.*) I say, that's a nice horse to ride, isn't it?

*Squire.* Come, my dear, we won't stop to discuss the merits of horses, just now: you, and your preserver, may sit next each other, at dinner, to-day; and dance with each other, in the evening; and then you may talk about horses, (*Looking at HORACE.*) or donkies, or anything else you happen to like. To-morrow, we shall have a fête in the park, to celebrate my seventieth birth-day, upon which occasion I shall disclose a family secret, (*Aside and crossing to L. c.*) which at present, I don't know, myself! (*To FANNY.*) and now, I advise you to go to your room and lie down, for an hour or two.

*Fanny.* Oh, no! I'm all right, now! (*Trying to walk*) Oh! that's a twitcher, tho'!

*Squire.* There; I told you so!

*Sophy.* Dear Fanny, be advised, take my arm.

*Fanny.* Well, come along, then! Oh! (*Winces again.*)

*Horace.* (*Runs to her.*) Allow me—

*Squire.* (*Putting him back.*) No, sir! I won't allow you, your assistance is not wanted any longer; your room lies that way, and I'm afraid that your hot water is getting cold. (*Servant enters L.*)

*with hot water, &c., he crosses over behind, to E. S. E.)* Run, you dog! (*Pushing HORACE over towards E.*) run, and cut that hair off, I'm impatient to see your countenance, (*With strong emphasis.*) for I begin to suspect, that it's an honest one!

*Exeunt SQUIRE and GEORGE, followed by SPARROW C., FANNY supported by SOPHY and ALICE, L. S. E., HORACE horror struck at the shaving materials, and SERVANT E., as the Drop descends.)*

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the park, GEORGE and SOPHY discovered seated on a bench, on E. of centre, dressed more gaily than in the first act, for the fete.*

*Geo. (Kissing her hand.)* Dear, dear, Sophy! as I told you last night, so let me repeat to you this morning, you cannot think what pleasure it gives me to be once more in your society.

*Sophy.* I hope I can sir!

*Geo.* Well, I hope so too!

*Sophy.* Would words convince you better than actions?

*Geo.* I should like both.

*Sophy.* Then, listen—I am quite willing to acknowledge, that men are deceitful, and women credulous, but tho' we may sometimes mistake mere professions for sincerity, no woman ever mistook a real affection for an assumed one. Now sir, are you satisfied?

*Geo.* Perfectly, perfectly; and can you consent to exchange this fine mansion and domain for my humble dwelling in London.

*Sophy.* The size of a house is not perceived by her, who has no eyes but for one object in it.

*Geo.* How can I repay this goodness?

*Sophy.* I'll tell you—In the first place, don't you catechize me any more, for it strikes me that I have already said too much. Besides, this is no place to talk about such awful matters; (*Enter the SQUIRE, L. S. E.*) anybody may overhear us.

*Squire. (Aside.)* Well if any body may, I suppose, I may?

*Geo.* But tell me how you managed to persuade the Squire to send for us?

*Sophy.* Bless his dear heart! he wants no persuasion to do a kind action. I merely mentioned it—he would have done it before, if it had happened to occur to him.

*Squire. (Aside.)* Who says that listeners never hear any good of themselves?

*Geo.* Everybody seems to love him! What a happy old man he must be!

*Squire. (Aside.)* Bless me, its really getting very warm!

*Sophy.* But why reject the noble offer he has made you?

*Geo.* Would it be honest in me, *Sophy.* for the mere sake of money, to accept an offer of which I feel myself unfitted to fulfil the conditions?

*Squire. (Aside.)* Bravo! master George, I'll be even with you for this, somehow.

*Sophy.* This overstrained notion of honor will lose you a fortune.

*Geo.* Let it; I have enough for all my wants, I may say for all our wants; for there is *one*, *Sophy*, whose happiness, I shall ever prize beyond my own!

*Squire. Aside.* The devil there is! He's in love with somebody, I'm glad of it, he shall marry her, whoever she be!

*Sophy.* Don't mistake me, *George*, I love your brother *Horace*, as you well know—

*Squire. (Aside.)* Why, she's in love too,—and with young *Moustaches*!

*Sophy.* Still I can't bear the thought of his depriving you of this fortune, 'tis unjust!

*Squire. (Aside.)* What a disinterested little rogue it is!

*Geo.* *Sophy*, I tell you once for all, *Horace* wants money, I do not; *Horace* can be turned into a country gentleman, I can not; let *Horace* be my Uncle's successor, for *I will not*.

*Squire. (Advancing, and putting his head between them)* You wont, eh? *(They start, and rise.)* Don't let me disturb you, I beg!

*Geo.* My dear sir, I had not the slightest intention of offending you, I had no idea that you were so near.

*Squire.* Is there anything so very extraordinary in my being in my own park? But as it appears that I am not to be allowed to leave it to whom I please when I die, perhaps the privilege of walking about it while I am alive will be denied me next!

*Sophy.* Nay, my dear Uncle, you don't understand him.

*Squire.* My dear Niece, *(Crosses to centre.)* you and your Cousins are a very difficult set of young people to understand as ever I met with, but I have accidentally overheard your conversation, and I now begin to see my way a little more clearly. You have both delighted me by what I have heard you say, and I'll see if I can't delight you in return.

*Geo. and Sophy.* Dear sir!

*Squire.* No speeches—I'm full of business to day, and I havn't time to hear them—*Sophy*, you are in love! *George*, you are in ditto! whether wisely or not, is more your affair than mine. *(To George.)* Is your affection returned? *(GEORGE looks at SOPHY.)*

*Sophy.* It is.

*Squire. (To Sophy.)* Oh! You know that, do you? Is your's returned? *(Sophy looks at George.)*

*Geo. (Eagerly.)* It is!

*Squire.* Well, as she answered for you, you couldn't do less than answer for her. *(To Sophy.)* You ought to have told me of this, before, you baggage! But I suppose you thought, that because I'm an old bachelor myself, I should oppose marriage in others? *George*, I'm an oddity—*Sophy* knows it, and you'll know it better, the more you see of me. Give me your hands, both of

## SCENE I.

## THE COUNTRY SQUIRE.

you ! And now, my dear boy and girl, ~~under~~ under the sanction of an uncle who loves you, consider yourselves all but in the arms of the objects of your affection. (*They are about to embrace, when he pushes GEORGE away with his right hand.*) Get away, sir, get away ! we don't want you ! (*To SOPHY, and taking her under his left arm.*) Come along, my love !

*Sophy.* (*Hanging back.*) With you, sir ? (*They cross, L. arm in arm.*)

*Squire.* To be sure, child ; when I have an opportunity of making others happy, I never like to delay a moment.

[*Exeunt hastily, L. the SQUIRE and SOPHY ; the latter, reluctantly, and looking back at GEORGE.*]

*Geo.* (*Standing in astonishment, and looking after them.*) "Consider yourselves all but in the arms of the objects of your affection !" "Get away ! Get away ! We don't want you." (*Turning to go off in an opposite direction.*) Well, he said he was an oddity ; and if he is not, I never saw one ! [*Exit, R.*]

*Enter HORACE, U. E. L. thoughtfully.*

*Horace.* I don't know, whether it's losing my <sup>my</sup> moustaches, or finding Miss Markham ; but something makes me feel particularly queer ! I have got a sort of palpitation of the heart ; it began soon after my gallop to save her, yesterday morning ; and got worse and worse, the more I danced with her, last night. (*Throws himself on the bench.*) She is a very charming girl, that is certain ; 'tis a thousand pities she should be so masculine. (*U. E. R. Two shots fired behind scenes, he starts up.*) She is coming this way, and with a brace of pistols in her hand, as I live ! (*Goes up L.*)

*Enter FANNY, U. E. R. thoughtfully, with her arms folded, and carrying a brace of pistols, she does not perceive HORACE, who watches her.*

*Fanny.* It's of no use, I'm out of spirits, my hand is unsteady, and I miss every shot ! That Horace Selwood runs strangely in my head ! he's a nice good looking fellow, I must say. It's a sin and a shame that he should be so namby-pamby, (*Holding out one of the pistols, as if taking aim.*)

*Horace.* (*Approaching her.*) Miss Markham ?

*Fanny.* (*Without changing her attitude.*) What say you ?

*Horace.* Pray, pray ! lay aside those un-feminine weapons, and listen to me, for a moment. (*Struck by the earnestness of his manner she lays pistols on bench, returns, and attends to him.*) I feel impelled by sensations, powerful as they are new, to entreat your serious attention to what I am about to say—

*Fanny.* (*Aside.*) What can he mean ? his manner, even his voice is changed ! (*Aloud.*) Mr Selwood, your earnestness surprises me a little—but go on, I am listening to you.

*Horace.* Do I presume too much, in asking information upon certain points relating to the life it has been my happiness to preserve ?

*Fanny.* You do not : ask what you will, I will answer it frankly and truly.

*Horace.* You were left, at an early age, an orphan, were you not ?



*Fanny.* So young ~~that~~ I do not remember to have seen either my father or mother.

*Horace.* You were brought up under the care of your uncle, Mr. Medium?

*Fanny.* Yes.

*Horace.* And the companions of your childhood were—?

*Fanny.* My uncle's two sons, Tom and Bill!

*Horace.* (*Aside.*) Tom and Bill! (*Aloud.*) It is from them, then, that you have acquired these masculine habits so unsuited to your sex?

*Fanny.* What habits do you mean?

*Horace.* This violent and reckless riding—this pistol firing—these strange expressions which you use, and which, believe me, come with added deformity from the lips of one to whom nature has given beauty, sense, and talent, that she might become a leader of her own sex—not a follower of our's.

*Fanny.* (*Aside.*) His words produce a strange impression on me! (*Aloud.*) Mr Selwood, be assured you are the first person who has ever ventured to take me to task in this manner.

*Horace.* Miss Markham, be assured. I am also the first person who ever felt an interest about you, deep and sincere enough, to ask your displeasure, rather than suffer you to continue unwarned to do injustice to yourself.

*Fanny.* Your words confuse me; my cousins loved me as if they had been my brothers, and cared for nothing so much as making me one in all their boyish games. I loved them like a sister, and to please them, I joined, as far as I could, in all their amusements and pursuits—was this a fault?

*Horace.* As a child, surely not, but as a woman, they should have been laid aside.

*Fanny.* I seem, I know not how, to have offended you, to whom I am almost a stranger; and yet, I have not one friend in the world, who does not also own me for a favorite.

*Horace.* And with reason; they love you, for the goodness of your heart—for the frankness of your disposition—not for your adopted eccentricities.

*Fanny.* And yet they laugh at, and encourage them.

*Horace.* The thoughtless may; but believe me, the judicious will grieve at the misapplication of powers which were given you for higher and better uses.

*Fanny.* Why have I never been told of this before?

*Horace.* The task was reserved for me. If I succeed, a new and brilliant prospect of life opens upon me; if I fail, my lot is cast for misery.

*Fanny.* You shall not fail! one is enough to be unhappy! and you have made me completely so.

*Horace.* I, Fanny—(*Checking himself.*) I, Miss Markham?

*Fanny.* Indeed you have; I never wilfully did wrong in all my life, and yet your words have made me feel that I stand here like a criminal before a judge.

*Horace.* Nay; my object is to protect you *against* unhappiness. Will you consent to become my pupil?

*Fanny.* To you, to whom I owe so much, there is but one answer, (*Giving her hand.*) I will!

*Horace.* In the first place, promise me that these fingers, formed for the useful and elegant accomplishments of female life—for the work-table, the pencil, and the piano—shall, from this moment, give up all acquaintance with such implements (*Pointing to pistols.*) as those.

*Fanny.* Take them, they are yours! I have no wish ever to see them again.

*Horace.* Next, that you will be more guarded—don't be angry with me—more feminine in your expressions; that you will use your own words in short, and not your cousins' Tom and Bill; you can do so, you have, now, since we have been talking together.

*Fanny.* Are not your language also and your manner, something different from what they were?

*Horace.* I cannot tell; but if they are, what wonder, when I feel as I never in my whole existence felt before? Oh! Fanny, for so I must call you, let me improve the happy chance these moments give me, and hold this hand, until you say it shall be mine for life!

*Fanny.* (*Withdrawing her hand in confusion.*) I was not prepared for this; indeed, I know not what to say.

*Horace.* Consult no monitor, except your kind and open heart! If you feel the smallest interest for me, do not trifle with my happiness—but own it, like—like—

*Fanny.* Like a man?

*Horace.* No—not like a man—(*Turns away, L.*)

*Fanny.* Well, well—if I have been taught too much of the freedom of your sex, at least I have not been taught the coquetry of ours—I do like you; and, if I am wrong to say so, blame yourself for asking the question of one, who has not art enough to give a false answer. (*Giving her hand.*)

*Horace.* (*Kissing it.*) Dearest, dearest Fanny, but see, the Squire is coming this way—how very unfortunate!

*Fanny.* The Squire! Then I must toddle—(*Crosses to L. He looks at her, she checks herself.*) leave you, I mean. (*going.*)

*Horace.* (*Following her.*) We shall meet again, presently?

*Fanny.* Yes! Yes!

*Horace.* I have a favor to ask you—

*Fanny.* What is it?

*Horace.* That you will change this boyish fashion of your hair—

*Fanny.* What! Does my curly wig offend you, too? Well, the master orders, and the pupil must obey! (*Curtseys, and exit L.*)

*Enter the SQUIRE, L. U. E.*

*Horace.* (*Looking after her, and unconsciously resuming his affected voice.*) Happy, happy fellow! She loves you—that's evident!

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) Now, she's in love with somebody! What loving relations I have got.

*Horace.* (*Coming forward without seeing him*) How strange it is that people never can see their own defects! Here has this girl, with every requisite, natural and acquired, to become an ornament to society, been making herself positively ridiculous, by assuming a language and a manner altogether unsuited to her sex.

*Squire. (Aside R.)* Come, that's pretty well, for you.

*Horace.* But I don't see the Squire, now—(*Going up L.*)

*Squire.* Turn this way, my friend, and you will. That was Miss Fanny Markham who left you?

*Horace. (L.)* It was, sir.

*Squire.* She is a good wench, but an odd one.

*Horace.* I have found her both.

*Squire.* You were talking very earnestly with her, seemingly?

*Horace.* I was.

*Squire.* What about?

*Horace.* Nay, sir—excuse me—"When a woman's in the case."

*Squire.* Fiddle de dee! with a woman in the case! You were talking to her about love, I suppose?

*Horace.* Something of the sort, I believe.

*Squire.* Are you in love?

*Horace. (Aside.)* What shall I say? (*Aloud.*) No, sir.

*Squire.* More shame for you!

*Horace. (Aside.)* I have done wrong! (*Aloud.*) I meant, yes,

*Squire.* It's lucky for you! Fanny is in love, also, I presume, as a matter of course; for it appears to me that the air of Broadlands has become "marvelously favorable to the growth of the tender passion."

*Horace.* I believe I may say that she is, sir!

*Squire.* No doubt. With whom?

*Horace.* Nay, sir—that is a question—(*Aside.*) I must tell him by degrees. (*Aloud.*) With one of your nephews, sir.

*Squire.* I'm delighted to hear it! (*Aside.*) This lets out Master George's secret, then; and this good boy, has been interceding with her, for his brother! (*Aloud.*) Horace, I perceive exactly what you have been saying to Miss Markham—you have done a very good natured action—I'll take care that you don't lose by it.

*Horace. (Aside.)* What on earth, does that mean? (*Aloud.*) My dear sir, what I did, was merely—

*Squire. (Interrupting.)* Don't explain! Modesty is the companion of merit; come hither, you young dog, and I'll whisper something in your ear to begin with—(*Horace approaches him, he takes his arm, and speaks mysteriously.*) Your affection is returned.

*Horace. (Puzzled.)* You know that?

*Squire.* I do.

*Horace.* You overheard, then?

*Squire.* I did.

*Horace.* And you are not angry?

*Squire.* Angry, my dear boy? I'm seldom angry with any body, never, with my darling Sophy!

*Horace.* Your darling Sophy, sir?

*Squire.* What are you alarmed at? There is no particular danger in her being my darling Sophy I imagine?

*Horace.* I have no objection, sir.

*Squire.* And now, sir, I want to know how your notions about giving up London get on?

*Horace.* Upon my life, sir, I begin to think that I shall find the country very endurable; and then, you know, sir one needn't be here constantly; one may spend above half the year in Town.

*Squire.* Indeed one may do no such thing! No, sir, the man who takes my place when I am gone must do as I have done—reside the greater part of his time amongst those who have a natural right to look up to him for protection and support; and spend the greater part of the wealth the soil produces amongst those, who, under Providence, have made that soil productive.

*Horace.* Indeed I believe you're right, sir.

*Squire.* My friend, I *know* I'm right. I've tried the system for fifty years and I ought to know by this time. And now, I want to ask your advice.

*Horace.* My advice, sir?

*Squire.* Yes, I don't wonder at your being astonished. (*Aside.*) I'll invent a tale of woe, and try what his heart is made of. (*Aloud.*) I find myself in a painful position; the only son of one of my tenants has robbed me of forty pounds; if I prosecute him he will be transported, and his father, and mother, who are worthy, honest people, will be brought to disgrace—perhaps to death!

*Horace.* Then don't prosecute him.

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) Good! (*Aloud.*) Aye; but as a magistrate, I am bound to punish the guilty.

*Horace.* Granted; but, as a man, you are bound *not* to punish the innocent. Think of his poor devils of a father and mother.

*Squire.* He should have thought of them, before he committed the crime.

*Horace.* So he should; but as he didn't—suppose we think of them for him?

*Squire.* What course do you recommend?

*Horace.* Tell him to replace the money and you'll forgive him.

*Squire.* It wouldn't do for *me* to tell him.

*Horace.* Then, let me, without your knowing it.

*Squire.* But I have reason to believe that he has spent it.

*Horace.* Then I'll give it him out of the fifty you gave me yesterday.

*Squire.* (*Aside, and turning away to conceal his emotion.*) I shall hug him directly.

*Horace.* Come Nunky, don't be hard hearted!

*Squire.* (*Aside, and much moved.*) Yes, I'm very hard hearted—very—

*Horace.* It must be such a horrid bore to a fellow to go to prison! Won't you let me go to him and settle it?

*Squire.* (*Struggling with his feelings.*) It's ten miles off I tell you, and my horses are all employed to-day.

*Horace.* All employed? Then I'll walk!

*Squire.* (*Turning towards him.*) Horace, come to my arms for I love you! (*Embraces him, and then pushes him away.*) And now get out, for I hate you!

*Horace.* Love me and hate me!

*Squire.* Yes; I love you—because upon every important point on which I try you, I find you with the feelings of a man and a

gentleman: I hate you—because you hide those feelings behind the language and bearing of a dandy and a noodle! Expound yourself boy; for to me you are a riddle.

*Horace.* If I knew what you objected to, I would alter it, sir, with pleasure.

*Squire.* There it is then! What do you say “with *play-jaar*,” for? Can’t you say, with pleasure?

*Horace.* (*In a less dandified tone.*) With pleasure.

*Squire.* That’s better; but it won’t do yet—with pleasure!

*Horace.* (*Imitating him.*) With pleasure.

*Squire.* There, I knew you could speak like a human being if you chose. Keep to that my dear boy, and drop your London drawling; you’ll gain three quarters of an hour every day by it.

*Horace.* I shall endeavour.

*Squire.* Quicker!

*Horace.* I shall endeavour.

*Squire.* That will do! And now, my friend I want you to alter your walk.

*Horace.* What’s the matter with my walk?

*Squire.* I don’t know, but it seems to me very uncomfortable—I would see you walk *thus*, (*Crosses to L.*) like an English gentleman; not *thus*, like a foreign dancing master. (*Crosses to R.*) I would have your very gait an index to your character—firmness of step, to bespeak firmness of purpose—uprightness of body, to indicate uprightness of mind. I would have you look the world in the face, and defy it to make you wink. A smile for a friend, a frown for a foe, but a full front for all!

*Horace.* I will do my best to meet your wishes; and, that I may begin my practice at once, tell me where this poor culprit lives?

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) Odso! I forgot that! I can’t well tell him what I don’t know—

*Horace.* (*Taking out note.*) I must first get this fifty pound note changed.

*Squire.* Stay, my boy, a thought strikes me. I can relieve you of that trouble; give me that note and I’ll give you the change for it by and bye. (*Crosses L. Aside.*) Better change than ever was given for a fifty pound note before! (*Aloud.*) And now, come along—you curious, anomalous, contradictory, puzzling animal; you silly, rattlebrained, dandified, kind hearted, brotherly, brave, generous, noble minded rascal! Come along; and as you come, walk as I have taught you, *thus*! (*Taking his hand, walking and singing,*)

“Like a fine old English gentleman, all of the olden time!”

[*Ereunt L. hand in hand—Horace imitating the Squire’s walk, and singing with him.*]

## SCENE II. A room at the Hall.

*Enter TEMPERANCE, L. followed slowly and unwillingly by ALICE.*

*Temp.* Come on this way with me, I tell you! I want you in my room.

*Alice.* Let me stay there a little longer, Aunt—I had rather—I had indeed!

*Temp.* What for? Why?

*Alice.* I can't exactly tell why—

*Temp.* Then come with me—I have often told you that you should have a reason for every thing.

*Alice.* Well, I have a reason Aunt, but I don't think you'll be satisfied with it.

*Temp.* Why not?

*Alice.* It's such a little one.

*Enter SPARROW, hastily, L.*

*Sparrow.* Well Alice, here I am, punctual as time. (*Seeing TEMPERANCE, he is about to retreat L.*)

*Temp.* (*Crosses to c.*) Come in! come in! no running away (*To ALICE.*) So this was your reason?

*Alice.* (*R.*) Yes, aunt; I told you it was a little one

*Temp.* I've caught you Mr. Sparrow!

*Sparrow.* I own it; but open the trap and let me go.

*Temp.* Why do you come here seeking to make a fool of this girl?

*Sparrow.* By the honour of a correct—I may add, an irreproachable watchmaker; I seek no such thing!

*Temp.* What then is your object?

*Sparrow.* My object? She to whom my hand points, my charming Alice!

*Temp.* Your Alice? Who is to make her your's pray?

*Sparrow.* The Reverend Mr. Roberts.

*Temp.* Alice; have you consented to this?

*Alice.* Have I, Sparrow?

*Sparrow.* Most certainly you have.

*Alice.* Well, if you say so, I suppose I have! (*To TEMPERANCE.*) I'm very sorry, aunt, if I have done anything wrong, but if you'll only let me marry him this once, I'll never do so any more.

*Temp.* You're a silly girl; and I desire I may hear no more of this at present at all events; two or three years hence perhaps—

*Sparrow.* Two or three years! What a terrible waste of time!

*Temp.* (*To SPARROW.*) Now we have a great deal to attend to, so pray go away.

*Sparrow.* Go away! wound up as I am, I cannot possibly go. (*Kneeling.*) Kind, good Mrs. Temperance, on my knees I entreat you to take pity on two virtuous and suffering individuals!

*Temp.* Get up you foolish creature, do!

*Sparrow.* Never! Alice, come down, and help me to melt your aunt!

*Alice.* (*Kneeling R.*) Dear aunt, please to melt!

*Temp.* Alice, I'm quite ashamed of you get up this instant I only wish the Squire were here to see you!

*Enter the SQUIRE L., they rise hastily on hearing his voice.*

*Squire.* You have your wish my good friend! What were these young people kneeling to you for?

*Temp.* The foolish creatures want to be married, sir!

*Squire.* Well, why don't you let them? If the match turns out badly, they're the people to suffer. (*Crosses to TEMPERANCE.*)

*Temp.* True, sir, but Alice is too young.

*Squire.* Ah! She'll soon mend of that fault, (*To ALICE.*) and I don't think she has any other. (*ALICE curtsies. To TEMPERANCE.*) Have you anything to say against my little watchmaker in ordinary here?

*Temp.* No sir, the little man is well enough.

*Sparrow.* I beg to observe, with great respect, that there are no less than six men in the village shorter than I am. (*Drawing himself up.*)

*Squire.* That's right my friend, stand up for yourself! and now I'll say something for you; there is no man in the village tall or short who is more punctual than you are. (*SPARROW bows. To TEMPERANCE.*) And my experience has taught me friend Tempy, that a man who is punctual in matters of business, will seldom go far astray in other matters.

*Sparrow.* (*Aside to ALICE, who has crossed behind to L.*) Do you hear that, Alice? [the stage.]

*Alice.* (*Aside to him.*) What a dear old Squire! (*They retire up*

*Squire.* (*Aside to TEMPERANCE.*) Come, what say you? It does not follow, because you and I have never been married that nobody else should be.

*Temp.* Be it as you command, sir.

*Squire.* Nay, nay, I don't command in such a case.

*Temp.* Then as you wish, sir.

*Squire.* That's a good soul! and I'll see if I can find a stray hundred or so, for the girl! (*Aloud.*) Come hither you two! (*To ALICE*) Your aunt gives you permission to be married, and I will give you something to buy a new bonnet with.

*Both.* Thank you, sir!

*Squire.* No thanks! come to me two or three years hence, if I should happen to be in the way, and if you thank me *then*, I shan't doubt that you have good cause for doing so! And now sir, tuck this young woman under your arm, and go see some of the amusements which are going on in the park, for I have nothing more to say to you, and I *have* something very particular to say to my friend here.

*Sparrow and Alice.* Oh! thank you, thank you, sir!

[*Exeunt SPARROW and ALICE L.*]

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) Yes; I'll pretend I'm going to be married, and that shall be Horace's last ordeal. Tempy shall assist my plan. and undertake to act the part of my wife at a short notice!

*Temp.* Something very particular, sir?

*Squire.* Aye, something very—very particular!

*Temp.* (*Aside.*) What can it be?

*Squire.* Mistress Temperance—

*Temp.* Yes, sir!

*Squire.* Temperance—

*Temp.* Yes, sir!

*Squire.* (*Taking her hand.*) Tempy—

*Temp.* S—Sir!

*Squire.* (*Letting go of her hand and aside.*) Upon my life it is rather an awkward thing to do, now I come to the point.

*Temp. (Aside.)* How very strange! He seems as much confused as if he were going to ask me to marry him!

*Squire.* I have a favour to ask of you; but it is a favour of so peculiar a description, that I feel it right to prepare you in some degree, before I mention what it is.

*Temp. (Aside.)* Why it never can be so! *(Aloud.)* You have only to speak, sir, and I hope you know that your wishes will be attended to. *(Aside.)* I don't know what to say about it.

*Squire. (L.)* You are aware that I am rich?

*Temp.* Yes, sir.

*Squire.* That I am seventy years old?

*Temp.* Yes, sir.

*Squire. (Taking her hand again.)* And that I am unmarried?

*Temp. (Startled.)* Sir!

*Squire. (Letting go of her hand and aside.)* Now what in the world does she start at that for? *(Aloud.)* Why, you never supposed that I was married, did you?

*Temp.* Certainly not, sir.

*Squire.* Then you needn't agitate yourself yet, at all events. When I sent for these nephews of mine, it was under the idea of making one of them my heir. Yesterday I inclined to George; to-day I have had a preference for Horace; but to-morrow, nay even to-day, if you consent to my wishes, may bring with it another change.

*Temp. (Aside.)* I hardly dare trust myself to guess at his meaning.

*Squire.* Yesterday proved that this boy Horace was brave; to-day has shewn him to possess half a dozen other good qualities; it has however occurred to me, that he may think me a good natured old fool, and may have assumed them to impose on me. I want therefore, to know how he would behave if he found that I was going to be married?

*Temp.* You, sir, going to be married?

*Squire.* Yes. I have therefore made up my mind to ask you— *(Aside.)* It really is a very delicate and a very awkward thing, to ask a woman to *pretend* she is going to be married to you. *(Aloud.)* I say I have therefore made up my mind to ask you— *(Aside.)* I cannot do it and so it don't signify! I must insinuate what I mean, she is a shrewd woman and will understand me in a moment. *(Aloud.)* Tempy!

*Temp.* What, my dear sir?

*Squire.* You are a sensible, clever creature, and I dare say if the truth was known, that you already half see through my intention.

*Temp. (R.)* It is possible I may, sir.

*Squire. (L.)* Good! Good! I am aware that a little plan of this sort, may seem almost foolish in a man of my time of life; but you will make allowance for me, when I tell you that it is to satisfy me on a subject which is nearest my heart.

*Temp.* Any subject which is near *your* heart, sir, cannot be far from mine.

*Squire.* A thousand thanks, my dear friend! Your quickness has saved me from much awkwardness; without further preface then, I shall announce to all my household that I am going to be married.



*Temp.* (*Aside.*) That it should come to this at last! (*Aloud.*) Will not such an announcement seem rather abrupt, sir?

*Squire.* That is what I want—he'll be the more off his guard.

*Temp.* Then it shall be as you wish.

*Squire.* And you will not forget to confirm all I say, both by your words and manner?

*Temp.* It is not likely I should forget it, sir.

*Squire.* Good soul! Good soul! And if occasion should require it, you will not fail to support your new dignity?

*Temp.* I shall do my best to support it.

*Squire.* I'm sure you will! And now farewell—my wife that is to be—for a short time—

*Temp.* For a short time dear sir, farewell.

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) Horace be prepared, your last trial approaches! [*Exit L.*]

*Temp.* I have often thought that this might happen; but it has indeed come suddenly now it has come! It would perhaps have been as well if he had mentioned it some twenty years ago; but that is not a foolish proverb, which says "Better late than never!" The only question is, ought I to decline the offer? I can see no reason *why* I ought. I wrong no one by accepting it; and I serve myself, while I please him whom it is my first duty to please. Come then Mistress Temperance, late as it is, lay aside the meekness of the Squire's housekeeper, and, since he desires it, practice the deportment of the Squire's lady!

[*Exit R., with assumed dignity.*]

SCENE III.—*Large open part of the park, fire at the back, U. E. L. at which an ox and a large pig, are being roasted whole; four or five cooks are attending to them. In the centre a May-pole is erected, decorated with garlands and flowers. Hogsheads of ale. U. E. R. Long covered tables and benches, R. and L. &c. A garden seat is placed on R., and some garden chairs in S. E. R., for the SQUIRE and his party,*

*Enter SPARROW and ALICE, U. E. R.*

*Sparrow.* (*Coming down with ALICE, arm-in-arm.*) Here's your works!

*Alice.* Well I declare, this looks something like a birth-day! Was there ever such a dear old Squire?

*Sparrow.* (*R.*) I must say, that every thing seems uncommonly well regulated!

*Alice.* (*L.*) I should think so; look at the ox, look at the sheep, look at the cooks!

*Sparrow.* They're nothing to what you'll see presently! There'll be the wrestlers, and the single-stick players, and the morris-dancers, and I don't know who besides!

*Alice.* Why you forgot the ladies and gentlemen, belonging to the society of Tox—tox—tox—what is that hard French word?

*Sparrow.* Toxophilites! But I don't think it's French, I think it's an Italian word!

*Alice.* Yes, Bows and Arrows, that's it! Well they're all coming in *their dresses*!

*Sparrow.* Why you wouldn't have them come out of their dresses, would you?

*Alice.* Don't be a goose!

*Sparrow.* I must be a goose to-day, I can't help it. It's the Squire's birthday, and it's in a manner our wedding-day—

*Alice.* And it's a beautiful day, and it's a merry day, and it's—

*Sparrow.* (*Interrupting.*) And it's nearly one o'clock, and here's all the world beginning to come!

*Alice.* Oh my! what a stream of people all across the park! (*Music, very piano is heard, indicating the approach of the Morris-dancers.*) [*the stage.*]

*Sparrow.* Huzza! here they come, music and all. (*They turn up* (*Music; enter U. E. R. Female Archers and Morris-dancers, they dance round the stage and then sit, the ladies R. the gentlemen L. Groups of country people, L. U. E. among which are intermixed persons dressed for running, wrestling, quoit-throwing, single-stick playing, &c., they move about the stage, conversing, and examining the different preparations for the amusements.*)

*Enter HORACE L. U. E.*

*Horace.* Where in the world can Fanny have got to? I can't find her any where. (*He is crossing the stage towards R., when FANNY enters R. U. E., unperceived, in a female archer's dress, crossing his path; he runs against her, then turns round, bows and takes off his hat.*) I beg your pardon, sir, ma'am I mean. (*Puts his hat on again and is going L.*)

*Fanny.* Is that all you have to say, sir?

*Horace.* (*Turning hastily.*) You Fanny, is it possible?

*Fanny.* Quite possible! How do you like my dress?

*Horace.* To be candid with you, not at all; I am disappointed and vexed to find you in it.

*Fanny.* If I had thought you would have disliked the dress, I would not have put it on; but my companions expect me to join them; I am their captain.

*Horace.* Would you rather disappoint them or distress me?

*Fanny.* Come, come, don't look so very serious about it!

*Horace.* You promised me to discontinue the use of weapons.

*Fanny.* Well, I gave you my pistols!

*Horace.* I meant of *all* weapons!

*Fanny.* Why I have only got a bow and a few arrows.

*Horace.* Still they are masculine.

*Fanny.* I expected to win the prize to-day.

*Horace.* Give me your bow and arrows and I'll win it for you.

*Fanny.* (*Eagerly.*) You will? I shall like that better! (*Gives them to him.*)

*Horace.* Dearest Fanny, and will you gratify my whim. \*

*Fanny.* I suppose I must. (*Going R.*)

*Horace.* (*Going to her.*) Then let me see you back to the hall.

*Fanny.* (*Checking him.*) No sir, thank you, not while I wear a dress which disappoints and vexes you; you have offended me, sir, and I have a great mind— (*Horace looks imploringly at her*) to forgive you! (*Horace kisses her hand. Exit FANNY R., he mixes with the crowd, and disappears.*)

*Alice.* (Coming forward with SPARROW.) What time will the Squire come?

*Sparrow.* One, to a moment!

(Large ~~Chorus~~ goes the quarters, and strikes One! Voices L. U. R. call out "The Squire! The Squire!" The persons dressed for the different sports form in groups on either side, with the Country People behind them, leaving a passage open down the centre. Small cannon are fired in the distance. The bells ring. The band plays "The Old English Gentleman," and the people cheer in time at the end of each line. The SQUIRE appears from L. U. E. leading TEMPERANCE by the hand, followed by GEORGE, HORACE, and SOPHY. He takes his hat off, to the right and left, in answer to the cheers, hands TEMPERANCE to the garden seat, and bows generally, to the whole assembly, as the music concludes.)

*Sparrow.* One cheer more! (All shout.)

*Squire.* A kind welcome to all my friends both great and small. Now let the sports begin!

The SQUIRE, sits on L. of TEMPERANCE; GEORGE, SOPHY, and HORACE, occupy seats, S. E. R.

*Ballet of Morris Dancers and Female Archers.*

*Squire.* Good! Now friends, rest awhile and refresh yourselves; presently we'll have more sport, and after that we'll find some prizes for the winners.

The people seat themselves at the tables. The SQUIRE rises and comes forward, followed by his own immediate party.

*Squire.* (C.) Where is my friend Fanny?

*Enter FANNY, (R.) in a plain white muslin dress.*

*Horace.* (Coming to meet her.) Here, sir!

*Squire.* Good! Come near me all of you—and come next me, you two boys; I have a family secret to communicate to you.

*Sophy, and George, (R.C.) Horace and Fanny (L.)* A secret, sir?

*Squire.* A most important one! It burns me—and I must out with it.

*Temp.* (R. Looks earnestly at the SQUIRE, who crosses to her) Perhaps it might be as well, sir, not to mention my name in the first instance.

*Squire.* (Aside to her.) You are quite right; I wont, unless I find it absolutely necessary. (Aloud, crossing C.) I sent for you two boys, under the notion of making one of you my heir; you George have saved me all trouble, by declining the situation.

*Temp.* (Aside.) He has saved himself some trouble, also.

*Geo.* My dear sir, if I had two lives I should have no objection to spending one of them in the country; as it is, I must still say, London for me! I care more about five per cents, than five-barred gates—more about farming stocks, than stocking farms—

and though I am at home among bulls and bears, I should be sadly out among oxen and sheep!

*Squire.* Well, well, I'll settle accounts with you bye and bye. Horace!

*Horace.* Sir.

*Squire.* You took to my plan readily.

*Horace.* Very much so indeed.

*Temp. (Aside.)* Poor fellow! It will be a cruel disappointment to him.

*Squire.* For your sake I have turned teacher of elocution and drill sergeant; and I must admit, that in the short space of two days you have made considerable progress.

*Horace.* You're very good, sir.

*Squire.* Don't be too sure of that I don't regret having taught you; but I do regret that circumstances oblige me to alter my previous intention of making you my heir.

*Fanny. (Aside to Horace.)* Why the Squire is never going to back out, is he?

*Horace. (Checks her with a look, and turns to the Squire earnestly.)* What have I done, sir, to forfeit your good opinion?

*Squire.* Nothing.

*Horace.* Then sir, allow me to say—that to excite my hopes in the way you did; and then without cause, to dash them to the ground, is unlike all that I have ever heard of you—it is cruel, it is unjustifiable!

*Squire. (Aside.)* Bravo! Bravo!

*Fanny. (Aside.)* He gives it to him well, and serve him right too

*Squire. (Aside.)* I like his spirit!

*Geo.* Horace only meant, sir—

*Squire.* Let him alone boy! (*To Horace.*) You interrupted me, just as I was going to give you a reason—

*Horace.* Oh! sir—what reason can you have?

*Squire.* One, that you will find conclusive if not satisfactory. I am going to be married.

*All. (except Temperance.)* Married!

*Temp. (Aside.)* There'll be another little surprise when they hear whom it is to!

*Squire.* How you all stare! Did you never hear of an elderly gentleman's being married before?

*Geo.* Why sir—you know it was only yesterday that you said it was too late, and added that—(*Hesitating.*)

*Squire.* I remember it perfectly—that I couldn't help being an old man, but I could help being an old fool. But then I'm like Benedick, "when I said I would die a bachelor, I didn't think I should live to be married."

*Temp. (Aside.)* I'm sure I little expected it!

*Horace. (Going to the SQUIRE, and offering his hand.)* My dear sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons.

*Squire. (Astonished.)* What have you done?

*Horace.* It never entered into my head, that you were going to be married.

*Squire. (Aside.)* I don't wonder at it! (*Aloud.*) And now that it does enter your head?

*Horace.* I perceive in it nothing beyond what, having plenty of money and being accountable to nobody, you have a perfect right to do; and what, were I in your place, I would do myself if I chose it.

*Squire.* And you don't consider me an old fool?

*Horace.* No, sir!

*Squire.* Nor an old brute?

*Horace.* Certainly not, sir!

*Squire.* Pray, sir, do you remember what you may lose by it?

*Horace.* I can't help it; that which is just in itself does not become unjust, merely because I happen to suffer by it.

*Squire.* Boy, you exceed my hopes, and I will own to you—(*Aside.*) No, I won't own it yet, I'll keep it for a *bonne bouche*! (*Aloud.*) I owe you some recompence for bearing this news so well!

*Horace.* Surely, sir, you are old enough to do as you like.

*Squire.* Why yes—but I am not, and I hope I never shall be old enough, to prevent others from doing as they like. George, you are in love!

*Geo.* I own it.

*Squire.* Horace, you are in love!

*Horace.* I admit it.

*Squire.* Sophy! my darling, come hither. Fanny, my friend, come to *this* hand! (*They cross to him.*) And now, my dear girls and boys, be happy with the objects of your affections. (*He gives SOPHY to HORACE, who is L., and FANNY to GEORGE, who is R. They all start away from each other exclaiming, "Sir!"*) What's the matter with you all? What is this mock modesty about?

*Geo.* There's some mistake, sir.

*Horace, Fanny, and Sophy.* Yes, sir, there's some mistake.

*Squire. (To George.)* What, ar'n't you in love with Fanny?

*Geo.* No, sir!

*Squire. (To Fanny.)* Nor you with George?

*Fanny.* No, sir!

*Squire. (To Sophy.)* Nor you with Horace?

*Sophy.* No, sir!

*Squire. (To Horace.)* Nor you with Sophy?

*Horace.* No, sir!

*Squire.* Why didn't I overhear—

*Geo. (Interrupting.)* I can save you trouble, sir. In your usual anxiety to make others happy, you have for once mistaken the means; permit Horace and myself to change places and all will be right.

*Squire.* Oh! that's it, is it? Well, with all my heart. (*He changes the ladies over—they shake hands.*) I have always been of opinion, that when the dance is for life, people should be allowed to choose their own partners. (*They all turn up the stage, except TEMPERANCE. The SQUIRE looks at her.*)

*Temp.* Now, comes my turn.

*Squire.* Tempy! (*She approaches him.*) Nearer, I don't want

every body to overhear us—(*She goes close to him.*) You were mistaken in that boy Horace yesterday, he has turned out better than you thought.

*Temp.* He has indeed!

*Squire.* How admirably he bore the news of my intended marriage!

*Temp.* It's lucky for him that he could bear it so.

*Squire.* It shall be lucky for him. (*Laughs.*) It's funny enough, that they should none of them ask to whom I was going to be married?

*Temp.* Perhaps it was as well, sir.

*Squire.* Better, my friend, better!—because we needn't tell them now.

*Temp.* Oh! not now you think, sir? When then?

*Squire.* When I say not now, I mean not at all.

*Temp.* They must know it at some time or other.

*Squire.* Not if we keep our own counsel.

*Temp.* (*Aside.*) Why, he never can mean to propose a secret marriage at our time of life?

*Squire.* What's the matter, Tempy?

*Temp.* Nothing, sir—I was only wondering how you could manage to avoid the mention of my name.

*Squire.* That's the easiest thing in life. I can tell them one half of the joke without telling them the other.

*Temp.* (*Aside.*) Joke! What can he mean by joke?

*Squire.* What is the matter with you, Tempy? You seem quite uneasy about something?

*Temp.* Shall I be candid with you, sir?

*Squire.* If you value my friendship.

*Temp.* Then, I do not feel comfortable in the situation in which you have placed me.

*Squire.* And you've been in it thirty years and never said a word about it before.

*Temp.* I allude to our conversation half an hour ago.

*Squire.* What, did I say any thing to offend you?

*Temp.* Offend me! Oh! no, sir—but, I shall feel more satisfied when your relations know the whole truth.

*Squire.* What whole truth?

*Temp.* I mean, with regard to the offer you have done me the honor to make me.

*Squire.* The offer I have done you the honor to make you?

*Temp.* To become your wife.

*Squire.* (*Starting.*) My wife?

*Temp.* (*Aside.*) He seems surprised.

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) What can she mean? Oh! she's joking of course; she should not joke with me upon such a subject; but I have no right to complain for I began it. (*Aloud.*) Upon my life, you seemed so serious that I forgot you were carrying on the jest which I ask'd you to join me in putting on my nephew, Horace.

*Temp.* The jest, sir, the jest? Can it be possible? (*Aside.*) If I have so mistaken him, I shall be ashamed to look him in the face again.

*Squire.* (*Aside.*) Here's a pretty business! As I'm a living

Squire, she thinks I proposed to marry her in good earnest! I see it all now; this comes of my damn'd delicacy that wouldn't let me speak out. (*Looking at her.*) Poor thing! Poor thing! I have wounded her feelings; most innocently, I must say: what does that signify? I have wounded them and I must heal them; but how? Can it be done with honor? Yes! Without injury to others? Yes! It can and shall! If the man has made a blunder, the gentleman shall set it right! (*Goes and takes her hand.*) Tempy—it's rather late in life—I have had thoughts of this in years gone by—but let us not talk of that; your wishes shall be attended to, my relations shall know all—I will tell them. (*Gathering more firmness*) Now, this instant!

Temp. (*Withdrawing her hand.*) Your pardon, dear sir; allow me one minute to collect myself. (*Aside.*) I have mistaken him and what is worse he has discovered it; yet, he would sacrifice himself rather than inflict pain on one whom he regards—there is comfort for me yet—the secret is between ourselves, and between ourselves it shall remain—my momentary fit of pride is past—and I am once more, the Squire's Housekeeper!

Squire. May I call them now?

Temp. I am prepared, sir.

Squire. Boys and girls, come hither! (*He crosses to L. corner—They return, GEORGE and SOPHY R. C., HORACE and FANNY L. C.*) I told you I was going to be married; but you were so occupied about being married yourselves, that you never asked me to whom.

Geo. No more we did I declare! Allow us to ask it now?

Temp. (*To the SQUIRE.*) Let me answer, sir.

Squire. Do so!

Horace. Briefly, then—where does our future aunt exist?

Temp. In the imagination of your uncle, sir. (*All testify surprise.*) There is not (*looking earnestly at the SQUIRE,*) and there never will be, any such person. It is true, that he once for a moment, entertained such an idea; but as it was only a joke, and as the name of the other party is known to no one here but the Squire and myself, we think—we both think—that it would be unfair to mention it.

Squire. (*Crossing towards TEMPERANCE, who meets him, he takes her hand eagerly.*) Tempy, I understand you; you lose an old man by this, but you shall gain something better—do you understand me?

Temp. (*Smiling.*) This time, I think I do, sir.

Squire. Good soul! Good soul! (*Returning to c.*) George, I shall take care of you and my little Sophy. I have money in a corner for that. Horace, come hither! (*HORACE crosses to and approaches the SQUIRE.*) I deceived you, but it was for a good purpose; I have broken through your outward follies to try what your heart was made of and nobly has my labour been repaid. (*Leads him forward and speaks partly to him and partly to the audience*) It was once thought, that the bucks and beaux of London would never make good soldiers; but, when their king and country required their services, the blood of the English gentlemen rushed to meet the call and they soon made their enemies confess that their friends had been mistaken. (*To the People.*) You here be-

hold, in my adopted son, your future Squire! (*All rise and shout,—To HORACE.*) You hear that shout? It proceeds from hearts which *I* have made happy; do *you* keep them so when I am gone. I have found you to possess courage, humanity, kindness, generosity and sympathy with those in misfortune. May such qualities ever distinguish "The Country Squire!"

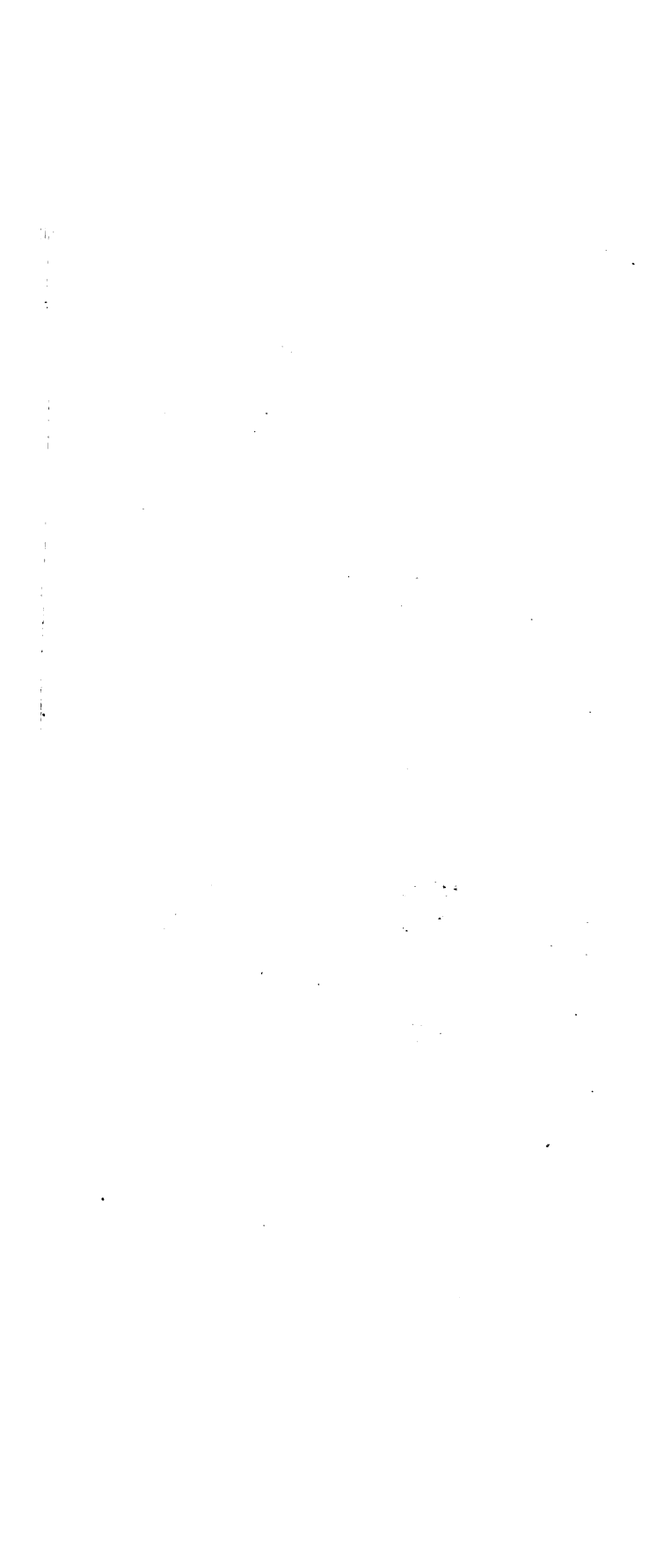
*A general shout. The air of the "Old English Gentleman" is repeated, and the curtain descends.*

**THE END.**

### *Disposition of Characters.*

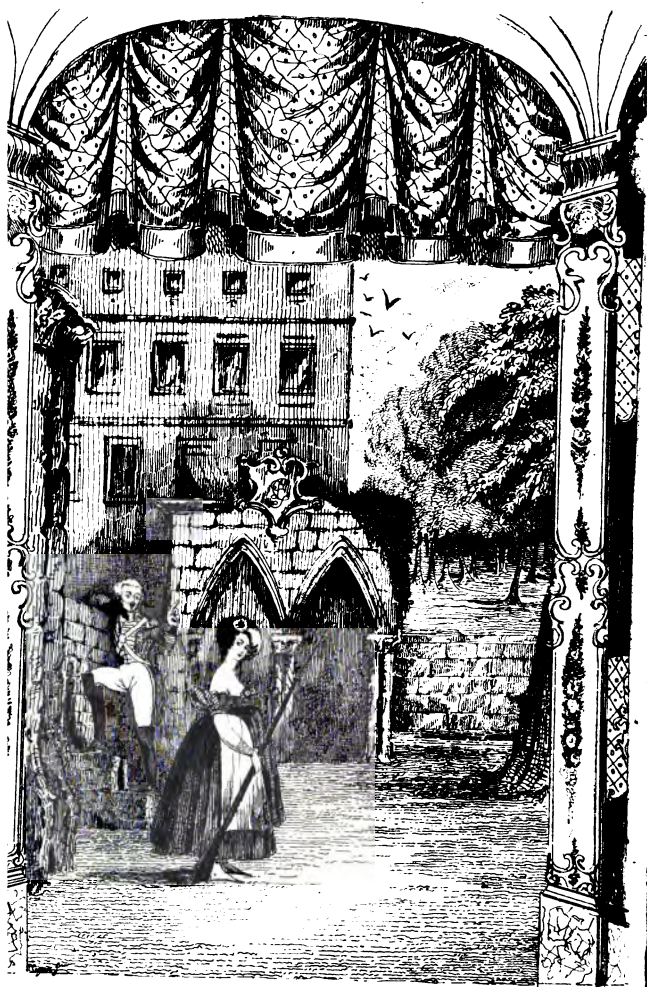
R. TEMP. SOPHY. GEO. SQUIRE. HOR. FANNY. ALICE. L. SPAR.





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THE  
SENTINEL.

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# THE SENTINEL,

A MUSICAL BURLETTA,

In One Act,

by

8c

JOHN MADDISON MORTON, Esq.

1

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

+

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

~~~~~

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE  
CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Prefaced by an original

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MADAME VESTRIS.

—————

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan, the Younger, from a drawing taken during the representation  
of the Piece.

—————

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1837

LEN

“ STAR PRESS ”  
20, Cross-Street, Hatton-Garden,  
JAMES TURNER.

AN ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

of

MADAME VESTRIS.

~~~~~  
So many eyes and ears have I pleased,  
And hearts made palpitate with witching mien;  
That were they all my subjects, I should rule  
A most countless nation of pastime lovers.

THE FAIR WITCH OF WYCH STREET,

Signor Bartolozzi, the celebrated engraver, is the father of our very celebrated *artiste*, Madame Vestris. This most popular member of the stage arrived into this busy and meddling world, per the female, in the year 1797. She was not bred to a theatrical life, though it has been bred to her. On the 28th. of January, 1813, she was married to M. Armand Vestris, the grandson of the sur-named "*Dieu de Dance*," by whom he was presented to the public of France before they were a republic, and who once said, there were but three great men in the world, viz. himself, Voltaire, and Frederick of Prussia." On the light fantastic toe, the grandson well upheld his grandsire's deification, making the female's hearts beat by his manly and buoyant bounds, and turning their heads with his pirouettes. In the course of time, that is, upon July 20th. 1815, our heroine appeared at the Italian Opera, for her lord and master's benefit, in the character of *Proserpina* in "*Il Ratto di Proserpina*," and was greatly successful; so much so, as to induce her husband to take her to Paris, where, at the Theatre Italien, she again came off with *eclat* in the same part. Not long after this, the man she sincerely loved, and to whom she rightly looked for protection, deserted her for the arms of another, that other being a pupil of his, with whom he went to Naples, and some time after died. Thus left alone, and dependant entirely on her own resources, she accepted an engagement of Mr. Elliston, and made her first attempt on the English stage at the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, on February 19th., 1820 as *Lilla* in the *Siege of Belgrade*. From this time, the tide of fortune set in, and her appearance as the hero in Mr. Moncrief's celebrated *Giovanni in London*, where symmetry of form, combined with grace, beauty, and talent, secured for her a popularity and attraction that will never die while she lives. In 1829, she became proprietress of the Olympic Theatre, and has shown by her spirited and liberal conduct, that almost Salisbury Plain might be a site where she could induce the public to come and see dramas admirably performed; for no place of amusement could be in worse odour than the Olympic at the time she took it. Since then, her course has been so brilliantly developed, to all eyes, to relate it would be useless. That she will rise superior to the misfortunes that at present assail her is our earnest wish, for she is a gem that the profession would seriously feel the loss of, either as an actress or a manager.

May 19, 1837.

B.—W.

## Dramatis Personæ, and Costume

FIRST PERFORMED JANUARY 19th, 1837.

KING.—Dark blue military coat, in the style of Frederick the Great, the skirts turned up with red, two rows of brass buttons on breast—star—white small-clothes—high jack boots, and spurs—small cocked hat—powdered long tail wig—sword. } Mr. J. VINING.

PRINCE.—Light blue military coat, in the same style as the king's—white small clothes—high boots, and spurs—powdered wig—cloak and hat. } M. SELBY.

BARON.—Black velvet coat, trimmed with gold lace—black satin small-clothes—claret silk stockings—shoes and buckles—powdered wig and tail—cocked hat. } Mr F. MATHEWS

OFFICERS.—Dark blue coats, faced with red, and trimmed with gold—white small-clothes—long boots and spurs—powdered wigs—cocked hats—swords.

SCHLOPPSEN.—White military coat, faced with blue, trimmed with red, long skirts—long white gaiters over knees, black strap round knee—cross belt—long sugar loaf cap, with red cockade at top—white great coat, trimmed with black straps, black collar—powdered wig and tail. } Mr C. MATHEWS

SOLDIERS.—The same.

LINDA.—Red petticoat—black velvet bodice—white apron. } MAD. VESTRIS.

Time of representation 1 hour.

### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. I. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left. T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

## THE SENTINEL.

---

SCENE.—*View of Palace and gardens, with sentry-box, in Berlin.*

SCHLOPPSEN *on duty as Sentry before the garden door, with his arms grounded, OFFICERS, SOLDIERS, DRUMMER and CORPORAL discovered.*

*Corporal.*

Come lads arouse to duty,  
Fall in, fall in ye brave,  
No dreams of love or beauty  
Your senses must enslave.  
Then march along while this our song  
Shall make the ramparts ring,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
For father—land and king.  
  
In laurel'd peace returning,  
To home and kindred true;  
With anxious bosom's burning  
For her who sighs for you.  
We'll march along while this our song  
Shall make each village ring,  
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,  
For father—land and king.

*Enter BARON VONDERBUSHEL, from the door, c., hastily.*

*Baron.* Gentlemen! His sacred Majesty! and in a devil of a fury!  
(*Drums beat, the SOLDIERS hastily form into a line. SCHLOPPSEN presents arms.*)

*Enter the KING, (c.), OFFICERS.*

*The King.* (*Marching rapidly to and fro brandishing his cane.*)  
By my ancestors but this shall not be endured! state policy induces me to seek an alliance for my son and successor, with the illustrious family of Ferdinand of Brunswick, who on the faith of



our Royal word, escorts his daughter to our court, when—patience befriend me! my son Fritz, little caring to thwart our Royal pleasure, tells me to my face and in the presence of the whole court, that the only means of securing an alliance between the families of Brandenburg and Brunswick, is to marry the lady myself! This to me! Frederick William of Prussia—to me, who overthrew Charles of Sweden on the plain of Stralsund! Who overran Pomerania in spite of Russia and its threatening empire? No, no, Prince Royal of Prussia, bitterly shall you repent this act of insubordination! Consent to espouse the Princess Elizabeth Christina, crave pardon of your king and father: or by my Royal office, you shall be declared unworthy to wield the sceptre of these realms! I myself will pronounce your sentence, aye, and cause it to be read at the head of every regiment in the service!

*Baron. (Approaching cautiously, r.)* Sire! allow me to observe with the most perfect consciousness, however, that I may be egregiously in the wrong—that this state of royal irritation—

*King.* Silence, fool!

*Baron.* I've done. (*Bowing.*)

*King.* Irritation, forsooth! I would have you to know, Baron Vonderbushel that I am not the man to be schooled into moderation when it suits me to put myself in a passion! No sir! when the anger of Frederick William is aroused, he wishes it to be known from one end of Prussia to the other. I am not one of those monarchs of gew-gaw and tinsel, who can force a smile to conceal their displeasure! Here, sir! here is my sceptre. (*Brandishing his cane.*) You know how I wield it.

*Baron. (Aside, rubbing his shoulders.)* There'll be broken heads at court to night. (*Aloud, and in a very obsequious tone.*) Your Majesty has every reason to be excessively indignant, I may say, highly incensed, and if I had been in your Royal place—

*King.* You in my place! (*Contemptuously.*) Well sir?

*Baron.* I should have adopted the same rational, calm, dignified line of conduct!

*King.* Ugh! would that I had those about me who would speak as honest men should!

*Baron.* Well sire, if I might be allowed to suggest—

*King.* To the point at once sir! but remember, should your counsel militate against my absolute authority, you may chance to exchange your golden collar for an iron one in the fortress of Glatz!

*Baron. (Aside.)* An iron collar! The bare idea has given me a crick in the neck!

*King.* Now Baron, I'm all attention. You were saying—

*Baron.* No, your Majesty, I did not *actually* say any thing, I was only saying that I was going to say—

*King.* What?

*Baron.* That there exists a wonderful unanimity of opinion between your Majesty and the most devoted of your subjects. (*Bows very low.*)

*King.* Then why presume to offer any palliation for our son's flagrant ingratitude!

*Baron.* I offer palliation! on the contrary, I think his conduct infamous!

*King. (Angrily.)* And pray, Baron Vonderbushel, who has constituted you judge of the actions of the Prince Royal of Prussia, eh!

*Baron.* I the judge! on the contrary, sire, I am no judge of any thing, I merely am inclined to think, that is to say,—the tendency of my humble opinion goes rather to establish my conviction that I know nothing about the matter! Still had I been in Prince Frederick's place—

*King.* Not being my son, you would have been shot; but to more important business than your life. Have sentinels been placed in every avenue leading to the palace? (*Sees SCHLOPPS, who has been standing like an automaton, presenting arms R.*) Grenadier, you are tired with presenting arms. (*SCHLOPPS nods assent.*) and have wished me at the devil? (*SCHLOPPS nods again.*) Umph, shoulder arms. (*SCHLOPPS executes this manœuvre with stiffness and precision.*) That's a smart fellow; you say, you have received information that Prince Frederick attempted yesterday to escape from Bucholtz, where I had exiled him.

*Baron.* Such was the report, sire.

*King.* Do you believe it?

*Baron.* I believe—I believe it. (*Cautiously.*)

*King.* Do you doubt it?

*Baron.* I've no doubt but I do doubt it.

*King.* Pshaw! (*To the Officers.*) Gentlemen, attention! Prince Frederick is banished from our court until he consent to sue for pardon at the feet of Elizabeth Christina, Grand Duchess of Wolfenbittel. I myself will visit the posts to-night. Baron, you will accompany me; let every avenue be strictly guarded, especially that entrance to the palace garden. (*Pointing to the door where SCHLOPPS is standing.*) It is the post of honour.

*Baron.* Is not your Majesty satisfied with yonder sentinel?

*King.* (*Looking at SCHLOPPS, and shrugging his shoulders.*)

*Humph. (To his suite.)* Forward gentlemen.

[*Exeunt the KING and SUITE. U. E. L.*]

*Schlopps. (Watching the KING out, comes forward, imitating.)* Humph! his Majesty my highly respected sovereign, is what I call a decided specimen of the "difficult to be pleased class of the community," never mind Schloppsens, great men are seldom duly appreciated! Take for example, my noble patriotic sire, Maximilian Schloppsens, who though seven feet two in his stockings never rose above a corporal. Oh if I could but get my discharge from this infernal service. I've done my best to get drummed out of the regiment, but thy won't part with me, and as for my being killed off, I flatter myself there isn't the least chance of that; besides, I am the last of the family, the sole surviving link between the Schloppsens's and oblivion, and I have fallen a willing victim to the tender passion in order to perpetuate our name. Oh Linda, Linda, most adorable retailer of posies in the whole Germanic confederation, when shall I be able to call you Madame Schloppsens. If I could only have a little familiar confab with his Majesty I could whisper something in his ear, concerning the safety of the royal person, and the obligation he owes to the deceased corporal, my father, that might perhaps,—Ah, a stranger approaches. Attention! (*Shoulders his musket and stands at his post.*)

*Enter PRINCE FREDERICK in a cloak and slouched hat. (L.)*

*Fred.* At length I have escaped from my exile at Bucholtz in spite of my royal father and his myrmidons? Never shall it be said that I consented to humiliate myself before a proud princess, or bestow my hand where my heart could not follow! No, no, Elizabeth Christina, take the counsel of a friend, return to Brunswick, bestow your favour on another, and leave Frederick to his celibacy. (*Looks around.*) By all that's dutiful, I am in the very purlieu of the palace. Faith, it would be a glorious satisfaction for my wrongs to turn the laugh of the whole court upon my angry sire, by passing the night within his palace walls. Besides, I might perchance catch a glimpse of this formidable princess, my bride elect. Ha, ha, she has never seen me, and as I am determined not to marry her, the satisfaction of my curiosity is worth the risk. It shall be so.—If I remember right, this little door—(*Approaches the door, SCHLOPPS places himself before it.*)

*Schlopps.* (R. *In a loud voice.*) Halt!

*Fred.* Hush!

*Schlopps.* (*Louder still.*) Right about face. March!

*Fred.* Peace fool! and stand back.

*Schlopps.* Stand back yourself, individual!

*Fred.* By whose orders, fellow, do you bar my entrance?

*Schlopps.* His Majesty's! "Schlopps my fine fellow," says he to me, "keep your eye on that gate, let nobody pass, as you value your life." Now, as I happen most decidedly to value my life says I to you—eyes left. March!

*Fred.* Ha! ha! surely grenadier, a man may look at a gate, though it may lead to a king's palace!

*Schlopps.* No fellow! If you look at that gate, 'tis evident you have something in your eye, and if you have something in your eye, you're a suspicious person, and I shall shoot you as in duty bound.

*Fred.* (*Aside.*) I see I must have recourse to my purse. (*Aloud.*) Here, take this florin, and don't push the joke any further; you understand!

*Schlopps.* (*Presenting his bayonet.*) I'll push it a great deal farther, if you don't beat a retreat!

*Fred.* This to me? (*Checks himself.*) Confusion, I must not betray myself!

*Schlopps.* Hark'ye, young man, put that paltry single florin in your pocket again, or I'll send a bullet through you, tho' you were the Prince Royal himself.

*Fred.* (*Aside.*) This fellow is not to be trifled with! I must seek other means of access to the palace! (*Aloud.*) Forgive me, my brave fellow, and accept this purse, not as the price of treason, but the reward of a Prussian soldier's loyalty! Farewell! (*Flings his purse on the ground, and Exit L.*)

*Schlopps.* He called me "brave fellow." How people may be deceived. However, I will call him a generous one, for he flings his money about like a prince: I should like to know more of that young man. I'll cultivate his acquaintance, and advise him not to throw his money about, or ten to one it is picked by some mean

selfish fellow. (*Looks about him, then picks up the purse.*) Huzza! filled to the brim with golden Fredericks? Here's luck! one, two, three, poh! I should not count them in a year; (*Puts the purse in his coat pocket.*) What shall I do with it all? how shall I spend it? Let me see, I'll build an asylum for cowards! Poh! all Berlin would not hold them. I have it, I'll give a ball in the barracks, and my own darling little Linda shall be queen of the revels: delightful! la, la, la, la, (*Waltzing about the stage.*)

*Enter LINDA, crying. (L.)*

*Linda.* Oh dear, oh dear! where can Schloppsen be! the Serjeant said his was the post of honour,—now the post of honour ought to be at the gate of the king's palace. (*Sees SCHLOPPS.*) There he is sure enough, Schloppsen! (*He pays no attention.*) Schloppsen! (*Boxes his ears.*) What are you about sir?

*Schlopps.* Practicing a pas seul, Miss Linda! (*Rubs his cheek.*) What are you about, if you come to that?

*Linda.* Beating time, Mr. Schloppsen.

*Schlopps.* I'd swear to your knuckles among a thousand. What a peculiar way you have of saluting.

*Linda.* A very proper way, as it strikes me!

*Schlopps.* As it strikes me you mean. (*Rubbing again.*)

*Linda.* And serve you right sir! for presuming to caper about, when you see I'm miserable. If this is the way you reward my tenderness—

*Schlopps.* Tenderness; it does not lie at your finger's ends, my charmer.

*Linda.* You are a cruel, good-for-nothing fellow! (*Sobbing.*)

*Schlopps.* Dry those pretty black eyes, most fascinating flower merchant, and pour your sorrows into this sympathising bosom. (*With mock feeling.*)

*Linda.* Ah Schloppsen, I remember, when like a fool you listed into his Majesty's grenadiers, and left me to sigh and sing my sad ditty.

*Song.*

Oh sad was the change when my lover was gone,  
The flowers had no perfume, the grove had no song;  
The soothings of friendship no joy could impart,  
And my ditty was tuned to the throb of my heart.

Well a day,

Ah me!

Well a day.

Ah glad was the change when my lover returned,  
The landscape no longer in solitude mourned,  
Like the mists of the morn, I bid sorrow depart,  
And my ditty was tuned to the joy of my heart,

Happy day,

Oh yes,

Happy day!

*Linda.* But now I'm wretched again, for if you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard, you would feel as I feel!

*Schlopps.* (*Tenderly.*) And how do you feel?

*Linda.* A kind of presentiment that you and I will never be man and wife! unless—

*Schlopps.* Ah, unless;

*Linda.* You instantly come with me to my father.

*Schlopps.* 'Tis very easy to say, come, but I'm on duty,—this is the post of honour! (*With dignity.*)

*Linda.* Never mind Schlopps, you'll find the post here when you come back; it won't run away!

*Schlopps.* No! but I should.

*Linda.* I'm ashamed of you sir, so I'll back to my papa, tell him I don't care a bit about you, and marry Bioum the blacksmith.

*Schlopps.* A blacksmith! degenerate damsel.

*Linda.* Yes, he has been making violent love to me. Such fibs, such oaths, and such sighs; but finding my heart steeled against his fascinations, he coaxed father to a neighbouring tavern, and whether my poor father's head was too weak, or the wine too strong I don't know, but this I *do* know, that he got—

*Schlopps.* Merry?

*Linda.* More than merry.

*Schlopps.* Jolly?

*Linda.* More than jolly.

*Schlopps.* Drunk? (*With solemnity.*)

*Linda.* Very! and in that state promised my hand to this odious blacksmith.

*Schlopps.* What's to be done! I have it,—in an hour's time I shall be relieved, and then, Linda, I'll to your father, open my heart, my purse, and my brandy bottle, and thus trebly armed, I shall overmatch this brawny Vulcan!

*Linda.* But Schlopps, in less than an hour this horrid contract will be signed.

*Schlopps.* The devil it will! Ah Linda, fortune's a capricious hussey; 'twas but just now she set me dancing to the sound of the prettiest music you ever heard, and now she sends you brimfull of tears and sighs to make me the most lackadaisical dog in Berlin.

*Linda.* But Schlopps, what *could* make you so happy in my absence?

*Schlopps.* That which will make you so. Listen! (*chinks the purse.*)

*Linda.* Well sir! I'm all attention, go on!

*Schlopps.* Go on! She likes it. (*Shews money.*) Look here, and here.

*Linda.* Golden Fredericks I declare: who was the generous donor?

*Schlopps.* (*Mysteriously.*) I believe, the emperor of all the Russias! A remarkably discriminating gentleman, who gave them as a reward for my loyalty and courage.

*Linda.* Your courage!

*Schlopps.* You may well be astonished. I was thunderstruck! Egad, I wish he'd come this way again, I'd just ask him to do duty for me here while I ran to your old dad!

*Linda.* But perhaps he's not a soldier.

*Schlopps.* Oh! I'd soon make him one.

*Linda.* Poh! Your business is to make a soldier's wife, so give me your musket, and I'll mount guard till your return.

*Schlopps.* But if you're discovered,—

*Linda.* Why then, like you and other heroes, I'll run away!

*Schlopps.* And I shall be shot.

*Linda.* Well sir, you had better be shot than lose me.

*Schlopps.* True, of two evils choose the least. Ahem; so here goes. First, my great coat to keep you warm, (*Puts his coat on her, and fastens the bells.*) my cap, (*Puts the cap on.*) and my musket! There.—

*Linda.* Can't you lend me your mustachios Schloppsens?

*Schlopps.* Not conveniently, ha! ha!

*Linda.* But you have not told me what my duty is,

*Schlopps.* True, you are to stand sentinel at that gate, and should any one attempt to pass its sacred threshold—(*With mock importance.*)

*Linda.* (*Looking fierce.*) I flatter myself I'm too formidable and ferocious a looking personage for any one to attempt it. Besides you forget I've served in the Invincibles. I'll send him to the right about in double quick time.

*Duet.*

*Linda.* With frowning looks behold me now,

I place my cap well o'er my brow,

With shoulders back, and form erect.

Blustering gait, and oaths select;

A foe to wine and blind to beauty,

That is to say, when I'm on duty;

But when I'm relieved, then hey for glasses,

Sparkling wine, and pretty lasses.

*Schlopps.* Silence! or dread the bastinado,

Remember sir, you're on parade.

Attention!

*Linda.* Your voice so gruff and fierce, alarms

Me so, I scarce can,—

*Schlopps.* Shoulder arms!

Now forward! March.

*Linda.* 'Tis all your fault

If I am out, so pray cry

*Schlopps.* Halt!

*Linda.* Oh dear I'm tired, so if you please,

I'll give the word, and stand at ease!

*Schlopps.* One moment yet,

*Linda.* I cannot stay,

*Schlopps.* Recover arms,

*Linda.* Another day.

*Schlopps.* My orders sir, dare not dispute,

I here command, you execute

One more manoeuvre.

*Linda.* What?

*Schlopps.* Salute!

[*Kisses her, and Exits, U. E. L.*]

*Linda.* There he goes. Heigho! No chance of becoming the widow of a soldier that runs as fast as he does. I wonder why this is called standing at ease, I'm sure I never felt so uncomfortable in all my life. I don't wonder at Schloppsens being tired of the service. I'm sure this musket is enough to tire any one (*Leaning on the musket, with her chin on the muzzle.*).

(Starts away.) Mercy on me! suppose it were to go off. Heigho! I begin to have a shrewd suspicion that I ought not to have volunteered into his Majesty's grenadiers. (*It grows gradually dark.*) Dear me, how very disagreeably dark it is getting. Hush! footsteps, and coming this way. What will become of me! (*retires.*)

Enter PRINCE FREDERICK, hastily, L.

Fred. (*Looking anxiously off stage.*) I have escaped my pursuers, and once more am safe!

Linda. (*Behind*) A stranger! and a man! Here's a situation for the future Madam Schloppsen.

Fred. The whole town is on the alert, the police on my track, and not one friendly door open to receive me.

Linda. He says the police are on his track, he must be some desperate bandit.

Fred. (*Looking round him.*) Surely I should know this spot. As I live, I have thrown myself once more in the clutches of that formidable sentinel; yes, yonder he stands: as fierce and uncompromising as ever.

Linda. I think I had better give him some idea of my consequence, I'll intimidate the wretch. (*Aloud, and in a gruff voice.*) Ahem!

Fred. (*Aside.*) He recognizes me, and appears disposed to be more communicative than at our last interview. (*LINDA ahems again.*) Poor fellow, he doubtless wishes to enliven the monotony of duty by a little conversation. (*Approaches LINDA.*) Grenadier! a word with you. (*LINDA shakes her head.*) Nay, my fine fellow, do not imagine that I wish to seduce you.

Linda. (*Aside.*) Come, there's some comfort in that! (*Aloud.*) Thank ye, sir!

Fred. (*Imitating.*) Thank ye sir. Ha! ha! rather an unmilitary expression for one of Frederick's grenadiers. (*Approaches close to LINDA.*) By my hopes, a woman!

Linda. Yes, if you please, sir, (*Curtseying.*) 'Tis all over with me. (*Aside.*)

Fred. And a lovely one!

Linda. Yes, if you please, sir. (*Curtseys again.*)

Fred. Fortune, I thank thee. I presume you'll not dispute my entrance to the palace garden!

Linda. (*Placing herself before the door and presenting her bayonet.*) Indeed! but I will. This is a post of honour, which I will defend to the last extremity!

Fred. Then my pretty Bellona consider yourself in a state of siege! Will you surrender?

Linda. Surrender! (*Fiercely.*) No sir! do your worst!

Fred. Then thus I commence operations. (*Is about to kiss her.*)

*Distant Drum, Chorus, very piano*

When evening's bells are tolling,

With steady tramp patrolling,

Each maiden hears the drum

And smiles a welcome as we come.

Linda. Lud a mercy what's that?

Fred. Hush! 'tis the patrol guard, they march this way.

Linda. Then I had better march the other way. (*Is going off.*)

*Fred.* What! desert your post! Nay, I have a better plan. Give me your musket and accoutrements, conceal yourself in yonder sentry-box, and leave the issue to my generalship!

*Linda.* You'll not betray me?

*Fred.* Betray thee, child, not for Prussia's diadem. (*LINDA conceals herself in sentry-box, THE PRINCE puts on the coat, &c and stands as sentinel.*)

*Euter CORPORAL and GUARD (U. E. L.)*

*Fred.* Who goes there?

*Corporal.* Patrol.

*Fred.* Well Corporal, what news afloat?

*Corporal.* The devil's own news, comrade—Prince Frederick is in Berlin.

*Fred.* Impossible!

*Corporal.* Fact! but he'll be arrested to-night.

*Fred.* Indeed; and his punishment—

*Corporal.* Three years solitary confinement in the fortress of Spandau.

*Fred.* Rather a severe sentence for so trifling an offence.

*Corporal.* That's not our business, comrade, the King has promised a glorious reward for the apprehension of this runaway Prince, and if I once lay my hand on him— (*Putting his hand on the Prince's shoulder.*)

*Fred.* (*Slipping on one side.*) He would slip through your fingers depend on't

*Corporal.* Ha! ha! that remains to be proved; so good night, comrade.

*Fred.* Good night, and when you do catch him, keep tight hold.

[*Exeunt CORPORAL and GUARD, S. E. Drum beating.*]

*Linda.* (*Running out of sentry-box.*) A thousand, thousand thanks!

*Fred.* I have done you an essential service, fair maiden, and I now claim my reward.

*Linda.* (*Hesitating.*) Reward? yes sir, of course, that is but reasonable, but had I not better first consult Schloppsen?

*Fred.* Schloppsen, who may he be?

*Linda.* My sweetheart, sir!

*Fred.* A soldier, I presume?

*Linda.* Of course sir.

*Fred.* Of high standing?

*Linda.* Oh no! there isn't as much of him as there is of you.

*Fred.* And yet you love him?

*Linda.* With all my heart, we are a very interesting couple, I assure you, but there are obstacles to our union.

*Fred.* To obviate which, if I mistake not, your Schloppsen, has deserted his post?

*Linda.* But not without first procuring an efficient substitute. (*Conceitedly.*) Dear, dear, what a head I have! When I promised to attend to his duty, I quite forgot mine! What will the Princess Elizabeth think of me for neglecting her supply of roses?

*Fred.* (*Starting.*) The Princess Elizabeth!

*Linda.* Do you know her?



*Fred.* Merely by report, which is not very complimentary either to her beauty or her disposition.

*Linda.* Then report ought to be ashamed of itself, for she has the kindest heart that ever throbbed, the softest eyes that ever beamed, the sweetest lips that ever smiled! I only wish I could have a few words with that good-for-nothing Prince Frederick. I'd tell him a bit of my mind!

*Fred.* Indeed!

*Linda.* I would say to him your highness is neither wise nor just, in rejecting the proffered hand of one who loves you, and who in spite of scorn, indifference and neglect, never relieves a brother or sister in affliction, without bidding them pray for the welfare of Prussia and its future monarch.

*Fred.* (*Affected.*) Can this be true—love me.

*Linda.* Love you! Bless the man, what is he thinking about!

*Fred.* (*Aside*) Am I the senseless fool this girl describes me. Have I blindly, madly, rejected a pearl of such price! I am more than ever resolved on gaining admission to the palace! I must, and will satisfy my doubts. (*Aloud.*) You have now an opportunity of repaying the service I have rendered you. (*Taking off his accoutrements and giving them to LINDA*) Will you obey my instructions?

*Linda.* What are they?

*Fred.* Simply these. (*Places LINDA with her face to the audience*) I wish to leave this spot unnoticed! Promise me that you will not observe the path I take!

*Linda.* On condition that your path does not lead through yonder gate. (*Pointing over her shoulder to the gate.*)

*Fred.* Agreed.

*Linda.* And pray how long is my curiosity to stand this formidable trial?

*Fred.* Until you hear this signal thrice repeated. (*Clapping his hands.*)

*Linda.* (*Repeating the motion.*) I'm sure I have no objection to that signal, only make haste for I've got the fidgets already! Here's a situation for a Grenadier!

(*FREDERICK gets round to B, and places LINDA to sing.*)

*Song.*

*Linda.* These eyes kind sir you see are closed,  
You'd swear that I was sleeping.

(*Aside.*) Suppose I took one little look

(*Half turns her head and then re-turns it.*)

He'd make me pay for peeping.

(*Aloud.*) 'Tis hard to keep me fast asleep

When I insist on waking.

(*The PRINCE by this time has ascended the wall, &c.*)

(*Aside.*) But by and bye with half an eye,

I'll see which road he's taking.

(*Impatiently*) The signal give,

Or as I live

I'll see what you're about.

Ah now I'm free,

(*The PRINCE gives the signal with his hands.*)

Yes, one—two—three!

(*Screams.*) Oh now the mischief's out.

(*Turning round and dropping gun and coat, &c. as PRINCE disappears.*)

*Linda* I'm ruined, deceived, sacrificed! Oh the post of honour!

(*Tries to look over the wall by jumping.*) Oh do come back, there's a dear, good-for-nothing, amiable, odious young man. (*Returns.*)

Who can he be? Some sanguinary conspirator, I dare say, gone to massacre the King and pocket the privy purse! I shall be shot as an accomplice. (*Sits down on a bench under the wall, and covers her face with her apron*)

*Enter THE KING and BARON VONDEBUSHEL, the latter carrying a lantern, under his cloak, followed by soldiers who remain at the side, &c.*

*King.* Baron?

*Baron.* (*Bowing.*) Sire.

*King.* You will signify my thanks to the officers of the garrison for the very efficient manner in which my orders have been obeyed. I have every reason to be highly satisfied with the different posts I have this night visited; this is the last and most important.

*Baron.* I'm confident your Majesty could not have entrusted a post of honour to an abler or more loyal soldier. I know him well, and will be answerable for his efficiency.

*King.* Indeed! I take you at your word Baron! Report to me the result of your inspection! (*The BARON advances towards LINDA, who during the above has mounted on the seat, and is looking over the wall, the BARON starts on seeing her*)

*King.* Well Baron, are you satisfied?

*Baron.* (*Stammering.*) Yes sir, That is—

*King.* No equivocation. Something is amiss!

*Baron.* (*Re-turning towards the KING.*) Yes, decidedly a miss!

*King.* Does he sleep at his post?

*Baron.* He! please your Majesty—he is not a he!

*King.* (*Enraged.*) 'Sdeath and fury, what have you seen?

*Baron.* (*In a loud whisper.*) A petticoat!

(*THE KING snatches the lantern from the BARON, marches rapidly up to LINDA, holds the lantern up to her, and surveys her.*)

*King.* (*In a voice of thunder.*) Grenadier!

(*LINDA screams and falls back in THE KING'S arms.*)

*King.* (*Trying to disengage himself.*) Baron, remove the baggage, or your King will certainly be suffocated!

*Linda.* The King! Oh, most majestic Majesty (*Falling on her knees.*) Pardon, pardon!

*King.* Peace, woman! Who is the Grenadier that has dared to abandon his post?

*Linda.* My sweetheart, please your Principality.

*King.* (*Vociferating.*) His name?

*Linda.* Maximilian Schloppsén.

*King.* The cowardly rascal.

*Linda.* Yes that's he.

*King.* And his reason for this gross neglect of duty?

*Linda.* To drink the health of your high Mightiness, and persuade my father to consent to our marriage!

*King.* Marriage! Ugh! (*Walking to and fro, and brandishing his cane.*) By my ancestors, but I will make a terrible example of the caitiff! Corporal (*He advances.*) convey this contraband Grenadier to the nearest Guard-house!

*Baron.* (*Interposing.*) Sire! might I be allowed—

*King.* To accompany her. Certainly Baron! You became responsible for the efficient tenure of this post and I took you at your word. Away with them.

(CORPORAL attempts to seize LINDA.)

*Corporal.* The woman won't march, your Majesty.

*King.* Then chain them together. (CORPORAL places handcuffs on LINDA and BARON.)

*Baron.* Chain us together! What will the Baroness Vonderbushel say?

*Linda.* Say! that she pities me. That instead of the bands of wedlock I'm to be chained to a fat, fubsey old Baron!

*Baron.* As it must be so, my dear, we may as well be sociable. (*Offering his hand.*) Allow me to offer my hand.

*Linda.* March hand-in-hand? what would the Baroness Vonderbushel say? (*Imitating BARON.*)

*Baron.* (*To LINDA, and pointing off.*) After you, I beg. (*Bowing.*)

*Linda.* No ceremony, I entreat. (*Curtseying.*)

*King.* (*Angrily.*) March I say.

*Linda.* Oh lud. (*Seizes the BARON's arm, and hurries him out, L. followed by guard.*)

*King.* I have vowed to maintain the discipline of my army; my noble army; my pride, my boast; that I have reared from infancy with a parent's care, and led from field to field, from victory, to victory! How shall I forgive an act of insubordination. Ah; kings should be pitied, and he alone envied, who has not the power to punish! I have been thwarted in my dearest hopes by my thankless son: he, whom my fond pride has often pictured as the future Frederick the Great, but who, instead of studying my paternal wishes, has forsooth declared himself a disciple of the Frenchman Voltaire, and his new philosophy. By my ancestors, but I would barter the costliest jewel in my diadem to have that said philosopher in my good town of Berlin. (*Stumbles over the musket, &c. &c.*) What have we here? (*Picks them up.*) Ah, the accoutrements of that runaway sentinel. I'faith, as this post must not be left unoccupied, I'll e'en mount guard myself! (*Puts on the coat, and shouldered the musket.*) 'Tis not the first time I have done a soldier's duty, or carried musket and knapsack.

*Schlopps.* (*Without.*) "Malbrook s'en va en guerre,  
Tire li ton ton, tire lon terre."

*King.* Ha, ha, a merry heart at any rate. I'll observe him. (*Retires into sentry box.*)

*Enter SCHLOPPSEN, tipsy U. E. L.*

*Song.*

All silly sober folks agree, to drink is sad;  
That they who drink till they can't see, must be mad,  
Yet juice of grape, in every shape, I've reason good to think it  
Can't be so bad, so very bad, since saints and sinners drink it.  
Drink it, drink it.

I've often read and heard it said, love makes men blind;  
 That wine is worse, a very curse to half mankind;  
 But as for me, I cannot see why folks should take the trouble,  
 For I maintain, wine clears my brain, by making me see double.  
 Double, double.

*Enter the KING, dressed as a sentinel.*

*Schlopps.* (*With great solemnity.*) I'm decidedly of opinion, I may say, internally convinced, that I am in a state of considerable intoxication. I'm happy, unquestionably happy. But human felicity is so unsteady. (*Staggers.*) Let me collect my scattered senses. I have been drinking bumpers of brandy with a jolly old dog, who has sanctioned my matrimonial intentions in favour of his adorable daughter!

*King.* (*Behind.*) So, so, this is the deserter.

*Schlopps.* (*Seeing the KING.*) Yes. There stands the pearl of her sex! Now for a joyful surprise. (*Staggers towards the KING.*) Ahem! here I am, you coaxing little rogue.

*King.* (*Gruffly.*) Umph;

*Schlopps* (*Imitating.*) Umph; fascinating creature, I repeat, here I am! (*KING turns from him.*) Most inconstant of Flora's nymphs, is this the reception you bestow on your devoted Schlopps! (*Seizes the KING's hand, which he snatches away.*) Ah, I see how it is: she is offended at my long absence. (*Tickles the KING, by nudging him in the side, then chucks him under the chin, rubs his hand.*) Miss Linda, if it is not asking an impertinent question, when did you shave last? (*KING laughs aside.*) But you don't seem to evince any curiosity about the result of my errand. I found your father as sober as the pope, and left him as drunk as a piper; but luckily we settled matters before the brandy settled us, and if I can only contrive to get to the blind side of old Fritz!

*King.* Old Fritz.

*Schlopps.* We that are on intimate terms with his Majesty never call him any thing but old Fritz. (*The KING laughs.*) Ah! you may laugh, you think I should not have pluck enough to speak my mind to him; I only wish we were looking each other plump in the face. This is what I should say, "Your Majesty need not roll your royal eyes about like a duck in thunder,—you won't frighten me! a king's but a man, and the man that is drunk is as great as a king.

*King.* (*Aside.*) A moralist in his cups, ha! ha! ha!

*Schlopps.* I should say, "old Fritz," (*Putting his hand on the KING's shoulder.*) when Maximilian Schlopps, at the battle of Stralsund, threw himself between your Majesty and the bayonet of a Swedish soldier, you talked of gratitude.

*King.* (*Affected.*) True. (*Aside.*)

*Schlopps.* I am old Max's son, and in my father's name I demand a discharge from your Majesty's service. There! that's what I'd tell him, and between ourselves, I think old Fritz would be rather puzzled for an answer.

*King.* (*Aloud.*) You are mistaken, Maximilian Schlopps.

*Schlopps.* (*Staggered by the voice.*) Eh! no!—yes! The King!

*King.* (*Smiling.*) Old Fritz would answer thus. (*Places his hand on SCHLOPPS, shoulder.*) Pardon to the son, in memory of the father.

*An alarm bell, and drums beating are heard, Enter BARON and LINDA running, followed by CORPORAL and GUARD. (L. U. E.)*

*Baron* (*R.*) Please your Majesty,—

*King.* (*C.*) How now Baron, you appear alarmed,

*Baron.* Considerably flurried sire, but not alarmed,

*Linda.* (*R.*) Oh! no, not in the least alarmed! (*Aside.*) Never was so frightened in all my life.

*King.* To the point at once! (*Impatiently.*)

*Baron.* 'Twas on my way to the—

*King.* The guard house, I had forgot.

*Baron.* (*Aside.*) But I had not, nor shall I in a hurry. (*Aloud.*) When the soldiers were ordered to the palace, to capture a man who had forced his way into the very apartments of the princess Elizabeth Christina, grand duchess of—(*With great solemnity.*)

*King.* Ah! (*interrupts him.*)

*Baron.* So I took the opportunity of running back to break the tidings to your Majesty.

*Linda.* And nearly broke his neck, and mine in the bargain.

*King.* (*Motions the CORPORAL to unloose the handcuffs. LINDA runs to SCHLOPPSEN*) Soldiers, quick! surround every avenue to the palace. (*SOLDIERS exeunt in different directions.*)

*Baron.* Shall I drag this audacious intruder from his concealment? (*The KING pushes him aside.*)

*King.* No, that shall be my task. (*Draws his sword, and runs to the gate. (C.)*)

*PRINCE FREDERICK appears at the gate.*

*Fred.* He is here,

*King.* (*Lifting his sword.*) Traitor!

*Fred.* (*Kneeling to him.*) Father.

*King.* (*Drops his sword.*) Son! (*With severity.*) Rise prince royal of Prussia.

*Fred.* Not till my king pronounces my pardon at the entreaty of Elizabeth of Brunswick, who, in spite of my cold neglect, forgave me when I knelt before her: shall I kneel in vain to my father!

*King.* (*Raising him to his arms.*) No! her forgiveness secures mine; she'll teach you, my boy, a natural philosophy, worth all the sophistry of a regiment of voltaires; and believe me, Frederick, that your making a good husband, will be no bad security to your subjects, for your making a good king, (*Sees SCHLOPPSEN.*) Maximilian Schloppsen, stand forward. (*SCHLOPPS advances, making the military salute.*) What is the reason you assign for wishing to leave my service?

*Schlopps.* A very fair one your Majesty!

*King.* (*To Linda.*) Maiden, will you enlist him into yours?

*Linda.* (*Giving her hand to SCHLOPPS.*) It is a post of honour he may aspire to.

*King.* And in such a service, (*Gallantly.*) if he neglect his duty, woe to him. (*Shaking his cane at SCHLOPPS.*) So! the state has lost a good soldier!

*inda.* But the *king* has gained two grateful subjects !

*chlopps.* Besides a whole regiment of little Schlopps in perspective. (*Enthusiastic.*)

*inda.* (*Putting her hand on his mouth.*) Halt !

*Finale.*

*chlopps.* If for our toils, rewarding smiles,  
Shall chase each care and sorrow,  
At your command, I'll take my stand !  
Your sentinel, to-morrow.

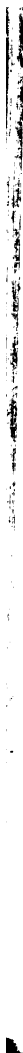
*Chorus.*

---

DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

|           |           |             |
|-----------|-----------|-------------|
| OFFICERS. | SOLDIERS, | OFFICERS.   |
| PORAL.    | BARON.    | KING.       |
|           |           | LINDA.      |
|           |           | SCHLOPPSEN. |

(L.)

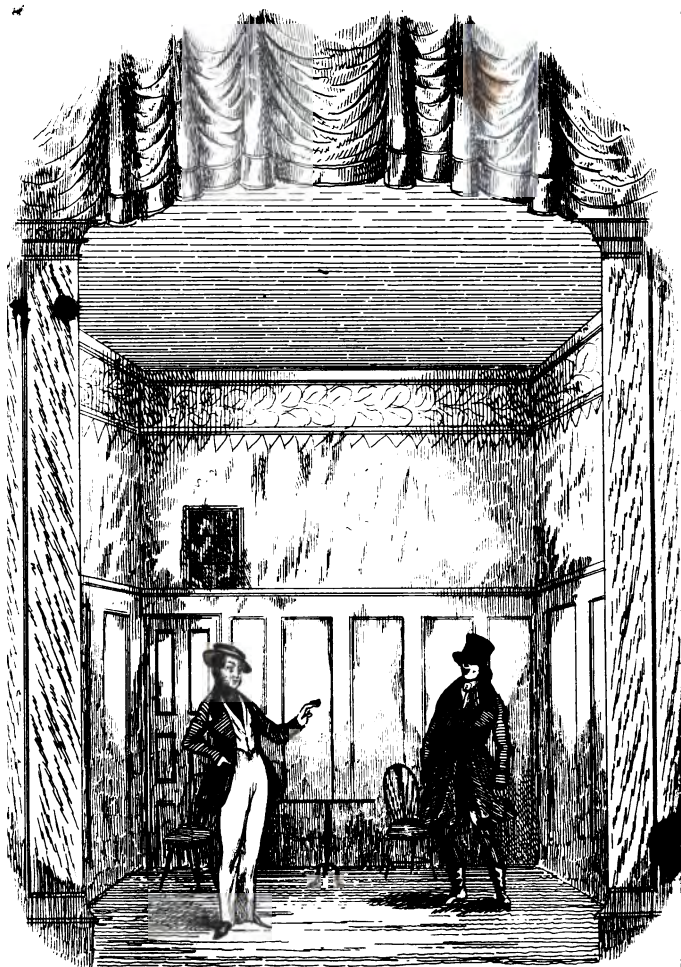


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20.8

THE

**TIGER AT LARGE;**

OR,

**THE CAD OF THE "BUSS."**

A COMIC BURLETTA,

**In One Act.**

By

**GEORGE BLINK, Esq.**

As performed at

**THE STRAND THEATRE.**

---

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST  
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF  
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF  
THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PREFACED BY A DEDICATION TO W. J. HAMMOND, ESQ.

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*Splendidly illustrated with an Etching on Steel, by Pierce Egan the  
Younger, from a drawing taken during the representation.*

---

LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1868

- 100, 3' -

**WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.**

## DEDICATION.

---

TO W. J. HAMMOND, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

Actuated by feelings of gratitude for the kindness which you have uniformly shown me, I dedicate this trifle to you. But while I admire the talent displayed by you in its representation, I regret that so slight a vehicle was furnished for its exercise.

I am, dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

GEORGE BLINK.



## REMARKS.

---

"The Tiger at Large, or the Cad of the Buss," is a title that will "be Greek to the Cyclops;" we can almost imagine we see some of our uninitiated, simple-hearted, country friends poring over dictionaries to arrive at a definition of the mysterious words it contains. "The Tiger at Large" will be taken literally; but, "The Cad of the Buss," will prove a puzzler. "A *cad* worm we catch trout with," says an old disciple of Walton. "A *Buss* is a small sea-vessel used by the Dutch and English for the herring fishery," cries one, versed in nautical lore. "To *buss*, is a verb active, signifying a most pleasurable coming in contact of the lips of males and females," sighs a love-sick Dominic, as he ogles the dear object of his affections. Though Shakspeare has applied the word to the coming in contact of knees and stones:

"Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand,  
Thy knee *bussing* the stones; for in such *business*  
Action is eloquence."

However, for the better information of the uninformed, a *tiger*, according to the most received notions of fashion, is a very small biped, otherwise a little boy, clad in man's attire, and jolted behind a cab for sundry hours of the night and day, until his face and tops are of the same colour for want of rest. Some *tigers* are of larger dimensions, but they are like the quadruped tiger of Bengal, and could only come from the *east*; such *tigers* being voted bores at the west end of this extraordinary metropolis. A *cad* is the hanger-on of the rear of an omnibus (which has not inaptly been translated *Shillibeer*), and calls out the dea-

tination of the vehicle, very unintelligibly to any ears but those used to the language of cockaine. For instance, *Nick*, means Greenwich ; *Te*, means City ; and so on. He is a most incongruous animal, made up of civility, blackguardism, and witty flash ; somewhat of the same species as the bear, Goldsmith writes of, that only " danced to the most politest of tunes." In short, he is the purveyor of the conveyer ; the continual inviter of pedestrians to save their legs and shoes by riding, and like his *buss*, is a general receiver. The farce was well acted, and very successful ; which will induce the author, we hope, to favour the public with many lively originals.

## **Dramatis Personae and Costume.**

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE STRAND THEATRE, MAY 7, 1837.

---

SIR TOBY PLIANT. Suit of plain black }  
—with black hessian boots. } Mr. A. Younge.

FRANK LAVISH. A plain gentleman's }  
suit. Second dress—conductor's hat and } Mr. Melville.  
coat. }

JEM BOLT, his Tiger. Omnibus livery, }  
gold lace on the coat, collar, and hat— } Mr. W. J. Hammond.  
breeches and boots. }

TACTIC, Lavish's friend. A plain gen- }  
tleman's suit. Second dress, coachman's } Mr. Roberts.  
coat and hat. }

LYDIA, Pliant's ward. White muslin }  
dress. } Miss E. Hamilton.

PATCH, her maid. The usual servants' dress. Miss Daly.

SALLY COMFORT, her friend. The same. Miss Pettifer.

Time of action—that of representation.

---

### **EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.**

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.





## THE TIGER AT LARGE.

### SCENE I.—A Street.

*Enter FRANK LAVISH, R., and TACTIC, L.*

*Tact.* Frank Lavish, my dear friend—how are you?

*Lavish.* Never better, Tactic. But how is it that you have allowed me to be in the practice of the law, on my own account for the last week, without putting a single case into my hands? why don't you knock down some querulous old fellow and give me the chance of defending you in case he brings an action?

*Tact.* Though I esteem you highly, Frank, it will be some time before I do you such a favour.

*Lavish.* Devilish uncharitable of you, to say the least of it.

*Tact.* I could have helped you to a brief, had you been in my company half an hour ago.

*Lavish.* Could you, though?

*Tact.* That is if threatening language can be taken cognizance of.

*Lavish.* That depends on circumstances. Who threatened you, and what were the words used?

*Tact.* My tailor—and his swearing to have the amount of his bill.

*Lavish.* A tailor's bill is a bad suit, though it invariably carries costs.

*Tact.* I know it.

*Lavish.* The threats of such men I pass by "as the idle wind which I respect not"—as the poet says. But when I hear one person say to another, I'll punish you if it costs me fifty pounds, I rejoice to find there is still some spirit in the world, and hail that man as an example to his species. But, joking apart—have you seen anything of my Jem?

*Tact.* The last time I saw him was behind your cab.

*Lavish.* Since then the fellow has given me the slip.

*Tact.* Run away! well, I always envied you the possession of that invaluable servant.

*Lavish.* Very invaluable! but I think he set rather a high price on his merits, when he left me with twenty pounds of mine in his pocket.

*Tact.* So I think, but how was it you confided such a sum to his keeping?

*Lavish.* I had a very high opinion of him; and it was the amount of a check I sent him for; and I'll check him if I get hold of him, and I think I have a clue by which I shall discover the rascal before long, for I have heard that he has been seen behind an omnibus on the Clapham road; and as I have a little affair in that direction that requires my presence, I will keep a good look out.

*Tact.* O! then, there is some truth in the rumour I have heard, of your having been seen in that road rather often of late?

*Lavish.* Why the fact is I lately met with a most delightful little creature at a party, who on coming of age will be entitled to a snug little fortune; but as is generally the case, she has a guardian, who being a bachelor, sees no reason why any one else should marry—he keeps her therefore under restraint, in a large house by the roadside—the wall of which, I am under the necessity of scaling, whenever I want an interview.

*Tact.* What do you mean to do?

*Lavish.* I don't know; and there I miss my Tiger. He was a fellow of quick parts; up to every thing;—and, leaving out of the question the misappropriation clause in his character, one of the cleverest fellows in the world, and faithful as a spaniel. Besides which, he has a little love-affair of his own, under the same roof.

*(The noise of an omnibus is heard in the distance.)*

*Jem. (without, L.)* No go, ma'am—full inside and out. Not so much as room for a gentleman's walking-stick—all right!

*Lavish.* That is my Tiger's voice.

*Tact.* After him.

*Lavish.* You follow; I may require your assistance. Now for it. [*Exeunt L.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in SIR TOBY PLIANT'S house, with a window in flat. Table, &c. three chairs. PATCH discovered sewing patchwork quilt.*

*Patch.* Well, if I don't get married till I have finished this patchwork quilt, I stand a chance of remaining single as long as I live. My affectionate friend, Sally Comfort, said she would come and assist me; and Miss Lydia, Sir Toby's ward, promised me a paper of real Whitechapel blunts, warranted not to cut in the eye, the first time of her going a shopping; but when that will be nobody knows; for, since Mr. Frank Lavish met her at that party, she has been kept closer than ever. Poor thing! How I do pity a poor girl that can't have the man she loves for a sweetheart! O lud! what's that?

*JEM. peeps in and enters, L.*

*Jem.* Only I, Patch. Is the coast clear?

*Patch.* Yes—but you should not frighten a body so.

*Jem.* So, then, fright's catching—I have had my share on it. But never mind. What's that?

*Patch.* Nothing particular, Jem.

*Jem.* Then, if 'tis nothin' partic'lar, you can't object to my seeing of it. I must see. Why, if it t'ant a patchwork quilt—and what a little un! It t'ant for a baby, is it?

*Patch.* What nonsense you do talk!

*Jem.* Where's the harm? Don't I intend to do the thing as is right by you afore long, and no mistake?

*Patch.* Do you really?

*Jem.* In course I do, for I have ris in my perfeccion. Look at my attire—I am now a solicitor.

*Patch.* In the law?

*Jem.* No—behind a buss.

*Patch.* What good fortune! Do you drive, Jem?

*Jem.* O no! I am the gentleman as stands up behind, and says—going down, ma'am?

*Patch.* From Paddington to the Bank?

*Jem.* Nothin' so low as that. We are none of your sixpenny goes. Our consarn is from Oxford-road to Stamford-hill—a shilling all the way, or if you only looks at us.

*Patch.* What has put you so out of breath?

*Jem.* Runnin' here to get a sight o' you, darlin'.

*Patch.* That's all nonsense.

*Jem.* No nonsense at all. The facts is, I just cotch sight of my late master; and, if he once gets hold on me, down I comes from the buss, and mounts another wehicle, not by no means a change for the better.

*Patch.* Law! Jem.

*Jem.* Fact! What do you think I did when I see him? I told Ned to give him the go-by; and he druv like a good un, which a old lady, with a wheezin' pug-dog in her lap, as the jolting didn't agree with, swore to pull us up for, and no mistake. I wish she may get it.

*Patch.* Did she take your number?

*Jem.* I tipped Ned the wink, and he hung the tail of his coat over it; and, when she asked for it, we was as deaf as beetles. So it's all right. And now for a salute.—But, what have you got for lunch?

*Patch.* A cold, boiled chicken.

*Jem.* Any relation to the last?

*Patch.* Why?

*Jem.* Because he was a great grandfather, at the least; you might have soled shoes with his skin, and I hates to make a tile of a pleasure.

*Patch.* This is a real chicken.

*Jem.* A riglar good un, and no mistake?

*Patch.* Yes.

*Jem.* You are a prime article; but where is the chicken?

*Lydia.* (*without, r.*) Down in the kitchen! I'll go to her.

*Jem.* That's the voice of Sir Toby's chicken; if she sees me here, won't she blab? What shall I do?

*Patch.* Get under the table.

*Jem.* If I do, only get rid of her as soon as you can; because, bein' folded up a'ter this fashion a'nt no joke. I'm not a two-foot rule, you know.

[*He hides under the table.*]

*Enter LYDIA, R.*

*Lydia.* My dear Patch, I have been so longing for a sight of you.

*Jem.* I wish you could only see me. (*aside.*)

*Lydia.* You know my dear Frank?

*Patch.* Yes, Miss; what of him?

*Lydia.* I was looking out of my window just now, and I saw him standing and gazing about. I know he was looking for me.

*Jem.* I wish I was sure of that. (*aside.*)

*Lydia.* For, when I waved my hand to him, he kissed his hand to me, so charmingly.

*Jem.* Only a blind a'ter all. (*aside.*)

*Lydia.* And seemed, by his actions, determined to do as he did last night.

*Patch.* And what was that?

*Lydia.* Get over the garden-wall.

*Jem.* (*aside.*) Then I am booked.

*Patch.* O, Miss!

*Lydia.* I hope you are not shocked.

*Patch.* Very much shocked, indeed.

*Lydia.* Did you never have a lover?

*Patch.* I have a lover, Miss? What would people think of me, indeed? don't make me blush, I beg.

*Lydia.* Hark! Didn't you hear a cough? It is Frank in the shrubbery—let me see him. O, delightful! plague on the window; it is too high to reach. Help me upon the table, my dear Patch, that I may have a peep. O, do help me! (*She pulls the table aside, and discovers Jem. Patch looks confused.*)

*Lydia.* (*screams, r.*) Mercy on me—a man!

*Jem.* And you don't mean to say as you are afraid of a man? (*gets up.*)

*Lydia.* Frank's tiger, as I live! I suppose, Patch, this is a friend of your's; if he were a lover, what would people think of you? Don't blush!

*Patch.* I confess I have been a little indiscreet.

*Lydia.* Never mind, I will not betray you.

*Patch.* Thank you, Miss; and I will do all I can for you.

*Lydia.* No, will you, though?

*Patch.* I keep the key of the garden-gate.

*Jem.* Suppose I takes care on it for you. (*snatches it from her.*)

*Lydia.* You surely don't mean to betray me? I did not expect such conduct from my dear Frank's tiger.

*Jem.* I am not that individual now, though I was. I won't betray you neither; the facts is, Frank Lavish, Asquire, sent me here. (*winking to Patch.*)

*Lydia.* No, did he?

*Jem.* There's no gammon about me, is there, Patch? Frank Lavish as is, asked me to bring you a letter—word of mouth, says I, is much better—give my love to her then, says he—leave me alone for that, says I, and I'll do the thing as is genteel, and no mistake. All as you has to do, therefore, is to be ready to be on the move—he doesn't intend to stand no nonsense of no kind, but to do the thing at once, off hand, quite riglar. (*aside to Patch.*) An't that pitchin' it strong?

*Lydia.* You make me so happy. But how will he manage to get me over the wall?

*Jem.* Havn't I got the key of the garden-gate? but go you and get ready, Miss. I expect him here every minute. There's no gammon in that. (*aside.*)

*Lydia.* Delightful news! (*Exit, r.*)

*Patch.* What a shame to tell such a story!

*Jem.* Invention's to blame; not I. Didn't I want to be left alone with you and the chicken darlin'?

*Patch.* Well, then, help me to spread the cloth.

*Jem.* What wouldn't I help you to do?

*Patch.* Will you carve, Jem?

*Jem.* I always gives up the head of the table to the lady, if you knows which that is. Three plates! You don't expect company, do you?

*Patch.* Sally Comfort promised to pay me a morning visit.

*Jem.* The devil she did! the other string to my bow! If she comes, won't there be a kick up! (*aside.*)

*Patch.* Do you know Sally?

*Jem.* Never see her in all my born days.

*Patch.* Such a nice, friendly woman—and so affectionate.

*Jem.* You don't say so.

*Patch.* And, what is very singular, she has a lover so like you, as two peas, according to her description.

*Jem.* How wonderful! Shall we wait for her, or begin?

*Patch.* Begin, by all means; she'll excuse it, I dare say. (*They sit down.*)

*Jem.* I'll excuse her, if she don't come at all.

*Patch.* How very kind of you.

*Jem.* And you really thought of me when you boiled this chicken?

*Patch.* That I did. The lion has his provider, and why shouldn't the tiger have his?

*Patch.* But I don't think you told me why you left the service of Mr. Lavish.

*Jem.* His wages was too low. Don't you think a pound a month, and find one's self is hard cheese?

*Patch.* Too little by half.

*Jem.* So I thought, and I therefore made up the difference by payin' myself accordin' to my value. And master as was, calls that a robbin' of him. Did you ever hear the like o' that?

*Patch.* Never. But how much did you value yourself at?

*Jem.* Only twenty pounds.

*Patch.* Very moderate, indeed.

*Jem.* I'm worth more than that—an't I? and I know Mr. Lavish would give as much again to get hold of me once more. But I must fight shy of him for the futur, and no mistake, or there'll be no weddin' atween you and I—and to show you I means to do the thing as is right—here is the ring (*a ring at the bell*), and here's another!

*Enter a Servant Boy, L.*

*Boy.* Sally Comfort, Mrs. Patch.

[*Exit L.*]

*Jem.* This is a settler for me. (*aside.*)

*Enter SALLY COMFORT, L.*

*Patch.* Sally, my dear—how do you do?

*Sally.* Polly Patch—come to my arms. (*They embrace.*)

*Jem.* How wery movin'—it 'ill be my turn next. (*aside.*)

*Patch.* Sally, allow me to introduce you to my tiger.

*Sally.* Monster! (*Screams, and falls into a chair, L.*)

*Patch.* Pray don't be alarmed, Jem, she often goes off in this way.

*Jem.* I know it; and I wish she'd go off altogether.. (*aside.*)

*Patch.* I know what will bring her to.

[*Exit R.*]

*Jem.* I'm not afraid but she'll come to, soon enough. What's the matter with you?

*Sally.* (*moving, she looks at JEM.*) O! Jem! Jem, you'll break my heart.

*Jem.* Rather a tough job I take it. (*aside.*)

*Sally.* What is your reason for coming here?

*Jem.* A spree of my master's; I am obliged to court the maid to get intelligence of the missus; all as I am a doin' here is gammon, as you'll soon find out.

*Sally.* But you have left off calling on me of an evening, and I provided something so nice for you on the night you promised to come.

*Jem.* Did you, though? You are a riglar good un a'ter all.

*Sally.* Then you are still true to me?

*Jem.* As true as ever I was.

*Sally.* Handsome Jem. I do love you so dearly.

*Jem.* You are too good for me.

*Sally.* You set too small a value on yourself.

*Jem.* I wish every one thought as you do.

*Sally.* Insinuating Jem.

*Jem.* Unrিসisable Sally. (*They fly into each other's arms.*)

*Re-enter PATCH, R. with a dram.*

*Patch.* Is she not come to yet?

*Jem.* Don't you see she's come to? She'll do now, Patch. Mum's the word you know. (*aside to SALLY.*) She don't want that now, so suppose I takes it. (*drinks it.*)

*Patch.* What was it that made you go off so?

*Sally.* I was struck with the resemblance between this gentleman and the person I have so often talked to you about, and my feelings got the better of me.

*Patch.* Sensitive creature!

*Sally.* O Jem! (*aside.*)

*Jem.* O Sally! If that's not pitchin' it strong, I don't know what is. (*aside.*)

*Sir Tob.* (*without, R.*) Who is in the kitchen?

*Patch.* O lud! here comes master. (*She folds up the table-cloth, &c., and throws them aside.*)

*Jem.* The devil!—If he sees me I'm book'd.

*Sally.* It is lucky he knows me.

*Jem.* I'd rather he knew any one but me. Where shall I go?

*Patch.* Can you make yourself small?

*Jem.* I'd rather make myself scarce.

*Patch.* Get under the table again.

*Jem.* Not on no account—and by no manner of means, I had quite enough o' that afore—it's stoopin' too low for the independence of my natur'.

*Patch.* Well, then, if you can do yourself up in a small compass this cupboard will suit you to a tittle.

*Jem.* Why you might as well pop me into a hat-box.

*Patch.* Try how it suits you. (*He goes in.*)

*Jem.* Suits me—it's what I calls an unkimmon tight fit. Don't shut the door, or you'll squeeze me as flat as a pancake.

*Sally.* I'll stand against the door.

*Patch.* That may cause suspicion.

*Jem.* And if I am found out, 'twill amount to a positive fact.

*Sally.* Don't breathe so loud.

*Jem.* I can hardly breathe at all. Suppose I should sneeze.

*Sally.* We'll say 'tis the cat.

*Jem.* Well, a tiger is of the same genus.

*Patch.* Hush!

*Enter SIR TOBY PLIANT, R.*

*Sir Tob.* Who's that?

*Patch.* Only my respectable friend, Sally Comfort, Sir Toby.

*Sally.* Your most obedient, Sir Toby. (*curtsies.*)

*Sir Tob.* O-ah! I see.

*Patch.* She is come to help me with a little needle work, Sir Toby.

*Sir Tob.* O very well. By the bye, I miss my corkscrew, and John tells me there is one in that cupboard.

*Patch.* In this cupboard, Sir Toby? I am sure there is nothing like a corkscrew there—is there, Sally.

*Sally.* O no, very different kinds of things are kept there I assure you, Sir Toby.

*Sir Tob.* I presume you don't object to my looking?

*Patch.* Every thing there belongs to me.

*Sir Tob.* What impertinence! Allow me to tell you that every thing in this house belongs to *me*.

*Patch.* Really Sir Toby, it is very unpolite of you, to wish to pry into a poor servant's affairs.

*Sir Tob.* I have no wish to pry—I only wish to be convinced.

*Sally.* Let me recommend you, Sir Toby, to try a couple of forks—quite as good as a corkscrew any day.

*Patch.* Or push the cork into the bottle with your thumb. Ah! Sally.

*Sir Tob.* Was there ever such assurance. (*JEM sneezes.*) What's that?

*Patch.* (*pretending to suppose he means the patch-work quilt, seizes it and holds it up.*) This, Sir Toby, this is a patch-work quilt. Take hold of the other end, Sally. Isn't it pretty? and all my own work, too. Isn't it Sally? Escape, Jem. (*aside.*)

[*They hold it up so as to let JEM creep out from behind, unseen by SIR TOBY, and exit L.*]

*Sir Tob.* Confound the patch-work; I don't want to see it.

*Patch.* You don't know what a serviceable thing it is, nor how many uses it may be put to—does he, Sally?

*Sir Tob.* Put it away, I say.

*Patch.* Well, if you won't look at it, it is no longer of any use to hold it up, is it Sally?

*Sir Tob.* The cupboard door open—and a man's hat, as I live!

*Patch.* Why this is a hat of your own, Sir Toby.

*Sir Tob.* Mine?

*Patch.* Yes, Sir Toby; if every thing in this house belongs to you.

*Sir Tob.* This is a foul conspiracy! Some fellow of yours, Miss Patch, whom you have let in to rob me, or run away with my ward. Thieves! thieves!



*Re-enter JEM, L.*

*Jem.* Then I'll be down upon 'em in no time. There sha'n't be no robbin' done where I am, as I always sets my face agin sich purceedings. By jingo, I have done it! (*aside.*)

*Sir Tob.* The very fellow whom I have seen behind Frank Lavish's cabriolet.

*Jem.* You'd say what's wrong if you spoke agin, old gen'leman.

*Sir Tob.* You have been in that cupboard, sir.

*Jem.* It tan't no use denyen' on it. I have.

*Sir Tob.* There's nothing like a cork-screw there. (*mimicing.*)

*Jem.* Well, now, am I? I was screwed up a good deal wus, though.

*Sir Tob.* Go to your master, and tell him that his plans have been frustrated; for, no doubt, this is all his doing.

*Jem.* Frank Lavish is no master of mine. I have cut him. I didn't like his ways at all.

*Sir Tob.* Are you not in his service now?

*Jem.* No, I arn't. I came here on business, as well as pleasure and if you have—any thing as wants doin' in my line, say so, and I'm the chap as'll do it. P'rhaps you'll oblige me with my tile—that's it.

*Sir Tob.* O, your hat—but in what way is it in your power to serve me?

*Jem.* By givin' you a lift whenever you likes in our buss.

*Sir Tob.* It is very fortunate that I have met with this fellow—he may serve my purpose admirably. (*aside.*) Patch, you and your friend may retire.

*Patch.* If it is your wish, we can go of course. Nothing about the chicken. (*aside to Jem.*)

*Jem.* Mum's the word! (*aside.*)

*Sally.* Don't forget me, dear Jem. (*aside.*)

*Jem.* I don't know how to do it. (*aside.*)

[*Exeunt Patch, R. and Sally, L.*]

*Sir Tob.* It shall be so. How long is it since you left the service of Mr. Lavish?

*Jem.* About a month. As soon as 'twas worth my while I gave him the slip.

*Sir Tob.* How long have you been a conductor?

*Jem.* Not long enough to be made wicious by bad example. The facts is Mr. Lavish and I had a dispute about money matters—so I cut him.

*Sir Toby.* I have been told that you were a faithful servant.

*Jem.* I always made his interest mien and mien his'n; we shared and shared alike, and no mistake. He would go a great way to get hold of me again.

*Sir Toby.* No doubt.

*Jem.* But I'm not to be had—once bit twice shy; there's no gammon about me, I'm upright and down straight, and right as a trivet.

*Sir Toby.* Upright, and down straight and right as a trivet? these may be strong recommendations though quite unintelligible to me. (*aside.*) Will you do me a favour?

*Jem.* With all the pleasure in life—what is it?

*Sir Toby.* I wish to take my ward—to Stamford Hill, out of the way of Frank Lavish, while I go for a few days into the country. So if you will have your omnibus driven into the lane at the back of my house for that purpose (my own carriage there might excite suspicion), I will reward you handsomely. Can you manage it for me?

*Jem.* Lord love you, Sir Toby—! it'll come as na'tral to me as eatin' and driukin'. What is he up to? (*aside.*)

*Sir Toby.* At what time will you be ready?

*Jem.* In half an hour. I don't think we're booked full, there's only two bye streets and one at the turnpike as I knows on at present.

*Sir Toby.* All the better—in about half an hour I shall be ready. Marry, indeed! why can't people take example from me and keep single—these girls are more trouble than they are worth.

(*aside and exit, R.*)

*Jem.* Here's a purty start! I han't a doubt but he's goin' to get spliced upon the sly—a nice chance for her as he marries—she'll have to help him on with his stockin's afore she's a year older. Hang it if these old codgers isn't wus than the young uns arter all. I'd give a trifle to know the truth on it.

L. H. W. R.

*LAVISH comes in, L. U. E., and taps him on the shoulder, L.*

*Lavish.* Would you give twenty pounds?

*Jem.* I am booked.

*Lavish.* What have you to say for yourself?

*Jem.* Say for myself?

*Lavish.* Ay, sirrah; and where is the money you robbed me of?

*Jem.* I never had no money; it was a cheque as you give me.

*Lavish.* Where is it?

*Jem.* I left it at the banker's.

*Lavish.* Hand over the cash, sir.

*Jem.* Did I forget to give it you? Well, now, what a memory I have got to be sure. There is something wery heavy in my pocket. What can it be? it is money sure enough, and your pus, too! how sing'lar! There it is; and, if I had come across you sooner, you would ha' had it afore, and no mistake.

*Lavish.* Now, what do you not deserve?

*Jem.* Least said's soonest mended; and, as all the words in the world won't fill a bushel, s'pose we drops the subject.

*Lavish.* I will do so on one condition.

*Jem.* Name it.

*Lavish.* You are under engagement to take Sir Toby Pliant and his ward to Stamford-hill?

*Jem.* You have guessed it.

*Lavish.* Allow me to take your place.

*Jem.* What 'll you give me?

*Lavish.* Do you want a bribe to do your kind master a service?

*Jem.* You a'nt no master of mine.

*Lavish.* Have you no gratitude?

*Jem.* I follows the example of my betters; and no gentleman, as is a gentleman, expects that in another as he has not got himself.

*Lavish.* Will five guineas satisfy you?

*Jem.* To begin with; and, if you gets the young lady and the whole of her fortin' to your own cheek, and will promise to set me a going with a buas of my own, I'll do the thing as you wish. He little thinks how nicely he's goin' to be done by the old un. (*aside.*)

*Lavish.* Mercenary scoundrel! (*aside.*) You have still your old failing, I perceive. (*giving him money.*)

*Jem.* What's bred in the bone won't come out of the flesh.

*Lavish.* I will comply with your demand. Now, then, change coats and hats with me.

*Jem.* None o' your keepin' em, now, mind—there's a hat! do you know why its like me?

*Lavish.* I can't say that I do.

*Jem.* Because its *waterproof*. Ha! ha! (*They change.*) I never see you look so respectable afore. And I fancies as I acts a rayther comical figure in these togs. Should you know me, think you?

*Lavish.* Scarcely—you look like a gentleman, Jem.

*Jem.* Not the fust as owes as much to his tailor. Now, as I am to be the gen'leman in this 'ere affair, I shall, in course, expect a gen'leman's privileges—a bottle of wine and a buiscake.

*Lavish.* Have what you like, and charge it to me.

*Jem.* That's what I calls liberal; and mind, I shan't kiss the maid, if I can get hold of the missus.

*Lavish.* Please yourself, and you will please me.

*LYDIA runs in, R. and flies into the arms of JEM, who embraces her.*

*Jem.* Sweetest dove! I likes bein' master most unkimmon.

*Lavish.* That's going rather too far. Lydia—don't you know me?

*Jem.* I'm not so particular as you on that pint.

*Lydia.* (R. c.) Lavish!

*PATCH enters R. she runs up to LAVISH in the same way.*

*Patch.* My dear, dear Jem—such a bit of fun!

*Lavish.* Pretty Patch! (*kissing her.*)

*Jem.* Don't you call that going rayther too far as well?

*Lavish.* You are not so particular on that point.

*Lydia.* What mean these disguises?

*Patch.* (L.) My Jem, a gentleman!

*Lavish.* I am to conduct you to Stamford Hill in the place of Jem Bolt, whom your guardian just now engaged for that purpose. (R. c.) Do you think I shall do? going down, ma'am?

*Lydia.* (R.) Admirably.

*Jem.* Let me give you a little bit of advise; when you says goin' down, you must up with your finger in the rigler way.

*Lavish.* I thank you Jem for the hint. Do I look the cad?

*Lydia.* Excellently.

*Jem.* I say Miss—he looks as if he'd never been anything else—don't he?

*Lavish.* Don't be imperinent, Jem. Patch, you must keep this affair a secret.

*Jem.* I'll put a stopper on her mouth—arter this manner. (*kissing her.*)

*Lydia.* Is Sir Toby to go with us ?

*Lavish.* Not if I can prevent him.

*Patch.* O lud ! here comes master.

[*Exeunt all but LAVISH. S. E. L.*

*Enter SIR TOBY FLIANT, R.*

*Lavish.* Now Sir—ya hip.

*Sir Toby.* Don't make such a noise—are you ready ?

*Lavish.* All right, Sir Toby.

*Sir Toby.* You know where to leave us ?

*Lavish.* Not two a going, Sir Toby ?

*Sir Toby.* O yes—I and my ward.

*Lavish.* Sorry for that—only room for one, and that must be a light weight or we shall get pulled up. I say Bill.

*Enter TACTIC disguised, L.*

*Tact.* (to SIR TOBY.) Servant Sir Toby—(*touching his hat.*)

*Lavish.* I say, Bill, arnt we full ?

*Tact.* Book'd full afore we started.

*Lavish.* We could manage to take the lady, I suppose, ah !  
*Bill ?*

*Tact.* Why, we'd strain a pint to do that.

*Sir Tob.* How very awkward ?

*Tact.* No fault of ourn ; the proprietors shouldn't ha' book'd 'em.

*Sir Tob.* Have you room outside ?

*Tact.* Couldn't think of putting sich a gentleman as you outside—like riding on the roof of a house.

*Lavish.* And suppose there should be a spill ?

*Sir T.* Pray don't frighten me !

*Lavish.* I'll engage to take the lady all right, Sir Toby.

*Tact.* You may trust him, Sir Toby ; he's one of the most rightarist men on the road, and 'll do what's right by the lady, and no mistake.

*Sir Tob.* May I depend on you ?

*Lavish.* Honour bright, Sir Toby.

*Sir Tob.* If you leave her in safety at my friends, I will make you a handsome present.

*Lavish.* We shall be quite satisfied so as we gets the fair—ah !  
*Bill ?*

*Tact.* To be sure we shall, Right's right all the world over.

*Sir Toby.* Then give this card, and ask for my friend's in exchange ; that will assure me of my ward's safe arrival.

*Tact.* You shall soon be satisfied that every thing is as it should be.

*Lavish.* That you shall, and no mistake. Ah ! Bill ?

*Sir Tob.* Lydia !

*Enter LYDIA, S. E. L.*

*Sir Tob.* There is only room for you in the omnibus I am told, therefore as I can't go myself, I must put you under the care of this young man.

*Lydia.* A cad to take care of me, Guardy?

*Sir Tob.* No reflections! Don't you see that he belongs to a respectable firm? Look at his livery.

*Lydia.* But why am I to go from home?

*Sir Tob.* To please me.

*Lydia.* Remember, it is all your own doing.

*Sir Tob.* And I am willing to bear the responsibility.

*Lydia.* Well then, good by Guardy.

*Sir Tob.* Good by; I'll see you safe off, you will be well provided for where you are going.

*Lavish.* Much better provided for than you imagine. Ah!  
*Bill?* (*aside.*) [Exeunt L.]

*Enter JEM, led in by PATCH, S. E. L.*

*Jem.* What a werry comfortable thing it is to be a gen'leman! I am as happy as a grig, and no mistake.

*Patch.* I am really ashamed of you.

*Jem.* Why don't you brush, then! Don't you like to see a man a little fresh? just enough spirit in him to make him lively?

*Patch.* But you have had sufficient to take all your spirit away.

*Jem.* Only as far as the wine went—that's all gone—and if you would only send for one bottle more, just to finish with, I'd love you as long as I live, and no mistake.

*Patch.* You have had quite enough, I'm sure, for one sitting.

*Jem.* And I know I could manage another sitting unkimmon well. Do send for t'other bottle.

*Patch.* You shall have no more wine till by and bye.

*Jem.* Will "by and bye" be long first? I am so thirsty! Do take compassion on me.

*Patch.* Don't be so headstrong. I have no more wine, nor money to buy it with.

*Jem.* I have lots, in one of these pockets—no—now I recollect, I'm cleaned out, and done for—and now I'm done up! (*falls.*) Don't disturb me.

*Patch.* You must not sit there.

*Jem.* Why not, eh?

*Patch.* Suppose Sir Toby should come in and catch you.

*Jem.* I'd scorn to run. But he'd excuse it, if he has any pluck in him. Was he never in a smilimer situation?

*Patch.* Never.

*Jem.* I wouldn't give a mag for the man as was never a little fresh.

*Patch.* Now do get up.

*Jem.* You follow my example, and sit down with me, darlin', to keep me company. I'd do as much for you, if you was in the same purdicament.

*Patch.* Nonsense!—how it would look!

*Jem.* Never mind how it would look, but do it. Do sit down, and let's you and I talk a bit over our futur splicin'. I'm 'terminated not to get up 'less you do.

*Patch.* Will you get up then?

*Jem.* Honor bright.

*Patch.* There, then. But no nonsense, Jem. (*she kneels down by him.*)

*Jem.* Patch, you are a real good un! and I do love you so—lord, how I do love you! (*putting his arm round her neck.*)

*Patch.* Don't be a fool, Jem.

*Jem.* I can't help it—its nat'ral—and I'm not the fust man as has been made a fool on by a woman. And here's your master to prove it.

*Patch.* O lud! (*rising.*)

*Enter SIR TOBY PLIANT, L.*

*Sir Tob.* What is the meaning of this?

*Jem.* The meaning of it is—don't run away, Patch—How are you old chap? (*getting up.*)

*Sir Tob.* That scapegrace, Lavish, as I live!—and tipsy too.

*Jem.* I am neither one nor t'other, my old cock.

*Sir Tob.* A nice spark truly, to pretend love to the mistress, and then gallant with the maid!

*Jem.* A spark!—Patch, another bottle to squench it. And as for the missus, I don't care that for her while I can have the maid.

*Sir Tob.* So then you glory in the fact?

*Jem.* In course I do.

*Sir Tob.* How did this fellow, Lavish, gain admittance to my house?

*Patch.* Please you, Sir Toby, this is my Jem.

*Jem.* What do you think of that old codger?

*Patch.* Pray be civil, Jem.

*Sir Tob.* On looking more closely I see that I have deceived.

*Jem.* And if you had not been unkimmon short sighted you'd ha' found out that afore, and no mistake.

*Sir Tob.* It was you, sir, that I engaged to take my ward to Stamford Hill.

*Jem.* And I preferred stoppin' here with Patch. Like other great men, I got a deputy.

*Sir Tob.* Whom?

*Jem.* Frank Lavish, Asquire.

*Sir Tob.* Then I am a ruin'd man.

*Jem.* It sarves you right, what business had you to think that sich a nice young lady as your ward could marry an old codger like you?

*Sir Tob.* I never dreamt of such a thing.

*Jem.* But you mean't to do it, don't deny it, it won't do old 'un, I'm not to be gammon'd, I see you give her sich a look!

*Sir Tob.* Impertinent scoundrel! Leave my house, both of you.

*Jem.* It 'ud be wery unpolite, jist as you ha' got company a comin', they'd think as we wanted to cut 'em.

*Enter FRANK LAVISH, LYDIA, and TACTIC, L.*

*Sir Tob.* As I live, Lavish and Lydia! Where have you been?

*Lydia.* To Stamford Hill, Guardy.

*Lavish.* And saw a very pretty little church by the way, the doors of which stood so invitingly open, that we could not resist the temptation of entering.

*Sir Tob.* Are you married?

*Lavish.* As-fast as priest could make us, so we now are one.

*Sir Tob.* I presume, sir, you are aware on what conditions my ward becomes entitled to her property? Marrying without my consent, disinherits her.

*Jem.* So then, as you couldn't get the young un with her fortin', you'll have the fortin' without her. I tells you what, Sir Toby, I don't envy you your sleep o' nights, if while you are huggin' her bags of gold you leaves her to starve.

*Sir Tob.* I am neither mercenary, nor unforgiving. She shall have her fortune, and my forgiveness too; little as she deserves either.

*Lydia.* But I will endeavour to merit both, for your kindness, Guardy.

*Jem.* Needs must when the devil drives, but you'll give your consent for Patch and I to be spliced?

*Sir Tob.* You may have her, provided you promise to make her a good husband.

*Patch.* That I am sure he will.

*Jem.* Promises and pie-crusts is made to be broke, but I'll do the thing as is right by her, and no mistake.

*Enter Boy, L.*

*Boy.* O! Sir, Sally Comfort has run away with the omnibus driver. And has borrowed Patch's best silk gown to get married in. [Exit L.]

*Patch.* O! the wretch, I shall faint!

*Jem.* No, don't, a good riddance of bad rubbidge say I. Never mind your gown, I'd have you if you hadn't a gown to your back. Though fine feathers make fine birds, while your heart's in the right place I don't care for all the finery in the world. And as I am sound wind and limb, and have got a good situation, which it shall be no fault of mine if I don't keep, the only buss I'll have is this, which I gives to Patch. *(kisses her.)*

*Lavish.* Patch, I will not forget you on your wedding-day.

*Patch.* Thank you, sir,

*Jem.* And, as master that was has looked over my little *(to the audience)* error, p'raps you'll not deny me the same, when I tell you, that, havin' begun to mend, I shan't stop half way and then turn back. Though I've not, at all times, done the thing as is right, I means to do so—it's a long lane you know as has got no turnin', and no mistake.

*Finale.*

Good humour, with good fortune, too,  
Shall now all happy make;  
If we've succeeded, friends, with you,  
All's right, and no mistake.

PATCH, BOLT, SIR TOBY, LAVISH, LYDIA, TACTIC.  
R. L.

THE END.

(-29)

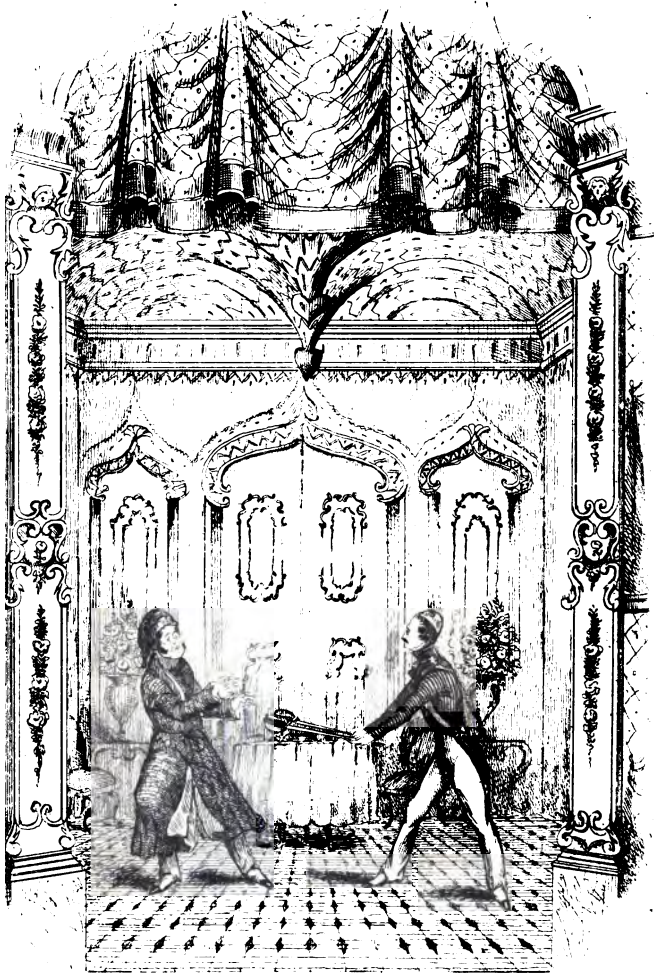
WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

1874

1875

1876





A

# PECULIAR POSITION.

A FARCE,

In One Act.

By  
James Robinson

J. R. PLANCHÉ, F.S.A.

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY,

As performed at

THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

---

RECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST  
F CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF  
ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF  
THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

PLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING ON STEEL, BY  
ICE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE  
REPRESENTATION.

---

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1887

F.E.E.

1. no subject

#### REMARKS.

This farce is little more than a free translation of the Comédie-Vaudeville "*La frontière de Savoie*," by Messrs. SCRIBE and BAYARD. The only merit I can claim is the having induced Mr. Liston to add the part of Mons. Champignon to the long list of characters which owe their popularity to his inimitable acting.

J. R. P.

OK D

## Dramatis Personae and Costume

FIRST PERFORMED AT THE ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE, MAY 3, 1837

MAJOR LASCARI. Blue uniform, faced with red, and trimmed with gold lace—cocked-hat, with Sardinian cockade—yellow, red, and white. } Mr. Selby

CHAMPIGNON. Brown holland trousers and gaiters—striped waistcoat—large travelling green coat, with several capes—foreign foraging cap. } Mr. Liston.

CARLO. Blue coat, faced with red—white trousers and gaiters—blue cloth undress cap, with yellow tassel—cross belts and side-arms. } Mr. Bland.

PEPITO. Brown jacket and tronsers—blue waistcoat—black neckhandkerchief—white stockings—shoes and buckles. Costume of Savoy. } Mr. Oxberry.

SERVANT. Livery. } Mr. Cooke.

COUNTESS DE NOVARA. White morning-dress, à la Française. } Miss Murray.

MADAME CHAMPIGNON. Checked silk dress—plush bonnet, and shawl. } Miss Crisp.

BARBARA. Pink jacket—striped petticoat—white stockings—shoes and buckles—head-dress composed of a handkerchief bound over the cap in the Piedmontese fashion. } Miss Fitzwalter.

Time of representation 60 minutes.

### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R. first entrance, right. S. E. L. second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance, left. T. E. R. third entrance, right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.



## A PECULIAR POSITION.

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SCENE.—*A large apartment in an old chateau near Chambéry.—Large folding doors in centre, and two doors on each side of the Stage.—Table laid for dinner.*

*Enter CARLO and BARBARA, door, c.*

*Bar.* Oh Carlo! My dear Carlo! How glad I am to see you. Who would have thought of you?

*Car.* Why Barbara, I hope you always thought of me.

*Bar.* Dear Carlo, so I do; but I meant to say, of seeing you—I never dreamed I should whilst you were quartered at Lans-le-bourg. Have you got leave of absence?

*Car.* Only for an hour.

*Bar.* For an hour! You've come six-and-thirty leagues, and have to get back in an hour!

*Car.* Silly wench! No; we had orders to march suddenly to Chambéry, where we arrived last night, and this morning a detachment was sent forward to the frontier. My company is stationed betwixt this and Les Eschelles, not half a league distance.

*Bar.* Oh! I'm so glad. Then you'll stay and dine?

*Car.* No, I must be back within the hour. I have only just run here to tell you that I am in the neighbourhood, and to ask what your mother has said to my proposal.

*Bar.* Won't hear of it, dear Carlo! Says I shall never marry a soldier, with her consent.

*Car.* Plague take it! Well, never mind, Barbara, I have only another year to serve, and then I'll turn my sword into a ploughshare—and—

*Bar.* And by that time I shall be married to another.

*Car.* To another!

*Bar.* Yes; my mother insists upon my receiving the addresses of Pepito, a nasty little mischief-making, tattling, babbling fellow; one of the new servants that the Countess hired just after I came here. He knows my mother, has saved a little money, and has managed to get into her favour, so that she will hear of nobody else.

*Car.* Oh, don't you be afraid! I'll settle his business for him depend upon it. Only you be firm in your refusal for a short time, and before I quit this neighbourhood I'll find some way to send him packing. But farewell—I must be off again.

*Bar.* Directly?

*Car.* This very moment—I shall barely save my distance.

*Bar.* And when will you come again?

*Car.* Oh, very soon—to-morrow or next day; nay, perhaps

before night again; for we are to be on the *qui vive*. Government has received some information about the Carbonari—a movement is apprehended—and the French frontier is to be vigilantly guarded. Not a rat is to leave Savoy without a passport from the minister, properly *visé* by the local authorities. So one kiss, dear Barbara, and—

*Bar.* Hush! somebody's coming. 'Tis Pepito, I declare: I wouldn't have him see you—he'll tell mother and—

*Car.* Pepito! I'll strangle the villain!

*Bar.* No—no—no—pray don't make a disturbance. My lady will be so angry—you'll ruin all.

*Car.* Well, I haven't time to strangle him comfortably, so I'll postpone the pleasure; but if ever I do lay hands on him—

*Bar.* Well, but do go now, dear Carlo. Here, this is the nearest way out, and nobody will see you. Quick! quick!

[Hurries him out, door, L.

Enter PEPITO, C.

*Pep.* (as he enters.) Very pretty! very pretty, upon my word!

*Bar.* (aside.) Oh mercy! I hope he didn't see Carlo.—(aloud)—What's very pretty, Pepito?

*Pep.* What's very pretty? Why you're very pretty—my charming wife that will be soon.

*Bar.* Is that all?

*Pep.* No, that is not all; but I'm called a tattler—a mischief-maker—and therefore I shall keep this little secret to myself; particularly as I might get into a scrape with my lady by telling it.

*Bar.* Into a scrape with my lady! (aside.) Oh, if I could but make him tell now! (aloud) What is it Pepito? you'll surely tell me.

*Pep.* No, no! Women can't keep secrets. Their tongues are always running, it would get about somehow or another, that I saw a great, tall man, wrapped up very mysteriously in a blue cloak, glide into the Countess's apartment.

*Bar.* You don't say so!

*Pep.* No; I don't say so; but if I did say so, people might say I said so;—and then you know—

*Bar.* And then you know you'd be turned out of the chateau as you deserve for scandalizing my lady.

*Pep.* Well, but I didn't—

*Bar.* But you hinted as much, and I'll just go and tell my lady, I will.

*Pep.* You wouldn't be so spiteful! you don't know what mischief you might make. For it really is true—

*Bar.* True! That you saw a man steal into my lady's room?

*Pep.* Muffled up in a great blue cloak.

*Bar.* And you didn't stop him, and question him?—Why, he may be a thief, and we may be all robbed and murdered!

*Pep.* Hush! hold your tongue, don't make a noise. My lady will be very angry; she begged me not to say a word about it to any body—

*Bar.* She. Why there is the Count himself, you foolish fellow.

*Pep.* What her husband, and our master, come into his own house that way—

*Bar.* That way? why the master of the house may come in any way, mayn't he; we've been expecting him now every day for more than a week—he came off a long journey—very tired, no doubt—and went straight up to his room.

*Pep.* Then why shouldn't the Countess have said so, instead of desiring me not to take any notice to any body of what I had seen?

*Bar.* And you disobey her directly. Very well, sir, she shall know—

*Pep.* And suppose it should not be the Count, what will she say to you, and what shall I be obliged to say to the Count when he does come?

*Bar.* You're a scandalous good-for-nothing little man! I'm sure it must be he, and you can't say to the contrary, for you never saw him in your life, any more than myself. He went to Naples before I came here, and two months before you poked your ugly face into the house.

*Pep.* Come, come, be civil, respect your future husband.

*Bar.* You never shall be my husband.

*Pep.* But your mother says I shall, the dear old soul! It's all settled, and you must have me.

*Bar.* And suppose I love somebody else, better?

*Pep.* I don't care, you shall marry me.

*Bar.* But suppose I've promised to marry him—

*Pep.* I don't care for that. If you haven't married him.

*Bar.* Well then, suppose I have married him!

*Pep.* Eh! oh, nonsense—you're joking.

*Bar.* Am I—well—you'll see! (*aside*) Come, that's not a bad thought; and as he provoked me—

*Pep.* Married!—to whom!—when!—where!—

*Bar.* I sha'n't tell you any more—it's enough for you—I'm married—there. You may go and tell my mother that; it's a fine opportunity to make a little more mischief;—so good morning to you. [*Exit BARBARA, 2d door, L.*]

*Pep.* Married! I feel as if a stack of chimneys, had fallen on my head! Tell her mother! Indeed I will tell her mother. The poor dear respectable old creature, to be so treated. But she shall be revenged on her undutiful daughter, I'll take care of that! She shall leave me every thing she has in the world, the dear old soul, that she shall: and I won't give a crust to her unnatural child, if she comes starving to my door!—Hah!—the Countess!—

*Enter the COUNTESS, 2d door, R.*

*Coun.* Pepito, leave the room directly.

*Pep.* Yes, madam. (*aside*) What a flutter she's in! There must be something very wrong somewhere. [*Exit PEPITO, C.*]

*Coun.* What's to be done? He must not remain here. They will be sure to seek him in his own chateau, and search every corner! There is no chance of concealing him. He must cross the frontier—once in France, he is safe; but how?—this passport is in his own name, and by this time, orders may have reached Les Eschelles for his arrest. What shall I do—what shall I do?

*Re-enter PEPITO, C.*

Who's there? How dare you, sir—when I desired—



*Pep.* Your pardon, madam ; but there is a person without who would speak with you immediately.

*Coun.* A person !—what sort of a person ? (*aside*) I tremble all over.

*Pep.* Why, madam, he is a very odd sort of person ; he won't be said "No" to. I told him you were particularly engaged—could see nobody.

*Coun.* (*aside.*) How unfortunate !—such an answer will arouse or increase suspicion ! (*aloud*) You did wrong, sir. Who told you to say I was engaged ?

*Pep.* Shall I show him in, then ?

*Coun.* Certainly—directly—stay—did you ask his business ?

*Pep.* Oh dear, yes, madam ! I always ask every body's business.

*Coun.* And what did he say it was ?

*Pep.* He said it was no business of mine. Very rude, madam, don't you think ?

*Coun.* (*aside.*) Refused to answer ! 'Tis an officer of the police ! All is lost.

*Pep.* What shall I do, madam ! send him packing ?

*Coun.* Oh, 'tis no use ! he would not go ; he will insist on entering.

*Pep.* Oh, bless you !—yes ; he does. He says he must see the Countess herself—in private.

*Coun.* (*aside.*) Then there is no doubt. Well, let me know the worst. (*aloud*) Show him in here, Pepito.

*Pep.* Yes, madam. (*aside*) Very mysterious all this ! I don't like the look of it. [Exit PEPITO. C.]

*Coun.* (*running to the door by which she entered, and half-opening it*). Bolt this door inside, and stir not, for your life ! (*Shuts the door. Some one is heard to bolt it inside.*) Kind fortune ! give me courage to support this interview. The least agitation may betray me. He comes !

*Re-enter PEPITO ushering in CHAMPIGNON. C.*

*Pep.* There's my lady.

*Cham.* (*aside.*) A magnificent woman upon my word !

*Coun.* (*aside.*) He is not in uniform—some spy—some agent.

*Cham.* (*aside.*) How she looked at me ! If I were a vain man I should say she was struck by my appearance—even in this inelegant and travelling costume.

*Coun.* (*aside.*) There is a malicious triumph in that smile. He knows he holds his victim in his grasp. I must speak to him. (*aloud*) Sir, you desired to see me ; may I inquire your name and business ?

*Cham.* I have a thousand apologies to make for this intrusion, madam. My name is unknown, I believe, to you ; but that, as well as my business, shall be communicated immediately, if you will condescend to favour me with a *private*,—a strictly *private* interview (*looking at PEPITO*).

*Coun.* Leave us, Pepito. (*aside*) How alarming is this studied civility !

*Pep.* (*aside.*) I wonder if I can hear through the keyhole.

[Exit PEPITO. C.]

*Cham.* I trust, madam, you will excuse the very great liberty I have taken in requesting a private audience ; but if I were a vain man—I might say—I have a peculiar way of doing business ; and the delicate nature of the communication I am about to make—servants are such meddling creatures—they have always their own interests in view—I never curry favour with them—I never attempt to bribe them—in all important cases it is my maxim to go direct to the person I wish to secure.

*Coun.* (*starting.*) Secure ! Oh, heavens !

*Cham.* What's the matter, madam ? You are disturbed ?

*Coun.* Not at all, sir ; not at all. Pray proceed, sir.

*Cham.* As I was saying, madam, according to my maxim, I should, in this case, have gone direct to the master of the house.

*Coun.* The master of the house ! Sir, the Count de Novara is not here.

*Cham.* So I have been told, madam ; and, therefore, I took the liberty of inquiring for you ; and if you will do me the honour to answer me one or two questions—

*Coun.* Sir, I presume you have a right to interrogate me, and, therefore, I must needs reply.

*Cham.* By no means, madam. If you have the slightest repugnance to answer when you hear my questions, I beg you will say so at once, and I make my bow immediately. I have a peculiar way of doing business.

*Coun.* (*aside.*) If I refuse to answer, he considers it a proof of guilt, and so reports it immediately to his employers—(*aloud*) Sir, I await your question. If it is one I can reply to, I—

*Cham.* Oh, certainly, although it more immediately concerns the Count, you, as his wife, madam, cannot be supposed to be ignorant of the fact.

*Coun.* (*aside.*) Dreadful intimation !—(*aloud*) Speak, sir, relieve me from this suspense.

*Cham.* Without further preface, then, madam, the Count de Novara has been, I am credibly informed, in the habit of purchasing cogniac and liqueurs of various descriptions of an Italian of the name of Gilletti, residing at No. 54, Grande Rue, Chambery.

*Coun.* (*aside.*) He has been arrested, and has some way compromised my husband.

*Cham.* Am I right so far, madam ?

*Coun.* Sir, I know not why I should deny that Signor Gilletti has occasionally supplied the chateau with various articles in which he deals ; but, further than that, neither the Count nor myself have any knowledge of him ; and, moreover, we have lately had so much occasion to complain of his charges, that the Count has signified his intention of withdrawing his custom.

*Cham.* Then my information was correct, and I have no hesitation in placing this paper in your hands.

*Coun.* A paper—which has been found on Signor Gilletti !

*Cham.* No, madam ; one I have caused to be printed for general circulation.

*Coun.* A proclamation—a description of the person of some unfortunate—

*Cham.* No, madam, no ; simply a list of the articles in which I deal, and which I can with confidence recommend as unequalled.

either in quality or price, by any similar establishment in civilized Europe.

*Coun.* Sir!

*Cham.* I have a peculiar way of doing business—never interfere with a brother tradesman. Had I not been assured, by persons on whom I could confidently rely, that Monsieur the Count de Novara had positively signified to Signor Gilletti his dissatisfaction, I should never have presumed to solicit the custom of his lordship, or—

*Coun.* Can it be possible? You are, then—

*Cham.* Pierre-Auguste-Polydore-Champignon, at the Golden Pineapple, near the Promenade, Chambéry; sells all sorts of wines, liqueurs, spices, dried fruits, preserves, pickles, tea, coffee, chocolate, macaroni, vermicelli, Italian oils, French capers, and English blacking.

*Coun. (aside.)* What a relief!—(*aloud*) Oh, my good friend! if you knew how happy you have made me!

*Cham.* Madam! You overwhelm—you confuse—(*aside*) If I were a vain man, I should say—(*aloud*) May I then hope, madam, that you will honour me by your favours?

*Coun.* Sir, I am afraid that the Count has already promised; but when he returns, I will mention your name—you will call again, perhaps? (*going.*)

*Cham.* With the greatest pleasure, madam, on my return from France. I must pass the chateau—and—

*Coun. (stopping suddenly.)* From France! Are you on your way there now, sir?

*Cham.* That alone, madam, could excuse my presenting myself to the Countess de Novara, on voyageur—I am going to Lyons—perhaps to Paris—to make purchases.—Madame Champignon accompanies me as far as the frontier—parting with her is the only drawback to my joy at revisiting, even for one day, *ma belle France*—my native country!

*Coun. (aside.)* What an idea! If I could but manage—(*aloud*) Indeed, you are not a Savoyard then?

*Cham.* A Savoyard! No, madam; I am a Frenchman, nay a Parisian, by birth; my home is at present in Savoy, but, as the song says, “*Je suis Français! mon pays avant tout.*”

*Coun.* But are they not very strict just now, respecting any body—and particularly a Frenchman—passing the frontier.

*Cham.* Rigorous in the extreme, madam; but I happen to be in a peculiar position; the Golden Pineapple being honoured by the custom of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, I have a passport from the minister which acts like a talisman upon all the authorities.

*Coun.* Indeed! Will you permit me—

*Cham.* By all means, madam—(*giving passport.*) You see, madam: “Permit freely to pass,” &c. &c. “Pierre-Auguste-Polydore Champignon, native of France, *Epicier Droguiste* to his Majesty the King of Sardinia, &c. &c. &c.”

*Coun.* Oh, perfectly; with such a passport as this, there can be no doubt—I beg your pardon. (*Drops the list he had previously given her.*)

*Cham.* Permit me, madam. (*Stoops to pick it up.*)

*Coun. (quickly changing the passports.)* You are very kind—thank

you ; it's the list of your wares, I believe ; if you will allow me, I'll keep it, and on your return, perhaps (*offering him the other passport*)—

*Cham.* I shall make a point of calling, madam.

*Coun.* Barbara! Barbara!

*Enter BARBARA, 2d door, L.*

*Bar.* Yes, madam.

*Coun.* Take care of this paper, and when Mr. Champignon returns, let him know what coffee, or chocolate, or any thing else he sells, is wanted. The Count himself will speak to you about the wines, sir ; I wish you a pleasant journey ! (*aside to BARBARA*) Keep him in conversation for a few minutes—(*aloud*) Good morning, sir. (*Knocks at 2d door, R.: the bolt is withdrawn.*)

[*Exit COUNTESS.*]

*Bar.* (*aside.*) Keep him in conversation ! Dear ! how odd !

*Cham.* (*aside.*) She's a splendid woman, and a most affable, engaging woman ; upon my honour, if I were a vain man, I should say—

*Bar.* Are you going, sir ?

*Cham.* Going, my dear ! Yes, my love, I am going on a long journey.

*Bar.* If you'll just stop while I look over this list, sir—perhaps I could tell you now, sir.

*Cham.* An uncommonly pretty girl, I declare ! (*aloud*) Stop, my love ! Egad, with such a mistress, and such a maid, if it were not that Madame Champignon is not very fond of waiting, I shouldn't care if—

*Bar.* Madame Champignon ! What, are you married then ?

*Cham.* Unfortunately—I mean—undoubtedly I am—to a most exemplary female—in fact a charming person—rather hasty, perhaps, and a little inclined to be jealous ; but if I were a vain man, I should say—that can scarcely be wondered at—I confess I have been in my time a terrible fellow—when I lived in Paris—Rue des Filles, St. Thomas !—and even now—occasionally.—What's bred in the bone—eh—you little smiling, rosy rogue, you—

*Bar.* Oh, sir ! sir !

*Cham.* Oh, sir ! sir, indeed ! Harkye !—a word in that pretty little white ear. I'm to have the custom of the chateau, you know. I shall often look in ; and if you're fond of barley-sugar—

*Bar.* No—I don't like sweet things.

*Cham.* I do. (*kissing her.*)

*Bar.* Be quiet—or I'll call out.

*Cham.* If you do I'll never kiss you again. Like liqueurs ?—Send you some “parfait amour !”

*Bar.* I don't want any of your amours—get away do—here's somebody coming—and there's your wife waiting for you.

*Cham.* Very true !—so she is ! Poor Madame Champignon ! kicking her heels in the little smoky posthouse at Les Eschelles. Adieu my angel—adieu for ten long days—I must tear myself away !

(*Sings.*)—“Partant pour la Syrie.

Le jeune et beau Dunois.”

[*Exit at c. door singing, and kissing his hand to her.*]

*Enter PEPITO, c. CHAMPIGNON goes out.*

*Pep.* Mighty gallant, indeed, whoever he is.

*Bar.* Well, and what's that to you?

*Pep.* A great deal—for I've seen your mother; and she says you are not married—she doesn't believe a word of it—and therefore you are to marry me.

*Bar.* Very well; perhaps you'll believe when you see my husband.

*Pep.* Yes, when I see him; and that'll be when I look in the glass some day shortly.

*Bar.* He must be looking over your shoulders, then; for it won't be you.

*Pep.* I know better, I can see by your face you're telling a story. I defy you to name your husband.

*Bar.* I could if I liked! I could if I liked.

*Pep.* You can't—you can't—I dare you.

*Bar.* You dare me! (*aside*) I've a great mind—he won't be back for ten days, and by that time—

*Pep.* There, you can't—you haven't a word to say for yourself.

*Bar.* Haven't I? Do you know who that was that went out just now?

*Pep.* No; he wouldn't tell me.

*Bar.* Then I will. That's my husband.

*Pep.* He! and I let him in!

*Bar.* It was very kind of you, I'm sure.

*Pep.* The devil! If this is true—

*Bar.* Hadn't you better run after and ask him?

*Pep.* Then that's why he was so confoundedly mysterious.

*Bar.* Of course; d'ye think he'd have trusted his rival. He'll be fine and angry with me for telling you; but as you dared me—

*Pep.* You've married that man?—Why he's fifty!

*Bar.* He is no such thing; and if he were, he's worth fifty of you.

*Pep.* Very well—very well! What did he want with my lady?

*Bar.* To tell her we were married; because I was afraid to do so myself.

*Pep.* Well you might be afraid, and ashamed to. Marry such a fellow as that, when you might have had such a man as me!

*Enter MAJOR LASCARI and CHAMPIGNON, c.*

*Cham.* But sir, I assure you—

*Major.* And I assure you, sir, that my duty alone—

*Bar.* (*aside*.) Oh, mercy! He's come back again!

*Pep.* There's the very rascal!

*Cham.* But business of the greatest importance—

*Major.* Sir, I will not detain you an instant longer than my orders imperatively compel me. Your name, if you please.

*Cham.* Champignon.

*Major.* Where are you going?

*Cham.* First to join my wife; and then—

*Pep.* It is not true!

*Cham.* What do you mean by that?

*Pep.* Why that one of you must tell a story; for Barbara says she's your wife.

*Cham.* Barbara!—No—does she though? (*aside to her*) Oh

you little rogue! I wish you were.—Egad—if it wasn't for Madame Champignon—

*Pep.* He doesn't like to own it; she told me he wouldn't.

*Major.* Well, sir!

*Bar.* (*aside.*) Don't deny it. You'll oblige me.

*Cham.* (*aside.*) Oblige her! poor little girl! Champignon! Champignon—this is the old story.

*Major.* Sir, I want your answer.

*Cham.* My answer, sir?—My answer is that whether I am her husband or not, my name is Champignon. Pierre-Auguste-Polydore Champignon, as my passport shall convince you—and—

*Major.* Oh, you have a passport!—That's another affair.

*Cham.* I believe it is too (*producing it*). There, sir, look at that, and detain me at your peril.

*Enter the Countess, 2d door, r.*

*Coun.* (*aside.*) A soldier!—Then 'twas but just in time.

*Major.* How is this?—"Champignon!" There is no such name; this passport is made out in the name of the very nobleman I have orders to arrest—the Count de Novara.

*Bar. and Pep.* The Count de Novara!

*Cham.* The Count de Novara!—Poh! poh!—you can't read—

*Major.* Can you? (*showing it to him.*)

*Cham.* To be sure—eh! why—this is not my passport—

*Major.* Then where is yours, and what business have you with this?

*Cham.* Confound it! it must have been some mistake of that booby of a clerk; he knows me well enough, too, but because I told him I meant to call here, and talked about the count; the stupid fellow has written the name by mistake—

*Major.* And described the person by mistake, too? "aged 49."

*Cham.* I'm only 47, sir.

*Major.* You look older; "Height 5 feet 8 inches."

*Cham.* I'm 5 feet 9, sir!

*Major.* Bah! that's near enough; "eyes gray, hair brown, nose ordinary—"

*Cham.* Ordinary!

*Major.* "Mouth idem," "complexion idem."

*Cham.* Pshaw! nonsense! But what does it signify? Here!—here's the Countess herself, she'll tell you who I am, won't you, madam?

*Coun.* Sir, I will say whatever you wish me to say; but I fear it is now too late.

*Cham.* Too late!—Not at all.

*Coun.* You are recognised, and all denial would be idle.

*Cham.* Recognised!—why, you don't mean to say, madam, that I am your husband, do you? (*aside*) The deuce is in the women!

*Coun.* If I could hope to deceive that gentleman, I might be tempted to deny it; but that unfortunate passport has discovered all.

*Cham.* Discovered all!

*Coun.* But do not be alarmed, sir; I trust there is no danger, you are innocent.

*Cham.* As a lamb!—ask Madame Champignon.

**Coun.** Nay, sir—drop all disguise, and confide at once in the honour of this gentleman, I am sure he will not exceed his orders, and obey them he must; they are, I trust, not very severe.

**Cham.** I trust not, with all my soul.

**Major.** They are simply to detain his Lordship till the arrival of a courier from Turin; I have only to request he will not attempt to leave the chateau; I do not wish to deprive him of your society, Madam. He may remain perfectly unmolested in the bosom of his family.

**Cham.** In the bosom of my family!

**Coun.** You hear, sir, you may stay with me.

**Cham.** May I! (*aside.*) Egad, I should like nothing better: but what does it all mean? if I were a vain man, I really should say, this is a very peculiar position. Egad, she shall have her own way; if it's a joke, I'll see how far she'll carry it. (*aloud*) Madam, to me your wishes always were commands. Sir, I am your prisoner. As you will have it, I am the Count de Novara.

**Pep.** I'm stupified! Why Barbara!

**Barb. (*aside.*)** What shall I say now? (*to PEPITO*) Well, if he is the Count, he is a base man, that's all I say.

[*Exit BARBARA, 2d door, L.*]

**Pep.** I'm horrified!

**Cham. (*aside.*)** Poor Madame Champignon! Well, I can't help it; when a lovely woman insists upon any thing, I never can say no—never could in my life! (*aloud to MAJOR*) May I ask your name, sir?

**Major.** Lascari—Major Lascari.

**Cham.** And you are instructed to prevent my proceeding on my journey?

**Major.** I am, Count.

**Cham.** You positively insist on my remaining in the chateau?

**Major.** In compliance with my orders, Count.

**Cham.** Very well, Major; you will be responsible for whatever may occur in consequence.

**Major.** Certainly.

**Cham.** Then I shall order dinner immediately, for I am getting remarkably hungry, what say you, my dear?

**Countess to Pepito.** You hear your master?—obey him.

**Cham.** You hear your mistress?—dinner directly!

**Pep. (*aside.*)** The vile seducer!—I wish it may choke him!

[*Exit, c.*]

**Cham. (*aside.*)** I shall dine tête-à-tête with the Countess!—Poor Madame Champignon!

**Coun. (*aside.*)** I must detain the Major, if possible. (*aloud.*)—Major, I trust your orders will not prevent your dining with us.

**Cham.** Eh!—(*aside to COUNTESS*) We don't want him.

**Major.** You are very kind, madam. I shall have much pleasure.

**Cham. (*aside.*)** Confound him!

**Major.** Will you not divest yourself of your disguise, Count?

**Cham.** Disguise!

**Major.** Yes, this bourgeois-looking coat and cap, as they are now useless, will you not exchange them for a habit more befitting your rank?

**Cham.** My rank? Oh—ay—but it doesn't signify. What do you say, my love?

*Coun.* Just as you please, sir. There are two suits, you know, in your dressing-room (*pointing to 1st door, R.*). Or there's your morning gown, if the Major will excuse.

*Major.* Oh, madam.

*Cham.* Ah! I shall feel more comfortable in the morning gown, and, as we're all at home, you know, amongst ourselves, for we won't call the Major company; so if you will excuse me for a few minutes—you are not afraid of my escaping?

*Major.* Not in the least, Count; for, independently that I consider you upon your parole, the attempt would be fatal. There are sentries all round the chateau, with orders to fire upon any individual leaving it suspiciously.

*Cham.* I shall not attempt it, upon my honour! [*Exit 1st door, R.*]

*Coun. (aside.)* Merciful powers! another instant, then, and he would have fallen!

*Major.* You have not long resided here, I believe, madam?

*Coun.* Not above three months, sir. The Count is fond of shooting, and took this place merely for the season; but we had scarcely arrived here when some private affairs compelled him to set out for Naples. It is this unfortunate journey, taken suddenly, and for family reasons with some degree of mystery, which has drawn upon him the suspicions of the government; but he is innocent, indeed, sir, of all political intrigues, as he can prove, if they will but give him time.

*Major.* I trust he can, madam. You will, I am sure, believe that this is the most disagreeable duty which can devolve upon a soldier.

*Re-enter PEPIITO, C.*

*Pep.* I beg your pardon, my lady, but I can bear it no longer, and speak I must.

*Coun.* What is the matter?

*Pep.* The Count may turn me away if he likes, but I don't care—its downright treason, and I'll denounce him.

*Major.* Treason!

*Coun.* Pepito!—(*aside*) I shall sink.

*Pep.* Yes, Major; yes, my lady; and it's treason as much against you, my lady, as against me.

*Coun.* What do you mean, sirrah?

*Pep.* He has taken advantage of his being unknown to Barbara, and entrapped her affections.

*Coun.* Barbara!

*Major (aside to him.)* Hold your tongue; don't make mischief.

*Pep.* I will—I will make mischief. He has made mischief enough. Barbara says she's married to him! married to a married man!

*Coun.* Impossible!

*Pep.* Ah! so I said. I didn't believe it was in human nature. But Barbara vows it is; and he didn't deny it. Did he, Major, when I accused him? I ask you, upon your honour, now, as an officer and a gentleman.

*Major (aside.)* Ugh! you tattling booby; what is it to you?

*Pep.* What is it to me?—There's morality!—Why she is promised to me by her mother, sir! I was to marry her myself, and have all the old woman's money.—What is it to me indeed!



*Coun. (aside.)* He talked about his wife, certainly. Did he mean Barbara? or has he really deceived the poor girl. I must see her at any rate—learn her story, and trust her with my secret. (*aloud*) Major, Excuse me for a few moments; I must speak to this girl. [Exit COUNTESS, 2d door, L.]

*Major.* There, you've made a fine piece of work. This may end in the separation of the Count and Countess.

*Pep.* I don't care, and I don't believe they would much. I could tell something about the Countess if I liked. Hang me if I don't think one's as bad as t'other! Ay—you may stare, Major. But you ask her who the man in the blue cloak was? That's all.

*Major.* Why you scandalous little rascal! I ask her, indeed!—No; it's no business of mine. (*aside*) A precious family this.

*Re-enter COUNTESS, 2d door, L.*

*Coun.* Pepito! Leave the room! and never let me hear your breathe about this subject again!

*Pep.* Madam!

*Coun.* Leave the room, I say.

*Pep. (aside.)* Won't I though?

[Exit PEPITO, C.]

*Major.* There was no foundation, I presume, for any serious charge?

*Coun.* None in the least, sir. The girl merely made up the story to annoy Pepito, whom she can't bear; and little thinking it was her master, whom she had never seen.

*Major.* Ha! ha! and he would not contradict her for fear of betraying himself to me. I see it all.

*Coun.* Here he comes—not a word to him, if you please.

*Re-enter CHAMPIGNON 1st door, R. H. in a splendid morning-gown, cap, and slippers. Servants at the same time enter with dinner from C.*

*Cham.* I call this remarkably becoming now—really. If I were a vain man—I should say, that if I made such an impression in my common everyday dress, in this elegant dishabille, I must be irresistible! Oh, Champignon! Champignon! Thou hast been the hero of many adventures. But this, of all, is the most peculiar position!

*Coun.* Now, Count, are you ready for dinner?

*Cham.* Ready! my dear Countess; I've the appetite of a cha-mois hunter. It's past five o'clock: and, at the Golden Pineapple, we always dine at—

*Major.* The Golden Pineapple!

*Coun.* The—the hotel the Count was staying at, at Naples. Major, will you take that chair? The Count will sit here.

[Exit Servants, C.]

*Cham. (aside.)* She places me next to herself—the dear creature! (*aloud*) Yes, yes, I sit here, next to my darling wife! In conjunction with Venus, and in opposition to Mars, as the almanac would say that hangs up in the back parlour of the Golden—

*Coun. (treading on his foot.)* Do you eat macaroni, Major? (*helps him.*)

*Cham. (aside.)* She trod on my toe!—She positively trod on my toe! I'll put the other foot forward though, for I've a confounded corn upon this.

*Coun.* Macaroni, Count?

**Cham.** Macaroni! to be sure; I've the greatest possible respect for macaroni, and flatter myself I am rather a judge—*(eating some,)* O dear! O dear! O dear! This won't do at all—a very inferior article, I can assure you; I suppose you had this from that Italian fellow, Gilletti. He ought to be ashamed of himself; an Italian too—to call this macaroni! Why we wouldn't give it house room at the Golden—*(COUNTESS treads on his foot.—Aside)* Confound it, she will tread on the one with a corn.

**Coun.** I am afraid they have made you dainty at Naples; of course, you were then in the very land of macaroni.

**Cham.** At Naples—oh yes, true; oh yes, fine place—Naples; famous for soap, too, as well as macaroni—I have some very superior for shaving—if the Major—

**Coun.** Don't you think the Major would rather judge of your wine than your soap, Count, at the present moment.

**Cham.** My charming Countess, you are perfectly correct—a most deserved rebuke. What's this?—Marsala—pretty fair; and Bordeaux of the very first quality, I vow. You didn't have this from Gilletti's, I'll swear. *(drinks.)*

**Coun.** No, sir; you know very well that was a present to you from the French minister at Turin.

**Cham.** Oh, ay—to be sure; I remember—know him very well—lives close by the Promenade—served him myself often.

**Coun.** Exactly; and he sent you this in acknowledgment of your services.

**Cham.** True, true. *(aside)* She will tread on the wrong foot. *(aloud)* Major, you don't drink—you are dull—thoughtful; you have left some pretty girl behind you, I'll venture to say. These mushrooms have been pickled.

**Major.** Nay, Count, not I; I was never in love but once in my life—and that was for a very short time; and, to own the truth, I believe more because she was going to be married to another, than for any other reason.

**Coun.** Married to another! Poor Major; and so you lost her then?

**Major.** Yes, madam, if it is to be termed a loss. She was a woman of the world, and preferred a tradesman with money to a gentleman with none.

**Cham.** A sensible woman! We'll drink her health if you've no objection.

**Major.** Not in the least. I believe she liked me better than the man she married, after all; and she always said if he behaved ill to her she'd seek me out were I at the further end of the world.

**Cham.** A woman of spirit too! Here's to the health of—

**Major.** Adolphine!

**Cham.** Adolphine! Why that's the name of my wife!

**Major.** Your name, madam?

**Coun.** *(treading violently on CHAMPIGNON's foot.)* Yes, one of my names. *(aside to him)* Would you destroy me?

**Cham.** *(aside.)* Destroy her! Oh, murder! She's lamed me for life! It's jealousy—downright jealousy.—The mere mention of another woman!

**Major.** What's the matter, sir? You seem in pain.

**Cham.** A twinge,—a sharpish twinge in my foot.

Major. The gout, sir?

Cham. No, a corn. I have a very bad corn on *that* foot, my love.  
—Some wine, Major.—That parmesan is too dry.—Don't weep.—  
The true test of good parmesan is—

Enter PEPITO, c.

Coun. (to PEPITO.) Well, sir?

Pep. There's a lady inquiring for you, madam, or the Count.

Coun. For the Count! (*aside*) Should she know him.—Who can she be? (*aloud*) Did you say we were at dinner?

Pep. Yes, madam. She said she'd wait.

Major. Pray make no ceremony, madam, I have dined.

Cham. Is she pretty?

Pep. Not particularly.

Cham. Let her wait, and tell them to take away, and bring some coffee and liqueurs, if you have any worth drinking.—Huile de Venus, or Kirchwasser, or Cogniac.

Pep. Well, I'm sure!

[Exit PEPITO, c.]

Cham. I don't know but what I prefer Cogniac to any thing else in the way of a *chasse*—eh, Major?

Major. Your pardon. I will do myself the pleasure to return for my coffee. I must just visit the sentries.

Cham. Oh, by all means! (*aside*) I'm glad he's going! I long for the denouement of this delicious adventure.

Coun. (*aside*.) I hope Barbara is at hand, ready to appear, as I told her, the moment we were left together—the man might presume—

Major. I'll be back in a quarter of an hour, at furthest.

[Exit MAJOR, c.]

Cham. Oh, pray don't hurry yourself! (to COUNTESS) At length, most charming of women—

Coun. (*aside*.) Ah! here she is!

Enter BARBARA, 2d door, L.

Cham. What the devil do you want?

Bar. Mr. Champignon! Is that the way you speak to me? I want to know, sir, if you have told my lady what you promised?

Cham. What I promised?

Bar. Yes. What did you come here for, pray, but to tell my lady that we were married, and to ask her to speak to my mother.

Cham. Smother your mother! What d'ye mean, you little foolish girl—married to you—

Coun. Mr. Champignon! Can I believe my ears!

Cham. There's not a word of truth in it as I live and breathe, madam!

Bar. Oh, you base man!

Coun. Pepito told me something of this; but I refused to listen—I could not imagine that one of my own servants—

Cham. It is not true, madam! I'm a married man, and she knows it.

Coun. More shame for you—you must have promised her marriage at least.

Cham. I never promised her any thing but some barleysugar.

Bar. Didn't you acknowledge to the Major—

Cham. Yes; because you asked me to oblige you—you attacked

me on my weak point—I never could say no to a lady in my life. But I give you my word, madam, that you—and you alone—

*Coun.* Don't speak to me, sir—don't come near me. Go, faithless man—leave the chateau, and never let me see you more.

*Cham.* Go! It's very easy to say go—how the devil am I to go? If I attempt it they'll shoot me.

*Coun.* Hush!—I had forgotten that.

*Cham.* You're very kind—but I had not.

*Coun.* And I dare not yet avow—he may not yet have passed the frontier.

*Mad. Cham.* (*without.*) I don't care!—I will see the Countess—I insist upon it!

*Cham.* Eh! That voice!

*Coun.* (*aside.*) Ah! the lady who was inquiring for me or for the Count.

*Enter PEPITO with MADAME CHAMPIGNON, C.*

*Mad. Cham.* Don't tell me! I know he must have been here! Ah! there he is!

*Cham.* My wife, by all that's terrible!

*Coun. Bar. & Pep.* His wife!

*Pep.* Another wife! Why's he's the Grand Turk!

*Mad. Cham.* Mr. Champignon! What does this mean! You here in a morning gown and slippers—quietly at your ease—while I have been in agony on your account.

*Coun.* Nay, if 'tis thus—I must explain—and trust to their kindness. (*aloud*) Madam—a few words will—(*Re-enter the MAJOR, C.*) (*Aside*) The Major!—I dare not!—

*Mad. Cham.* Pray speak, madam—I am on the rack.

*Cham.* So am I.

*Major.* What's the matter, Count?

*Mad. Cham.* Count!—He—

*Major.* To be sure; the Count de Novara!—and!—or I am much mistaken.—Adolphine!

*Mad. Cham.* Antonio!—I shall faint! (*falls in the MAJOR'S arms.*)

*Cham.* Hollo! hollo! Major!—I say—do you know—that's my wife?—

*Major.* Your wife?

*Pep.* Yes!—The Blue Beard!—He has deceived her as he has Barbara.

*Cham.* Hold your tongue, you fool. Adolphine!—an't you ashamed of yourself. Wife I say—

*Mad. Cham.* Don't touch me.—Wretch!—Monster!—your wife!—I am no longer your wife!—Take me from his sight, Antonio!

*Major* (*to COUNTESS.*) Pray madam, may I ask—

*Coun.* Question me not, sir. I cannot answer!

[*Exit COUNTESS, 1st door, R.*]

*Pep.* Now, Barbara! Now, you see—

*Bar.* Don't talk to me, sir.—Oh, you horrid man! (*to CHAM-PIGNON.*)

[*Exit BARBARA, 2d door, L.*]

*Cham.* Madame Champignon!

*Mad. Cham.* Antonio! Protect me from him!

*Major.* But pray explain—

*Mad. Cham.* Away—away from him, and I will tell you all.

*Major.* Come, then!—Nay, sir; you do not quit this room, till the mystery is unravelled. *Pepito*, bolt the doors.

[*Exit* MAJOR and MADAME CHAM. C.]

*Pep.* That I will!—I shall be revenged on somebody.

[*Exit* PEPITO, C.]

*Cham.* (*following.*) But I say!—Major!—Madame Champignon! (*The door is bolted.*) They've bolted me in!—Well, this is certainly the most peculiar way of walking off with a man's wife! But if I'm not revenged on Madame Champignon it sha'n't be my fault, that's all I know; up to this moment I but contemplated an innocent frolic—a simple flirtation—a passing gallantry—a pardonable peccadillo. I had left the follies of my youth in the Rue, Filles St. Thomas. My constant heart would have shuddered at any serious infidelity, and flown back with unsullied pinions to connubial love and the Golden Pineapple!—But now!—O rage!—O vengeance!—There is no atrocity I am not prepared to commit; I will employ all the powers of fascination I possess to victimize the whole sex, in revenge for this heartless desertion! It's getting dark! Welcome ye shades of night—black as the deeds I contemplate. Beautiful but capricious Countess, whatever may have been thy motive for placing me in this peculiar position, thy heart shall be the first sacrifice upon the altar of revenge! (*approaches the door by which the COUNTESS has disappeared, and taps gently.*)

*Coun.* (*within.*) Who's there?

*Cham.* Idol of my soul! 'tis I, your adoring Champignon. (*The door is bolted.*) Hah! she unbolts the door—(*tries it*)—no, she's bolted it. Loveliest of your sex, you've made a mistake—you've fastened the door. No answer—no movement! Inexplicable woman! Hah! an excellent thought—I'll pique—I'll nettle her. That's a sure card to play with all such coquettes. I'll begin with Barbara; she shall be my first victim (*goes to the door through which BARBARA went out.*) Bewitching Barbara, are you there! (*The door is bolted.*) Barbara, my love, you've bolted the door; 'tis I, your own Champignon! Don't be silly—my coldness was only feigned. I love—I adore you. It was only to deceive my wife that I pretended to slight you—(*sings*)

“Ouvre moi ta porte,

Pour l'amour de Dieu!”

(*The door is unbolted.*) That's done it! She opens the door! Celestial melody, I thank thee!

(*Enter CARLO with two swords under his arm, and a lighted candle in his hand.*)

Who the devil are you?

*Car.* An injured man, who requires satisfaction.

*Cham.* Satisfaction!

*Car.* Yes, sir; you have descended to attempt the seduction of a girl in humble life—you must not plead your rank to evade the consequences.

*Cham.* I! What do you mean?

*Car.* I mean that you are, or you are not, the Count de Novara. If you are then, you have assumed the name and character of a tradesman to effect the ruin of Barbara, for which you must answer to me.

*Cham.* In that case, I am not the Count de Novara.

*Car.* In that case, then, you are the tradesman you represent yourself, and, being a married man, have had the villany to conceal that fact, and offer marriage to an innocent and unsuspecting girl, for which you shall answer to me!

*Cham.* It's no such thing—she insisted herself. Let her come out and say it to my face.

*Car.* She is not there—I have not seen her; but Pepito, who was at least an honourable rival, has told me all,—therefore, Count or no Count, defend yourself! Here are two swords—choose.

*Cham.* The bloodthirsty monster! Choose!—I won't choose!—I don't choose to choose! It's false altogether.

*Car.* False! Did I not hear you this moment declare your affection, and acknowledge you had deceived your wife?

*Cham.* Oh, that I was in the little back parlour of the Golden Pineapple! Sir, I assure you it was a mere joke, to turn the tables on Madame Champignon, who has behaved most shamefully.

*Car.* A joke! The destruction of a poor girl's character; for such was the least evil which could arise from your conduct! This, to me, is adding insult to injury—Defend yourself.

*Cham.* I won't; you shall be hanged for murder, for I won't move hand or foot. [Sits down in a chair.]

*Car.* Coward! you cannot be the Count de Novara. Coward, I say; cannot that move you?

*Cham.* Nothing can move me. I am in a peculiar position.

*Car.* Be it so. You are worthy the death that awaits you—a public execution.

*Cham.* What!

*Car.* The common courage of a man might have saved you from that infamy; you had the chance of falling by the sword of a soldier in fair combat. You will now be shot like a dog.

*Cham.* I tell you what. If this is a joke, it's by no means an agreeable one, and I must trouble you to explain.

*Car.* An order has arrived from Turin for the immediate execution of the Count de Novara.

*Cham.* What's that to me, sir? I am not the Count de Novara, I am Pierre-Auguste-Polydore Champignon, épicier to the King of Sardinia, and I should like to see any body shoot me like a dog.

*Car.* You will not have the pleasure of seeing it, certainly, for your eyes will be bandaged; but shot you will be, take my word for it. If you are not the Count you have connived at the escape of a traitor, and will be treated accordingly.

*Cham.* Treated he calls it! My dear sir, you don't mean to say that they really think me guilty of such a crime as—

*Car.* There can be no doubt; you have the Count's passport, and some one has already passed the frontier with that of the Sieur Champignon.

*Cham.* Then, I'm a murdered man! Robbed and murdered!

*Car.* Hark! They come. I offer you still the chance.

*Cham.* Go to the devil!—I won't fight—I won't be shot. Madam! My Lady! Countess! I'm in a peculiar position.

[Knocking violently at door, &c.]

*Enter from c. door the MAJOR, MADAME CHAMPIGNON, and BARBARA.*

*Major.* Pierre-Auguste Polydore Champignon.

*Cham.* That's me! you hear!—I am not the Count. Oh, my dear Madame Champignon.

*Major.* I arrest you on the charge of having connived at the escape of the Count de Novara, a proclaimed traitor, who has crossed the frontier by means of your passport.

*[Countess appears at door, R.]*

*Cham.* I'm a dead man!

*Coun. (advancing)* My husband safe! Oh, then, hear me, sir. I am the offender! It was I who, to save a husband's life, exchanged the passport without the knowledge of this person.

*Cham.* Hear her! hear her! I am innocent. There never was such an innocent!

*Major.* You must excuse me, madam, but I cannot believe your assertion—it does not agree with the voluntary assumption of the Count's name and dress by this individual, and I must, therefore, only consider it as a generous devotion on your part to save the accomplice of your husband.

*Cham.* Me!—an accomplice!

*Coun.* Indeed, sir, he was ignorant of the purpose for which, at my request, he assumed this character.

*Cham.* Yes—at her request—you hear, Madame Champignon.

*Major.* This will avail him little, unless you could prove that the Count de Novara was no traitor.

*Coun.* Alas! sir, though confident of his innocence, that must be the work of time, and, to gain that time, he fled—

*Cham.* And left me to be shot instead of him—the unnatural monster!

*Major.* In that case, madam, we have only to hope that, before the execution of Monsieur Champignon, the government may itself obtain some light upon the subject.

*Cham.* To be sure—before; I don't care what they do after.

*Coun.* But what time, sir, will be allowed to him?

*Major.* A quarter of an hour.

*All.* A quarter of an hour!

*Cham.* Madame Champignon!

*Coun.* Oh, sir, you have a smile upon your lips; you would not do this for mere mockery; you must have some intelligence.

*Major.* You are right, madam; I have the pleasure of placing in your hands this despatch by which you will perceive that the order I have just received was to release the Count if he had been taken, as Government had convinced itself of the unfounded nature of the charge against him. I have despatched a courier with the welcome news to the Count himself.

*Coun.* Oh, sir, how can I express my gratitude to you for that kindness?

*Major.* Nay, madam; it is in itself a sufficient recompence.

*Cham.* And what's to recompense me for having my feelings trifled with in this barbarous manner?

*Major.* Ask Madame Champignon, if some punishment was not deserved for your professions to Barbara and to the Countess.

*Cham.* My professions—

*Mad. Cham.* Ay, Mr. Champignon, I heard you, and so did the

Major, "Idol of my soul!" and "bewitching Barbara, I adore you, it was only to deceive my wife that I pretended—

Ouvre moi ta porte!"

Oh, for shame, Mr. Champignon!

All. Oh, for shame, Mr. Champignon!

Cham. For shame yourself, Madame Champignon, didn't you fling yourself into the arms of an officer, before my face, in a most peculiar position!

Coun. Come, come, no recrimination—no more misunderstanding. Both Barbara and myself have a right to answer in some degree for his conduct; neither of us could well explain to him our own, and, "if he had been a vain man" he certainly might have presumed, in his "peculiar position"—

Cham. You hear, Madame Champignon, I *might* have presumed—while you—but I'll be generous, the Countess desires it, and I never could say "no" to a lovely woman in my life—Adolphine!

Mad. Cham. Polydore! (*they embrace.*)

Cham. (*aside.*) I shall keep an eye on the Major though.

Coun. Barbara, I will speak to your mother in favour of Carlo; Mr. Champignon, forget not you have the custom of the chateau.

Cham. Forget it, madam! Impossible! but I have a peculiar way of doing business, and must first beg leave to ascertain the opinion of my other customers. Ladies and gentlemen, I feel I cannot serve this chateau without I obtain your approval. If I were a vain man, I should say I have long been honoured by your favours, and therefore may indulge in the hope that you will not withdraw them from me now that I am placed in this "PECULIAR POSITION."

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#### DISPOSITION OF THE CHARACTERS.

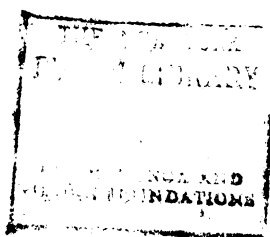
COUNTRESS, MAJOR, CHAMPIGNON, MAD. CHAMPIGNON, BARBARA, CARLO.

R.]

[L.]









RIQUET  
WITH  
THE LITTLE BOY.  
SCENE 3<sup>rd</sup>.

no. 16

# RIQUET WITH THE TUFT:

A GRAND COMICAL, ALLEGORICAL, MAGICAL,  
MUSICAL BURLESQUE BURLETTA,

In One Act,

*by*  
J. R. PLANCHÉ,

*and*  
C. DANCE, Esqrs.

MEMBERS OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

As performed at

MADAME VESTRIS' ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

~~~~~  
CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE  
CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

—————  
SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ETCHING,

By Pierce Egan, the Younger, from a drawing taken during the representation  
of the Piece.

—————  
LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1837  
LLR

1. No subject

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**"STAR PRESS,"**  
**20, CROSS STEET, HATTON GARDEN,**  
**JAMES TURNER.**

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## Dramatis Personæ, and Costume

FIRST PERFORMED DECEMBER 26th, 1836.

MAB. (*Queen of Fairy Land.*)—Silver tissue body, petticoat and veil—jewelled stomacher—silver tissue high-crowned hat—pink silk stockings, silver tissue slippers. } Miss. FITZWALTER.

MOTHER BUNCH.—Black velvet boddice and robe, tucked up behind—scarlet satin petticoat—point-lace apron and ruffles—black velvet high-crowned hat—red stockings, and black high-heeled velvet shoes. } Miss. R. ISAACS.

GREEN-HORN THE GREAT.—(*Grand Duke of the Green Islands.*) Green velvet doublet, and trunk breeches, slashed and puffed with gold tissue—green velvet cloak, lined with crimson satin—green silk stockings—black velvet shoes—black velvet hat, with jewelled band, and plume of white feathers. } Mr. J. BLAND.

PRINCE RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.—Jacket, cloak and loose breeches of plum-coloured satin, richly embroidered with gold, and lined with light blue satin—point-lace shirt, showing at waistband, and point-lace falling collar—black velvet Spanish hat, with plume and border of white feathers—white silk stockings, buff boots, and gold spurs. } Mr. C. MATHEWS.

PRINCE FINIKIN.—Pink silk tunic, embroidered with silver, and faced and colored with sable—white silk stockings—yellow morocco boots—pink cap, turned up with sable, and very large falling plume of pink and white ostrich feathers. } Mrs. ANDERSON.

GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.—Green satin doublet trunks and mantle, slashed and puffed with pink silk, and embroidered with silver—pink silk stockings, and green shoes—black velvet hat, and pink feathers. } Mr. F. S. FRANKS.

USHER OF THE GREEN ROD.—Green cloth doublet trunks and hose, slashed and puffed with white silk, gold embroidery—white silk stockings, black velvet hat, and white feathers. } Mr. KERRIDGE.

**BRONZE KING AT ARMS.**—Green under dress, tabard of cloth of gold, with the arms of the Grand Duke, a buck's head, vert, embroidered on it a bronze crown on his head, and a bronze sceptre in his hand. } **Mr. HUGHES.**

**GREEN DRAGON HERALD.**—Similar dress, only a green velvet hat instead of crown, and bearing a trumpet with the Grand Duke's arms on the banner, and the motto "Semper viridis." } **Mr. IRELAND.**

**GREEN MANTLE POURSUIVANT.**—Same as Herald. } **Mr. COOKE.**

**CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD.**—Short green jacket with large sleeves, strapped with orange,—green trunk hose to match—stockings parti-coloured red and white—orange-coloured hat, and green feather, on back and breast, an escutcheon of the Grand Duke's arms. } **Mr. TULLY.**

**THE GRAND DUCHESS VERDANTICA.**—Green velvet body and farthingale, the train magnificently embroidered—jewelled stomacher—gold lama petticoat—cherry-coloured velvet hat, and white feathers—high ruff green velvet shoes. } **Mrs. MACNAMARA.**

**PRINCESS EMERALDA.** (*1st dress*).—White satin, with green and gold embroidery, (*2nd dress*).—Green velvet robe, richly embroidered, open in front and showing petticoat of gold tissue—ruff—small green velvet toque, with coronet of diamonds, and bird of Paradise plume. } **Madame VESTRIS.**

**MYRTILLA.**—Green satin robe, embroidered with silver—white satin petticoat—ruff—green shoes. }

**LADIES OF THE COURT.**—Green dresses, embroidered with gold.

**GUARDS.**—Same as Captain, but not so rich—hallebards.

**FAIRIES.**—Light blue and silver, with high-crowned hats of silver tissue—silver wands.

Time of representation 1 hour and 20 minutes.

#### EXPLANATION OF THE STAGE DIRECTIONS.

L. means first entrance, left. R, first entrance, right. S. E. L second entrance, left. S. E. R. second entrance, right. U. E. L. upper entrance, left. U. E. R. upper entrance, right. C. centre. L. C. left centre. R. C. right centre. T. E. L. third entrance left T. E. R. third entrance right. Observing you are supposed to face the audience.

# RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Fairy Land.*—QUEEN MAB, FAIRIES.

CHORUS.

*Who would sleep in her Coral Cave? "   Finale 2nd. act, Oberon.)*

Welcome queen of the Elfin band;  
Thou art welcome back to fairy land,  
To the land of music, the land of mirth,  
And joys unknown to the sons of earth.  
Merrily, merrily let us sing,  
Round as we trace the fairy's ring.

*Queen Mab.* Say where the bard who in his brightest dreams,  
Hath not drawn inspiration from our streams;  
Say where the churl so dull to set no store  
By fairy tale, or scoff at fairy lore:  
If such unthankful clod on earth there be.  
    " Pinch him fairies mutually,  
    Pinch him for his villany.  
Pinch him and burn him and turn him about,  
Till candles and starlight and moonshine be out."

MOTHER BUNCH, *rises, L.*

*Bunch* Then by my fay, some trouble it will cost,  
You'll have to pinch and turn the world almost,  
For in its own conceit, 'tis grown so wise,  
'Twill believe nothing, but its hands and eyes;  
Holding in scorn of essences ethereal,  
All that is not material, immaterial;  
My book is banished, nursery and hall  
By knowledge which the boobies " Useful " call.  
Useful forsooth! where finds the housewife now,  
Her hearth swept up? was that no use? I vow,  
It makes me mad! the lazy sluttish maid  
Now sleeps in peace, no more of us afraid—  
" Farewell, rewards and fairies " runs the song  
That now they sing, and they shall rue it long.



- Queen Mab.* Nay my good mother you are scarcely just,  
To the poor children of yon ball of dust ;  
We need not whisk through key-holes as of yore,  
For ignorance no longer charms the door.  
The superstition which enslaved the clown,  
I grant is gone, he takes the horse-shoe down,  
But though our presence he no more perceives,  
He feels our influence on summer eves,  
And winter nights, and still in every clime  
The fairy tale is told ; and lov'd the fairy rhyme.
- M. Bunch.* Well, well, e'en you please— I'm getting old,  
And grant I'm vexed when maggots grow so bold.  
I have a godson whom I would befriend,  
But that task done—My earthward journeys end.  
Then farewell to their world so wondrous clever,  
Old Mother Bunch deserts it, and for ever. (*Crosses to R.*)
- Queen Mab.* We hold a feast to night—You'll come ?
- M. Bunch.* I'll see.  
With me of late, late hours do not agree.
- Queen Mab.* Oh ! here we're never late ; Ere midnight hour  
The glow-worm lamps are quench'd in every bow'r,  
Each fairy bids her acorn shutters close,  
Or draws the leafy curtains of her rose.

GLEE —QUEEN MAB AND FARIES.

("Come unto these Yellow Sands.")

Hasten back to fairy land,  
And bring your godson in your hand,  
To join our band.  
Speed ! speed !  
May you succeed,  
And back repair,  
Our Elfin feast to share.  
Hasten back to fairy land,  
And bring your godson in your hand,  
To join our band.  
With a fal la, la, la, la, la, &c.

MOTHER BUNCH descends L.—Scene gradually changes to

SCENE II. *The gardens of the palace of the GRAND DUKE of the Green Islands.*

Enter GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS, R.

- Duke.* Sweet wife and duchess moderate your passion,  
Speak with calm dignity in our own fashion,  
What is it of our daughter you would say ?
- Duchess.* Duke, she grows more provoking every day,  
And 'tis your fault.
- Duke.* Our fault ! we've no faults madam  
And we have power to pardon if we had 'em.
- Duchess.* The girl's no sense.

Well say that she has not

I cannot give her—

What you hav'nt got.

Grand Duchess—

Well you say such things, you do,

They would provoke a saint.

Then wherefore *you*?

You should be proud ma'am of my daughter's beauty.

I'd rather she were plain and did her duty.

Her figure's formed by Medicean rule.

An upright figure, but a downright fool.

With eyes so bright, and voice so sweet and tuneful—

And scarcely brains to fill the smallest spoonfull.

You'll make me swear—A Princess rich and pretty,

What earthly reason has she to be witty?

She's the most lovely girl in our dominions;

About that fact there can't be two opinions,

At least we beg to say we think their can't be.

Perhaps there *can*.

Then ma'am we say there *shant* be,

Because who so presumes, his head shall fall,

And then we'll trouble him to think at all.

Besides you know full well 'tis in our power

To give our daughter an enormous dower,

And that's been ever found beneath the sun

To be sense, wit, and talent, all in one;

Nay if such wealth should on a Negro light,

The world would call that black a lucky white.

[*A crash of china heard, R.*

*s.* Hark! something dreadful sure must be the matter;

That's from my Indian Cabinet, that clatter.

'Tis nothing!

*s.* Nothing! Why you heard that smash!

I think I did hear something like a crash!

*s.* Hear something like, why Duke, I should'nt wonder

If you would make the same remark on thunder.

My love there's one small fact which you forget,

I'm used to smashes in the cabinet.

But here comes one will tell us what's occurred.

*Enter CHAMBERLAIN R.*

*s.* Grand Chamberlain what noise was that we heard?

*Chamberlain.* Her serene highness the Princess Emeralda has graciously pleased to overturn the porphyry table, and demolish the entire service of Nankin Porcelain presented to your majesty by the Emperor.

*e.* Ha, ha, ha, the gypsey has had the temerity to make China.

*s (c.)* What can you now, pray, in her favour plead?

She has atoned already for the deed!

*s.* Prove that—my anger on the instant ceases!

*Duke.* Why, for *one war* she's made you *fifty pieces*.  
*Duchess.* My best long service, trampled on for sport.  
*Duke.* Long services are oft past o'er at court,  
 And we remember when a tiny elf.  
 We broke a world of crockery ourself!  
 Where is the Princess?  
*Duchess.* Yonder she is racing,  
 A butterfly or some such thing she's chasing.  
*Music.* A butterfly crosses from R. to L., EMERALDA appears chasing it, R. she disappears L.)

*Duke.* Why there's a fact that will alone refute  
 The fools who say that she has no pursuit  
*Duchess.* About an insect to make all this fuss,  
 She ought to catch it for behaving thus.  
*Duke.* And she has caught it! look, and here she comes,  
 Holding it twixt her fingers and her thumbs.

*Enter EMERALDA with a butterfly L.*

AIR.—EMERALDA.

(*'I'd be a Butterfly'*)

So Mr Butterfly! full half an hour,  
 All through the palace you've led me a chase;  
 What, let you go again, once in my power!  
 Don't you believe it, my little scapegrace.  
 No longer roving from flower to flower,  
 Pinn'd to a paper and in a glass case,  
 You Mr. Butterfly, "born in a bower,"  
 Shall find time to rest yourself after your race.

*Duke.* Come hither Emeraldal dear to me

*Emeralda.* I've caught a butterfly, see, father, see.

*Duchess.* Can't look me in the face, thou childish rover?

*Emeralda.* Yes, Madam; (*Looking at butterfly.*) and it seems all painted over.

*Chamb.* (*Aside.*) Hem, our grand Duchess there received a rub.

*Duke.* (*To Emeraldal.*) A charge is made by your revered step-mother.

*Emeralda.* (*c.*) To think it comes from an old ugly grub.

*Chamb.* (*Aside. R.*) Preserve us! That's a harder hit than t'other.

*Duchess.* (*L.*) This is too much: Since she to listen scorns,  
 Upon your head grand Duke be—

*Emeralda.* (*Holding up butterfly.*) Two great horns.

*Duke.* Grand Duchess! S'death; The child you flurry so,  
 You make her answers seem mal-a-propos.  
 Come hither love—she's shy, I'll speak to her—  
 She minds *me* always—don't she? (*To Chamb.*)

*Chamb.* Always, sir!

*Duchess.* Shy—she is sulky, and you call it shyness,  
 She never minds *me*—does she? (*To Chamb.*)

*Chamb.* Never, highness.

*Duke to Emeraldalda.* These childish sports you now must lay aside.  
The time has come for you to be a bride.  
Already two great princes for your hand,  
Through their ambassadors, have made demand.  
They'll soon arrive themselves, and one of these

*Emeraldalda.* O yes—I'll marry both sir, if you please.

*Duke.* Dear child! You see—she's really too obedient,  
To marry *both*, my love, is not expedient. (*Flourish.*)

*Chamb.* Your highness!—by that trumpetting and drumming,  
One of the suitors must at least be coming.

*Duchess.* A suitor, and this girl in such a trim,  
Suit her he may, but she will scarce suit him.

TRIO,—GRAND DUKE, CHAMBERLAIN, AND EMERALDA.

(*"Gazza Ladra."*)

*Grand Duke.* To her chamber quick convey her,  
And in richest robes array her;  
Let of Diamonds rare, a cluster,  
Grace her brow, ere you to public gaze display her,  
And 'tis ten to one their lustre,  
Will by half the world at least, for wit be ta'en.

*Emeraldalda.* Oh! in jewels and velvet and ermine,

I'm going to see a fine lover!

I'll be married to day I determine,

And never be scolded again!

*Duke & Chamb* Amid jewels, and velvet, and ermine,

All her awkwardness they may look over!

And such trifles will often determine

The choice of a wavering swain—

His own folly 'twould only discover,

To see hers, through such splendour too plain!

[*Exeunt R.*]

*At symphony of Music the scene disappears and discovers—*

SCENE III.—Grand Hall of Audience.

*Enter MYRTILLA, C.*

*Air.*—"My Beautiful Rhine."

How very provoking two lovers to see

For another arriving, and not one for me!

Some nice lord in waiting, with them should there be,

Let him but pop the question, he sha'n't wait for me.

*Enter GRAND CHAMBERLAIN, centre door.*

*Chamb.* Well fair Myrtilla, you have been seeing something of  
these suitors no doubt.

*Myrt.* Something, my Lord! aye something that beats every-  
thing to nothing. There is such a blaze of splendour in the  
court-yard, that, if you only put your head out, it's enough to put  
your eyes out.

*Chamb.* But their highnesses themselves—have you seen them?

*Myrt.* One fourth of them only.

*Chamb.* One fourth of two suitors?

*Myrt.* Exactly; I have seen one half of one of them, for his cap is so beplumed, and his cloak so bedizened, that from head to hip, the wearer is invisible; he's a man of jewels, if not a jewel of a man, and as for his feathers—it has been, pull ostrich—pull prince, and the prince has got the best of it.

*Chamb.* That must be prince Finikin.

*Myrt.* Oh yes, that's his name, there's no doubt it.

AIR.—MYRTILLA.

“*Diavolo.*”

In golden coach reclining,  
With lazy lounging tooth-pick air,  
In gold and diamonds shining,  
He's dress'd with ultra care.  
In hopes of undermining.  
All rivals who to court repair,  
On fashion's self refining,  
His looks, his name, declare.  
Finikin!  
Dress and make, and air  
Would his name alone proclaim  
Finikin! Finikin! Finikin!

*Chamb.* And what of his rival Prince Riquet with the tuft?

*Myrt.* Oh that's a jewel I have only seen the case of, his highness is boxed up in a golden litter, the blinds of which are impervious even to female curiosity.

*Chamb.* Then the workman who made them is entitled to name his own wages; ha! ha! ha! they must be a curious pair of princes by your account, or rather two odd ones, for one seems to be all outside, and the other all inside.

*Myrt.* Just so. It seems as if one suitor had brought his fortune on his back, and lent the other his strong chest to travel in.

[*Flourish.*]

*Chamb.* The court approaches! I must take my place.

*Myrt.* And keep it too my lord, in any case. (Crosses to R.)

*Music.*—“*March from Bronze Horse.*”—Enter C., Six Ladies of the Court, who form a half-circle opposite to the throne; six Guards-of-honour are seen, three of whom enter, and take their stations on each side of the door. Then Bronze King at Arms, Herald and Pursuivant enter, followed by Usher of the Green Rod preceding the Grand Duke and Duchess, who walk round the circle, and then take their seats, R. The Grand Chamberlain standing on the right of the Duke.

CHORUS.

(“*Mountain Sylph.*”)

Hail to the ruler of all the green isles!  
Superlative happiness waits on his smiles;  
His subjects, too fortunate, gaze and adore;  
He is all that is glorious, and gracious,—and more!

**Duke.** Deeply we feel this homage to our station,  
So free from aught like fulsome adulation!  
Now introduce the Princes! let us see  
Those who aspire our son-in-law to be.

(The Usher goes to the door, C., and returns introducing Prince Finikin, C. The Prince has given a card to the Usher, who hands it to the Grand Chamberlain.)

*Chamb. (Reading.)* "The most high and puissant Prince Finikin, heir presumptive to the crown of Shadow-land, and knight of all the orders of the universe, on presenting *himself* to request the hand of the Princess Emeralds."

*Prince.* As lightning swift ; by hope auspicious led,  
From climes beyond the sun I've hither sped.

*Duke.* Your highness must be excessively tired, will you please to take a chair.

*Duchess.* What a magnificent air!

*Duke.* What an air of magnificence. Prince Finikin—sit on our right hand, you are right welcome.

*Music.*---The Usher again proceeds to the door, and returns, preceding, a rich litter borne by four Pages, it rests C.)

*Chamb. (reading a card which is handed to him by Usher.)* "Prince Riquet with the Tuft, requests permission to throw himself at the feet of their serene highnesses."

**Duke** He has permission. Wherefore this delay?  
Why is he not more open with us pray?

(The litter is opened, and PRINCE RIQUET comes out of it.—He is hunchbacked, bow legged, with a bump over one eye, and bald headed with the exception of one tuft of very red hair. He is richly attired and wears a miniature of EMERALDA about his neck. The ladies shriek, and the men burst out laughing.)

**TRIO.—GRAND DUKE, CHAMBERLAIN, and RIQUET.**

(“*La Mia Dorabella.*”)

*Grand Chamb.* Ah! what a queer fellow,  
Oh! who can he be?  
He's like Punchinello,  
Why surely 'tis he!

**Duke.** He is a queer fellow  
As e'er eye did see,  
I think Punchinello  
Less ugly than he!

*Riquet*            Go on, my good fellow,  
                      But mark what I tell you.  
                      This same Punchinello,  
                      May cut short your glee.

*Trio.* Laugh while { you're }  
                  { we're } able  
I'll {  
You'll } turn the table.

*Riquet.* I think I may so.

*Grand Duke.* Why you don't say so.

*Riquet.* And since you tease me so.  
It does'nt please me, so  
I soon will let you know  
You go too far.

*Grand Duke.* 'Tis far too risible!

*Riquet.* What's far too risible?

*Grand Duke.* Your hump so visible, ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Riquet.* My hump so visible!

I soon will let you know you go too far.

*Duchess.* (L. c.) Some frolic surely must be meant.

*Duke.* (R.) Or is he to insult us sent.

*Prince.* (R.) Speak! mis-shapen wretch, or die.

*Riquet.* (L.) Riquet with the tuft am I,  
And by love's supreme command,  
Suitor here for Beauty's hand.

*Prince.* (R.) Beauty's hand? ha; ha; 'tis plain,  
'Tis the *Beast* has come again.

(Six Soldiers

*Duke.* (R.C.) Spurn him from the palace gate. (advance, R.

*Riquet.* (L.C.) He who ventures, meets his fate.

Slaves and sycophants beware! (They retire.)

Prince, I boast not form so fine,

But my honor is as fair;

Fairer it may be than thine.

Purer far than thrice my love,

Bright as thine, my knightly sword:

If thou doubttest—let this glove

Prove the truth of Riquet's word.

*Duke.* How! defiance in our court,

In our presence!

*Riquet.* Pardon pray—

Ye have made the beast your sport.

Shrink ye, when he stands at bay.

Laugh and welcome at my form;

I can laugh as well as you,

But you wake a fearful storm,

When you touch my honor too.

*Duke.* Parley with the wretch, were vain:

Let him, if he will remain—

Son-in-law (To PRINCE FINIKIN.) for such we hail thee,

Haste with us, thy bride to see.

Madman, if no arm assail thee, (To RIQUET.)

Thank our matchless clemency.

*Exeunt all but RIQUET and MYRTILLA, in procession through c. door, to "March from Bronze Horse."*

*Riquet.* (L.) Humph! Rather an unfavourable commencement of a love expedition. (To MYRTILLA.) Well—what are you, and why do you not follow your friends?

*Myrt.* (R.) Your highness has wit enough to know, without asking; or I'm much mistaken.

*Riquet.* By your pertness, you should be a waiting woman.

*Myrt.* Your highness finds I prophesied.—And my motive for staying?

*Riquet.* A ruling one with all women, but with waiting women especially,—curiosity.

*Myrt.* Your penetration, prince, is a compliment to mine.

*Riquet.* And pray, my quick-tongued mistress, will you save me the trouble of guessing on what particular point your curiosity is excited?

*Myrt.* Your highness's wishes are commands. You fell in love with the princess Emeraldalda, from a sight of her portrait.

*Riquet.* I did. The first glance of this miniature enchanted, —enslaved me.

*Myrt.* 'Tis a good likeness I grant, and my surprise is only that your highness did not send in return, as faithful a resemblance of yourself. It would have saved you the fatigue of a long journey.

*Riquet.* Ah, you mean to say—I am ugly.

*Myrt.* That might be considered rude sir; but your highness will no doubt admit that your features—

*Riquet.* You are rather difficult to please I fancy, in these Green Islands. I can assure you, I deem myself—everything considered, a very fortunate fellow.

SONG.—RIQUET.

I'm a strange looking person I own,  
But contentment for ever my guest is;  
I'm by habit an optimist grown,  
And fancy that all for the best is.  
Each man has of troubles his pack,  
And some round their aching hearts wear it;  
My burden is placed on my back,  
Where I'm much better able to bear it.

Again tho' I'm blind of one eye,  
And have but one ear that of use is,  
I but half the world's wickedness spy,  
And am deaf to one half it's abuses:  
And tho' with this odd pair of pegs,  
My motions I own serpentine are;  
Many folks blest with handsomer legs,  
Have ways much more crooked than mine are!

Nature gave me but one tuft of hair,  
Yet wherefore, kind dame, should I flout her?  
If one side of my head must be bare,  
I'm delighted she's chosen the outer!  
Thus on all things I put a good face,  
And however mis-shapen in feature,  
My heart, girl, is in the right place,  
And warms towards each fellow creature!

*Myrt.* Excellent; I admire your philosophy Prince, and admit



the force of your argument, all things considered, as you say—your highness is certainly fortunate.

*Riquet.* Nay, only put this ring upon your finger, and when you have contemplated its brilliancy for a few moments, look again upon the giver, and you will find he is vastly improved, even in countenance.

*Myrt.* As I live, so I do! Why there must be magic in the ring surely. I do think certainly, that your highness is, comparatively speaking, a very agreeable-looking personage, and I will hasten and tell the Princess Emeraldalda what a husband she is likely to run away from.

*Riquet.* Stay! stay! the Princess Emeraldalda say you—are you then one of her attendants?

*Myrt.* Like your highness, I am her devoted humble servant.

*Riquet.* Then my pretty mistress Malapert, you can earn a dozen such baubles, by obtaining for me one private interview with your adorable mistress.

*Myrt.* Can't you employ me in some other service first, I should be sorry to lose your custom prince, and the interview I fear, will close accounts between us.

*Riquet.* I am more sanguine—but there is no time to spare even now, perchance she lends a willing ear to the addresses of my rival; act as smartly as you speak my mirror of waiting maids, and I'll give thee a groom of the chamber for a husband, and a wedding ring that would make a portion for a countess.

*Myrt.* Your highness's liberality shall not be ill bestowed. Gemini, if all lovers were like Riquet-with-the-Tuft, I'd bargain with my next mistress to take the cast-off suitors, instead of the cast-off suits.

AIR.—MYRTILLA.

("La Sylphide.")

On my zeal pray depend, sir,  
I your suit will befriend, sir,  
Here a moment or two, my return but attend, sir.  
I to seek her will fly, sir,  
And my influence try, sir,  
To bring her your features to see in your wits;  
What a comical figure a courting to go sure, (*Aside.*)  
Dan Cupid, must blinder, and blinder still grow, sure,  
Or has changed to a hunchback his own crooked bow, sure,  
To frighten each obdurate fair into fits! [*Exit R.*]

*Riquet.* It does seem ridiculous in a being so formed as myself, to travel thus far in the hope of winning the loveliest of her sex. But I am urged forward by an irresistible impulse. I feel it is my fate to seek her love, and there are moments when my heart prophesys success.

Oh all potent Mother Bunch,  
Patroness of hump and hunch.  
Thou who countest not as sins,  
Bandy legs, and broken shins.

Best of godmothers, now hear me,  
In my hour of need, be near me.

*Mother Bunch.* (*rises, c.*) Good morning godson; (*he kneels*) what frightened at me! rise.

*Riquet.* (*L.*) No not frightened, godmamma—only a little astonished.

*M. Bunch.* You called on me—

*Riquet.* I call'd upon your name—but I could'nt do myself the pleasure of calling on *you*, because I didn't know where you lived.

*M. Bunch.* Ha; ha; thou wer't ever a lively child.

*Riquet.* (*Aside.*) And you're a lively-looking godmother.

*M. Bunch.* Don't you say anything you don't want me to hear, because it's the same to me, whether you talk to yourself or speak out.

*Riquet.* (*Aside.*) The deuce it is?

*M. Bunch.* Yes; the deuce it is.

*Riquet.* Pshaw! I forgot again—honored godmother, excuse my astonishment, this is my first personal interview with you.

*M. Bunch.* Not so, Riquet—you saw me the day you were born.

*Riquet.* Possibly, but I was so very young then.

*M. Bunch.* Mankind are always ungrateful; I bestowed a gift on you.

*Riquet.* Was it this trifling excrement, (*Pointing to hump.*) or the little pent-house beneath the shade of which my left eye reposes?

*M. Bunch.* Neither; nature gave you those. I gave you wit and cheerfulness by way of compensation, and prophecied that the most beautiful girl in the world should become enamoured of you.

*Riquet.* Indeed! then fulfil your prophecy—I have come hither—

*M. Bunch.* Spare your breath—I know all—your lady love is a perfect simpleton.

*Riquet.* (*Producing miniature.*) A simpleton! with such eyes as these?

*M. Bunch.* Yes, silly as she is beautiful—but 'tis in your power to bestow sense upon her, if she will consent to marry you.

*Riquet.* Delightful: but if she is so silly, how shall I be able to convince her that she will shew her sense by marrying me?

*M. Bunch.* Ha: ha: very well—very well.

*Riquet.* Nay, don't laugh, dear little mother Bu—godmother Bunch, I mean, but relieve me of this hump, if only for the first interview with the princess.

*M. Bunch.* Nay, 'tis she herself must do that, the fairy who presided at her birth gave her the same power over the person, that I gave you over the mind; win her affections, and all your deformities vanish.

*Riquet.* But she will be frightened, and run away at the very sight of me.

*M. Bunch.* Well—well—your tongue shall have a fair chance at all events. I will give you the means of becoming invisible while you talk to her. Behold the mantle of prudence.

*MOTHER BUNCH presents magic gauze cloak to RIQUET.*

(“*Air.—The Witches’ Dance.*”)—PAGANINI.

This magic mantle take you!  
Invisible ’twill make you,  
Want of such has ruined wiser folks than you.  
When passions fierce, assail man,  
E’en wit and talent fail man,  
Unless his better genius gives him prudence too!

*At the end of song MOTHER BUNCH gives him the cloak, he holds it up too look at it, and she vanishes while he is so doing, down centre trap.*

*Riquet. (Puts on cloak.)*—Well now—this is really very kind of you, I assure you I feel—Gone! excellent little woman—it would be a glorious thing for the world, if all god-mothers would take pattern by you—never come till they’re called—then give one a handsome present, and vanish. Some one approaches.

*Re-enter MYRTILLA, running, R.*

*Myrt.* Prince Riquet; Prince Riquet. (*She runs close past him, without perceiving him.*)

*Riquet.* She sees me not—there’s virtue in this cloak indeed! (*Aloud.*) Myrtilla! (*MYRTILLA screams and turns.*)

*Myrt.* What’s that: who spoke?

*Riquet.* I, your friend—prince Riquet.

*Myrt.* Mercy on me, I can see nothing—I shall faint, and there’s nobody to catch me.

*Riquet.* Be not alarmed—

*Myrt.* I can’t help it, you have made all my teeth chatter.

*Riquet.* Not I, child, that’s a trick they learnt of your tongue.

*Myrt.* Where are you?

*Riquet.* Never mind where I am, where is the princess Emeraldalda, and how have you prospered with her for me?

*Myrt.* I’ve no time to tell you, she is coming this way with your rival Prince Finikin.

*Riquet.* She is! Then go and leave me.

*Myrt.* Oh dear; oh dear; I don’t know which way to go, and I don’t know whether I leave you or not. [*Exit MYRTILLA, L.*]

*Riquet.* She comes indeed; now mantle, be my friend.

My rival’s suit shall have a speedy end. (*Retires, R.*)

*Enter Princess EMERALDA C. D., followed by prince FINIKIN.*

*Prince Finikin. (L.)* Turn, lady fair, vouchsafe thy slave a word,  
Or see him fall upon his own good sword.

*Emer. (R.)* I don't know what to say.

*Riquet. (c. Who has come between them, aloud, and in extacy.)*  
She speaks.

*Emer. (R. Starting.)* O dear—

You need'nt talk so close sir in my ear.

*Fini.* Who! I?—most beauteous object of my choice,  
I breathed no sound.

*Riquet. (c. In his ear.)* You did.

*Fini.* Why change that voice  
So silver sweet?

*Emer.* What do you mean by change?

*Fini.* Nay, now 'tis as before. How very strange!  
But give in *any* tone a kind reply—  
Do'st love me?

*Emer.* Not a bit.

*Fini.* But will you try?

'Twere easy, sure, with me in love to fall.  
What thinkest thou of me?

*Emer.* I don't think at all.

*Fini.* Dost not admire me?

*Emer.* I admire your dress.

*Fini.* Wilt marry me?

*Riquet. (Aside to her.)* For mercy, don't say "yes!"

*Emer.* Well then, I won't.

*Fini.* Refused! let me be cool,  
I came not hither to be made a fool.

*Riquet. (To him.)* No, you came ready made.

*Fini.* Insulted! Zounds.

Madam, I must say, this exceeds all bounds.

*Emer.* What ails the man? I never moved or spoke.

*Fini.* No doubt your highness thinks it a fine joke,  
In a feign'd voice, to say the things you do.  
But princess, I will change my tone with you;  
(*Putting on his hat.*) And shall report your words to  
your papa.

*Riquet. (Knocks his hat off.)* In presence of a lady, *Chapeau bas!*

*Fini.* Confusion!

*Emer.* There's your hat off! Ha; ha; ha!

TRIO.—FINIKIN, RIQUET and EMERALDA.

(*"French Air"*)

*Finikin.* Madam, you this deed shall rue,  
To your court I bid adieu;  
I'll declare war I swear,  
Blood shall flow for this affair!  
Strike a man of my degree,  
Dearly this shall answered be!  
From my head, dash my hat!  
Heads themselves shall fall for that!

*Emeralda.*

What's the matter now, sir?  
 'Twasn't me I vow, sir,  
 If your hat tumbles flat,  
 What have I to do with that?  
 Go and war declare, sir,  
 What d'ye think I care, sir.  
 I shall tell my papa,  
 I won't have you—ha! ha! ha!

*Fin.*

Madam you, &amp;c.

*Emer.*

Sir, 'tis you this rage shall rue,  
 To our court, pray bid adieu,  
 Go declare war, I care  
 Nothing for your angry air,  
 My papa shall let you know  
 What it is to use me so.

*Riq. (Aside.)*

If, your hat tumbles flat,  
 What have I to do with that!  
 It will do! Yes, it will do!  
 To the court he bids adieu,  
 Go declare war, I swear,  
 You shall have enough to spare.  
 What! an empty coxcomb see,  
 Threaten one beloved by me?  
 Had your head been worth your hat,  
 It had fallen instead of that! [Exit FINIKIN, L.

Together.

*Emer.* Ha! ha! ha!*Riquet.* Ha! ha! ha!

*Emer.* O dear me! what's that, (*Looking about.*) I hear a laugh close to me, and yet I can't see anybody.

*Riquet.* Lovely princess—be not alarmed, a friend is near you, who is most anxious for your welfare.

*Emer. (Curtseying.)* Thank you sir, but you have the advantage of me.

*Riquet. (L.)* And I must keep it now, or lose it for ever.

*Emer. (R.)* I don't understand what that means, and so if you please, I shall wish you a good morning. (*Going.*)

*Riquet.* Nay, leave me not thus, I have something of importance to communicate to you.

*Emer.* Oh, but they tell me, things of importance are too much for my head (*Going.*)

*Riquet.* My communication is for your heart.

*Emer. (Returning.)* Oh, they hav'nt told me anything about that.

*Riquet.* It is in your power to become as sensible as you are beautiful.

*Emer.* Am I beautiful then?

*Riquet.* Assuredly you are.

*Emer.* And am I not sensible?

*Riquet.* Not even of your own beauty: an incredible dullness in woman.

*Emer.* I should like to know how beautiful I am, can you make me sensible?

**Riquet.** I can.

*Emer.* Then you must be a conjuror: Oh, how I should like to see you.

*Riquet.* I fear you would not.

*Emer.* But I'm sure I should.

*Riquet.* What makes you sure of that?

*Emer.* You speak so kindly to me, I like your voice—and I'll lay a wager I should like you.

*Riquet.* Would the stake was your heart, and I could win it.

**Emer.** Where have you hid yourself? let me see you!

**Riquel.** Suppose I should be ugly?

*Emer.* You cannot be so ugly as that horrid hunchback who come here to-day ; papa says he was quite a monster.

*Riquet.* Let us confine ourselves to the principal point. Do you sincerely wish to become sensible?

*Emer.* Yes.

**Riquet.** There is but one way, you must promise to marry me.

**Emer.** And will that be the last foolish thing I shall do?

**Riquet** No, the first wise one.

*Emer.* Well ; then I will marry you.

*Riquet.* With this kiss then, I relieve thee from the bondage of folly. (Kisses EMERALDA) (Gong sounds.)

**EMERALDA** seems rooted to the spot, **RIGUET** slowly exits L. as characters rush on. *Hurried Music.*—**THE GRAND DUKE**, **MYRTILLA**, **CHAMBERLAIN**, and the whole Court, Guards, &c. enter in confusion.

**TRIO & CHORUS.**

**MYRTILLA, GRAND DUKE, and GRAND CHAMBERLAIN.**

(*"Il Barbeire."*)

**Mute and immoveable behold her here!**

What can have come to thee? { daughter } dear  
 speak— { Lady }

*Emeralda.* Fears to earth my feet are pinning,

Round my giddy head is spinning.

Life as if but now beginning—

**Crowding thoughts my soul confound!**

[*Thunder heard.*]

**CHORUS.**

What an awful peal of thunder !

As though heav'n was rent asunder!

Filling all with fear and wonder.

**Rolling still I hear it round !**

**EMERALDA** *sinks into the arms of the* **GRAND DUKE.**

### TABLEAU.

**SCENE IV.**—*A romantic view of the garden, grottos, &c.*

*Enter* GRAND DUKE and DUCHESS. (L.)

**Duke.** Ourselves is thunderstruck ! most wondrous case,

**Duchess.** The girl is changed completely—moves with grace,  
Talks common sense.

*Duke. (R.)* Uncommon sense I say.

*Duchess. (L.)* Sings.

*Duke.* With a voice—remember that love pray!

*Duchess.* And is so altered from the fool we thought her,  
That no one now would take her for *your* daughter.

*Duke.* Prince Finikin, his haste will now repent. (*Crosses to L.*)

*Duchess.* She comes this way—on something she's intent.

*Duke.* A book is in her hand—(*Crossing to L.*) my hopes  
exceeding;

I shouldn't be surprised if she was reading.

*Enter EMERALDA. (L.)*

My darling daughter, whence this happy change?

*Emer.* What change, dear sir?

*Duke.* What change? How very strange,  
Ar'nt you aware, that a few hours ago,  
You were—that is, folks said; pshaw! stuff, you know.

*Emer.* Not I indeed.

*Duchess.* To hide it where's the use,  
This morning, child, you were a simple goose.

*Duke.* And now you're quite a duck! Oh tell us pray,  
Where learnt you to say—what they say—you say.

*Emer.* I know not sir—I only know I seem  
As just awakened from some troubled dream.  
But if I'm changed, and with your approbation.  
I'll try to keep (*Curtseying.*) from further alteration.

AIR.—EMERALDA.

(*"The light of other days"*)

The dream of other days has faded,  
Its misty clouds are past—  
My path too long by folly shaded,  
Is clear and bright at last!  
The sun of reason o'er it rising,  
Sheds forth its cheering rays,  
And my mind the new born splendor prizing,  
Makes light of other days!  
The world itself they say is brightning,  
An age of darkness flies,  
The torch of knowledge fast as light'ning,  
O'er earth and ocean hies!  
How many shrinking from its burning,  
Regret their old dark ways,  
And would fain behold that gloom returning,  
Called "light" in other days!

*Duke. (L.)* Grand Duchess, I shall go with rapture wild.

*Duchess. (R.)* Prince Finikin, do you remember child?

*Emer. (C.)* No madam.

*Duke.* Do remember if you can,  
You saw him once, a pretty little man;

He has been doubly struck, if he says true,  
First by your portrait, love—and then by you.

*Duchess.* He sought your hand.

*Duke.* And got it.

*Duchess.* Duke, for shame.

*Emer.* I trust he'll pardon me, I was to blame.

*Duke.* He'll be too happy, if you'll be his bride.

*Emer.* Sir, 'tis my duty, if you so decide.

*Duke to Duchess.* Let's seek the Prince, and tell him 'tis expedient,

That he return—my daughter's most obedient.

Should he be gone, I will dispatch a letter,

To say she's changed her mind—and got a better.

[*Exeunt DUKE and DUCHESS. (R.)*]

*Emer.* Prince Finikin then is to be my husband—is he young, handsome? above all accomplished; should he be otherwise—

*Enter MYRTILLA. (L.)*

*Myrt. (Aside.)* There she is, and alone: I declare I'm all in a twitter still—She's bewitched to a certainty, and I'm not quite sure that I am't too, (*Aloud.*) Madam!

*Emer.* Myrtilla.

*Myrt.* Your Highness *does* know me then; I thought you had forgotten everything.

*Emer.* I have not forgotten you at any rate.

*Myrt.* The whole court seem to have gone out of their wits at the idea of your Highness's having come into your's, what has made you so sensible on a sudden?

*Emer.* It is a most curious thing, Myrtilla, but I can answer every question that is put to me, except those which ask me why I am able to do so.

*Myrt.* How very wonderful.

*Emer.* As I told my father, I seem to have just awakened from a dream.

*Myrt.* And now your Highness' eyes are open, what are you going to do?

*Emer.* Why, in the first place, I'm going to be married.

*Myrt.* Well, that is generally the first purpose for which the ladies use their eyes. And to whom?

*Emer.* To the Prince Finikin.

*Myrt.* Oh, that'll never do, I shall lose my friend Prince Riquet's presents. (*Aloud.*) Does your Highness mention that as a proof of your sense.

*Emer.* No, as a proof of my obedience only—for I have no recollection of this Prince.

*Myrt.* Then I have, and I should say he is, with every respect, and in every respect—a perfect—fool.

*Emer.* Fool!

*Myrt.* Just so, and saving your presence, if your Highness marries him, you'll be the better half of a fool yourself.

*Emer.* Myrtilla.



*Myrt.* I said the better half madam. (*Aside.*) She says nothing about Riquet. She can't have seen him, for she could never have forgotten that.

(*A Dove flies across the stage, from R. to L., and drops a letter. c.*) Bless me madam: did you see? The dove dropped a letter: and its addressed to you.

*Emer.* To me, (*Opens it.*) Verses, and signed, the "invisible."

DUET.—EMERALDA and MYRTILLA.

("I am come from a happy land.")

"I have sought thee beloved one  
To give thee my heart,  
I have made from thy mind the shade  
Of folly depart.  
Come, come, then haste with me.  
Where love's banquet waits for thee;  
Mine! mine! oh lady be!  
Heart give for heart!  
Oh love, hath like faith, a power,  
Mountains to remove!  
And pain and care extinguished are  
By the breath of love.  
Hear, then, hear me sweet,  
To bow'rs of joy with me retreat  
Cares which here we meet,  
Far, far above."

*Emer.* Who can it be from?

*Myrt.* I know for a hundred.

*Emer.* Pray tell me then.

*Myrt.* Prince Riquet.

*Emer.* Riquet, who is he?

*Myrt.* What, don't you remember even his name?

*Emer.* Not in the least.

(*Voice within.*) Fairies! Fairies! Fairies! work away.

*Emer.* What voice was that?

*Myrt.* O lud, madam, I don't know, I'm sure I thought somebody said something about fairies. (*Gong.*)

*Scene opens and discovers a large Kitchen, MOTHER BUNCH and FAIRIES cooking at various, stoves, ranges, &c.*

CHORUS.—MOTHER BUNCH and FAIRIES. (MACBETH)

Cook away!

No delay!—

Come! come! come! come! come!

Come! come! cook away!

*Myrt.* Run madam, run! I'll use my legs, or they'll devil 'em for somebody's supper. [*Exit MYRTILLA L.*]

*M. Bunch.* (*Coming forward, L.*) Stay, Emerald! do not you be alarmed—I am your friend!

*Emer.* (R.) What is the meaning of these preparations?

*M. Bunch.* We are cooking the bridal supper of Prince Riquet.

*Emer.* Prince Riquet again.—Who is he?

*M. Bunch.* Riquet with the tuft—you should know better than any body, as you are his bride-elect.

*Emer.* I,—mercy on me.

*M. Bunch.* Yes, you promised to marry him—this very morning—when you were an awkward simpleton—and Riquet in return for that promise made you the intelligent creature you now are. See he is here to claim the fulfilment of your pledge. (*Gong.*)  
(*Trees and rocks close up.*)

*Enter RIQUET, wrapped in the invisible cloak, MOTHER BUNCH crosses to L. corner.*

*Emer.* Here! where?

*Riquet.* Close beside you, lovely Emeraldalda.

*Emer.* Mercy on me! whence came that voice?

*Riquet.* From the “invisible,” whose verses you sang but now.

*Emer.* And have I promised to marry somebody, not only that I have never seen, but that I never can see? O dear, O dear! I must have been foolish indeed.

*Riquet.* I fear you would never have promised if you had seen me, and for your own sake, that promise was indispensable.

*Emer.* What are you then? A spirit!

*Riquet.* No, a mortal like yourself—that is—when I say *like*, I mean as regards the mortality—for I hav’nt the face to say it in any other respect.

*Emer.* You are nobly born.?

*Riquet.* A Prince—rich and powerful.

*Emer.* Accomplished? or you could not have made me so.

*Riquet.* If I have not wit enough to win your heart, I shall break my own.

*Emer.* Brave, of course?

*Riquet.* I never knew fear till now.

*Emer.* (*Aside.*) Well, so far, I have not made so rash a promise.  
(*Aloud.*) Tolerably good-looking?

*Riquet.* Intolerably otherwise: and that’s the plain truth.

*Emer.* Indeed! Oh, no, you are jesting.

*Riquet.* There never was a more serious fact. It is, therefore, prudence which kept me invisible till you had sense enough not to trust to your eyes alone.

*Emer.* As that time has arrived, why not let me see you straight.

*Riquet.* Straight! That’s impossible, but see me you shall, for I have too much honor to insist upon your completing a blind bargain—only let it be by degrees, suffer me, while prudence is yet necessary, to place a bandage over your eyes, which you can remove little by little, and so become gradually accustomed to a person, who, at first sight, might appear hideous.

*Emer.* Well, if you are bent upon it

*Riquet.* I am bent particularly. (*He binds her eyes.*)

*Emer.* But I am sure you are making mountains out of mole-hills.

*Riquet.* On the contrary. I have two mountains of which I would fain make mole-hills, one on my back, and the other on my left eye. (*Throwing off his cloak.*)

*Emer.* Ah! (*Putting her hands up to lift the bandage.*)

*Riquet.* Not yet—for mercy's sake not yet, one moment, let me summon up courage to give the word—O godmamma Bunch, what will she say to me? one look will settle the business.

*M. Bunch.* Courage, courage boy.

*Emer.* O lud, I declare I begin to be frightened myself.

*M. Bunch.* And you too, Emeraldal; take heart, and employ the reason Riquet has given you. What is the value, after all, of mere personal appearance?

*Emer.* Well, am I to lift the bandage?

*Riquet.* Yes; but very slowly.

(*EMERALDA raises the bandage by degrees, occasionally starting as she obtains a view of his figure, till her eyes meeting his face, she utters a cry of horror, which makes him suddenly turn from her, and show the hump upon his back, at which she screams, and covers her face with her hands.*)

*Riquet.* I told you so godmother: Its all over with me.

*M. Bunch.* P'shaw are you as silly as she used to be, speak to her.

*Riquet.* Emeraldal! I perceive my fate, you no longer consent to marry me.

*Emer.* Marry you!

*Riquet.* I gave you reason, Emeraldal—I thought to treat me more kindly.

*Emer.* My gratitude is due to you for that.

*Riquet.* But your love, Emeraldal, 'tis that alone can make me happy, nay, remove the defects of person under which I now labour.

*Emer.* I pity thee.

*Riquet.* Pity is a kin to love, but it has not its magic power, I love you, Emeraldal, adore you! loved you when you were graceless, mindless—and should love you now, were you even the plainest of your sex.

*Emer.* I wish, for your sake, I could say as much—you seem to possess an elegant—nay, a noble mind.

*Riquet.* Can you not see my visage in my mind?

*Emer.* I'm afraid it would'nt look very handsome anywhere.

*Riquet.* Pleasant, godmamma—is'nt it?

*M. Bunch.* Courage, courage, she listens at any rate.

*Riquet.* Well, egad, she does do that.

AIR.—RIQUET.

(*"French Air"*)

Well I know my form and my features  
Are not made thy breast to warm.  
Loveliest thou of mortal creatures,  
I, devoid of every charm.

But I trust I still may suit thee—  
 Marriage hath pow'r divine—  
 None can e'er dispute *thy* beauty.  
 Wed *me*—and then *thy* beauty's *mine*.

*Emer. (Aside.)* What a pity he's so very hideous; his manners are truly agreeable.

*Riquet.* Come godmamma: I think we made a move then; charming Emeraldalda, if you could but love me a little—ever so little, just to begin with, perhaps, in time—

*Emer.* Aye, aye, "if."

*Riquet.* Well, I said "if," and time is not much of a beautifier in general, so hang it, love me at once, and you have no notion how it would improve my appearance.

*M. Bunch.* Remember, Emeraldalda, how much you are indebted to Riquet. Love is often born of gratitude.—Come, we will wait in this grotto your decision.

*Sings.*—"O listen to the voice of love."

[*Exit MOTHER BUNCH with RIQUET, into grotto. L. S. E.*]

*Enter the GRAND DUKE, DUCHESS, PRINCE FINIKIN, and GRAND CHAMBERLAIN, (R.)*

*Duke.* Daughter, behold, the prince who claims your hand; His merits now, you've sense to understand.

*Fini. (To EMERALDA.)* Long cherished idol, thy adorer see;  
 Oh look not on the ground, but look on me!  
 Yet, no; in mercy—do not raise those eyes,  
 Lest, in their light, thy dazzled lover dies.  
 What mortal can be proof against their rays;  
 My heart! my soul's on fire! I burn! I blaze.

*Emer. (L.)* Oh Riquet! Riquet! you are ugly to be sure, but how much superior.

*Fini.* Riquet!

*Duke. (L.)* Why, that's the cursed hunchback that frightened me out of my presence chamber.

*Duchess.* Remember, Emeraldalda, you but now promised us to wed Prince Finikin.

*Emer.* A previous promise which I had forgotten, madam, renders that impossible.

*All.* Impossible!

*Duke.* Impossible! It really seems to me, as if she meant to say, it could'nt be.

*Emer.* Pardon me my dear father; but it is to Riquet I am indebted for every accomplishment I now possess, and he alone has a right to my hand.

AIR.—EMERALDA.

(*Zampa.*)

Love thy laws we must obey!

My heart in vain would fly thee;

All who live must own thy sway,

'Tis folly to defy thee!

Though bards proclaim thee reason's foe,  
 To thee alone, I reason owe.  
 Yes, believe the tale I tell,  
 Too oft they have belied him.  
 Love will ever longest dwell,  
 Where reason lives beside him!  
 Riquet, Riquet, no more repine,  
 My hand and heart are thine!

*Enter RIQUET and MOTHER BUNCH, from grotto.*

*Duke.* The girl's bewitched : marry that horrid fright.

*Emer.* He does appear revolting at first sight ;  
 But when you see the beauty of his mind,  
 Much less distortion in his form you'll find.  
 And when you know the kindness of his heart,  
 All ugliness will from his face depart.  
 Yes, dear Riquet, your noble soul I prize,  
 And love makes you perfection in my eyes.  
 (*Gong and Music, RIQUET's deformities disappear.*)

*Riquet.* Well, though I praised humps when others used to  
 flout them

Perhaps, after all, I'm just as well without them.

*M. Bunch (to MYRTILLA.)* To Emeraldal is due the merit of this  
 transformation ; love has power to embellish the ugliest of mor-  
 tals, but virtue and talent can alone render the most beautiful,  
 happy. Come all with me, to queen Mab's court repair.

*Scene changes to the Palace of Queen Mab, in Fairy Land.—QUEEN  
 MAB and FAIRIES discovered. The QUEEN welcomes the charac-  
 ters, who retire to their seats, (C.) while QUEEN MAB introduces the  
 Denizens of Fairy Land.*

*Queen.* Children of clay, we bid you welcome here,  
 Behold the choicest spirits of our sphere ;  
 Valiant the Jack the Giant queller,  
 Rests him in our blooming bower.

*AIR.—“ See the conquering hero.”*

*JACK enters, (B.) with Giant's head, and salutes Queen.*

*Queen.* Crystal slipper'd Cinderella,  
 Fears no more, the midnight hour.

*AIR.—“ Non piu mesta.”—(Cenerentola.)*

*CINDERELLA, PRINCE, PAGE, and SISTERS enter, and perform the  
 slipper business.*

*Queen* On little red riding hood, no greedy wolf can sup,  
 So pull the bobbin fearlessly, and let the latch go up.

*AIR.—“ Rose D'amour.”*

Enter little RED RIDING HOOD, (R.) Offers pot of honey &c. to MAB, (C.) and curtsying retires to (R.)

Queen. Beauty and her Princely Beast,  
Grace the ball, and share the feast.

AIR.—“Love amongst the roses.”

Enter BEAUTY, followed by BEAST, (L.) he declares his love, she at first repulses, then pities and accepts him, and he changes to PRINCE, they retire. (R.)

Queen. With us knightly Valentine  
And his brother, forest bred,  
Share the fairies’ festal wine,  
And the fairies’ measure tread.

(Music from the melodrama of “Valentine and Orson.”)

Enter VALENTINE and ORSON. Business of forest scene, shield and rope, &c., they retire. (L.)

Queen. Models of the race feline,  
Puss in Boots, delicious rogue,  
White cat, fond and feminine,  
Swell the fairy Cat-alogue.

AIR.—“Ding dong bell, Pussy’s in the well.”

Enter WHITE CAT, preceded by PUSS IN BOOTS, they march round the Stage to (L.) offer homage to MAB and marching back again stand (L.)

Queen. See, the Champions brave,  
Though on earth their race be run;  
Here their honored banners wave:  
Here they wear their laurels won.

Grand March.

Enter the SIX CHAMPIONS, three (R.), three (L.) different entrances. ST. GEORGE enters (R. C.) welcomes them, they wave their banners, form in a line, and march round to (R.)

Queen. Come Riquet, and join our band,  
Denizen of Fairy Land.

FINALE.—(The Characters come forward.)

AIR.—EMERALDA.

(“The Old English Gentleman.”)

Old friends, I’ve the old prayer to make, before it is too late,  
With your old kindness please to view this change in our old state,  
Our old mythology, we thought, was getting out of date,  
And so we’ve left Olympus old, and all its gods so great.  
For a fine old English fairy tale, all of the olden time!  
For winter old brings frost and cold, we open house to all,  
For while we strive to please the large; we don’t forget the small,

Then "boys and girls come out to play," in answer to ou  
And with a good old English cheer; oh, let our curtain fal  
Upon this old English fairy tale, all of the olden time.

CHORUS.

Upon this old English, &c.

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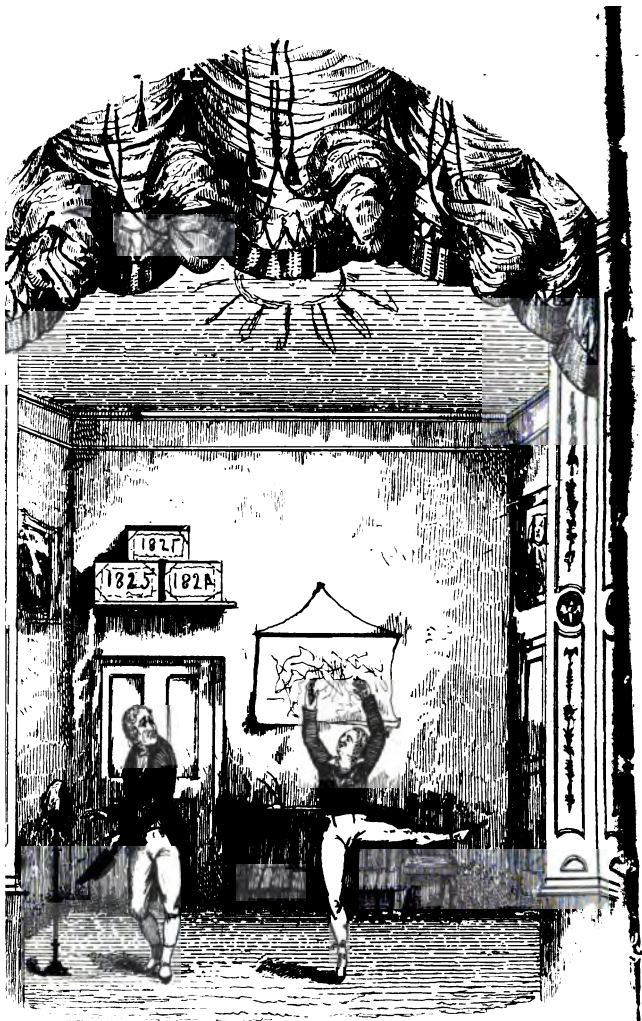
DISPOSITION OF CHARACTERS.

FAIRIES.	}	QUEEN MAB	}	FAIRIES.
		ON A THRONE.		
THE SEVEN CHAMPIONS, &c. &c. &c.				
MOTHER BUNCH.				
		RIQUET.		EMERALDA.
		DUCHESS.		MYRTIL
GRAND DUKE.				P. 1

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THE  
**MIDDLE TEMPLE;**

OR,  
**WHICH IS MY SON?**

A FARCE,

In One Act.

*oc Richard  
by R. B. Peake*  
**R. B. PEAKE, Esq.**

MEMBER OF THE DRAMATIC AUTHORS' SOCIETY.

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First performed July 1828, at  
**THE THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.**

CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY, WITH THE CAST  
OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT, SIDES OF ENTRANCE  
AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Music composed by G. H. B. RODWELL.

SPLENDIDLY ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING  
By Pierce Egan the younger, taken during the representation of the Piece.

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LONDON :

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

1837  
4LR

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1. Drama, English

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

# Dramatis Personae and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED, JULY, 1828,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

- 
- BRIEFLESS. Black coat and waistcoat—gray trousers and Wellington boots. *Second dress*, footman's livery jacket. } Mr. Wrench.
- MR. PRETTYMAN. Neat old gentleman's suit—powdered wig—dove-coloured silk stockings. } Mr. W. Bennett.
- HAIRBRAIN. Old-fashioned barber's coat—apron, &c. &c. } Mr. Minton.
- BRUTUS HAIRBRAIN. A drab-coloured jacket, with a red vest—open shirt-collar—nankeen tight pantaloons, with large ties at the ankles. When the jacket is taken off, the shirt-sleeves are ornamented with red ribbons—at the wrists, elbows, and shoulders—dancer-fashion. } Mr. Keeley — Reeve.
- POUNCE. Black coat and trousers. } Mr. Heath.
- JOHN. } Mr. Lodge.
- NOGGINS, }  
and } *Creditors.* { Plain coat,  
DOGGINS. } { &c.  
ill-cut black coat—red neck-handkerchief }  
—old white cord breeches—black worsted }  
stockings—old white hat, with black crape }  
hatband—high-lows. } Mr. Salter.
- MRS. MIDDLEMIST. Handsome sarcenet dress—turban or toque. } Mrs. C. Jones.
- JULIA. Silk morning dress. } Miss Pincott.
- PENELOPE. Neat gingham gown (country cut)—straw hat with red ribbons. } Mrs. Keeley.

*Scene—London.*



## THE MIDDLE TEMPLE.

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SCENE I.—*An apartment in Mrs. Middlemist's house—Two chairs on.*

*Enter* MRS. MIDDLEMIST, *followed by* JULIA, L. H.

Mrs. M. It is quite incorrect, my dear.

Julia. I am aware of it Aunt, but what am I to do?

Mrs. M. You must write a letter to Mr. Briefless, and forbid him your presence for ever. Mr. Briefless is a good kind of young gentleman, but he is a poor tag-rag barrister, who sits in the fourth row of wigs at the Assizes.

Julia. His poverty is his only crime?

Mrs. M. And can there be a worse—no, no, think no more of Mr. Briefless.

Julia. Ah, dear Aunt! how can I divert the course of my thoughts?

Mrs. M. Well, you're a good girl, but infinitely too romantic—go and write the letter, as I desire.

[*Exit* JULIA, L. H.]

No, my niece must look a little higher than a barrister without practice, if her fancy is for a professional man.

*Enter* JOHN, R. H.

John. A gentleman below has sent up his card, ma'am.

Mrs. M. (*reading*.) Mr. Prettyman I declare—what can have brought him to London. Show the gentleman up.

[*Exit* JOHN, R. H.]

Dear Mr. Prettyman, an elderly finished gentleman of the days gone by—such innate modesty I have never before beheld in the male sex.

Mr. Pretty. (*without*.) I thank you—do not let me inconvenience you—greatly obliged.

*Enter* MR. PRETTYMAN, R. H.

Mr. P. My dear Mrs. Middlemist, I entreat that you will pardon this interruption—permit me to apologize.

Mrs. M. Extremely happy to see you in town, and at my house, which I hope you will always consider your home.

Mr. P. You're too good, my dear Mrs. M.—I am come to London on an affair of immeasurable anxiety and perplexity.

Mrs. M. Indeed!

Mr. P. On one of the most delicate subjects.

Mrs. M. Bless my heart—take a seat—(*both sit*.)

Mr. P. I protest I can scarcely explain myself, and I should apologize for annoying you now.

Mrs. M. Pray do not apologize so much, Mr. Prettyman.

Mr. P. It is a ridiculous habit—I apologize for it, but if my feelings will permit me to indulge in utterance. . . .

Mrs. M. You may always confide in my bosom, Mr. Prettyman; I declare, sir, your blushes quite interrupt your story.

Mr. P. Allow me to apologize for blushing—I must explain to you. (*Sits himself formally.*) You are aware that in early youth my amiable *cara sposa*, Mrs. Prettyman and myself were deeply attached—I, won by her beauty, and she overcome by my respectful demeanour; Mrs. Middlemist, you're a woman of the world, you have permitted me to confide in your bosom—we were tender—we were indiscreet—'pon my honour I can not—I—

Mrs. M. Pray proceed, sir. (*aside.*) What can be coming?

Mr. P. Mrs. P.'s health breaks—years are stealing on us—we have been blessed with no little pledges of affection since our marriage—and—the feelings of the mother will have their way, the fact is—forgive me—we have a son.

Mrs. M. A son, sir!—I thought you said you had not been so blessed since your marriage?

Mr. P. I did say so—but—

Mrs. M. Pray proceed, sir.

Mr. P. How I palpitate!—the birth of that son was preparatory (*both rise.*) I mean prior to the ceremony.

Mrs. M. Here's a discovery!

Mr. P. I'm ready to sink into the earth—allow me to apologize for Mrs. Prettyman; poor lady, she couldn't help it; she cannot be happy until she clasps her only son to her heart and owns him.

Mrs. M. But where is the young man?

Mr. P. That is my present object to discover—somewhere in London, in one of the Inns of Court, I believe.—He has usually received an annual remittance thro' an agent of mine—that agent is lately dead, and this year I bring the remittance myself—a father and fortune for him;—I'm now hastening to find my boy.

Mrs. M. Poor sweet lost child!

Mr. P. How have I regretted the then urgent necessity of disowning him—we cannot desert our offspring—the opinion of the world is now indifferent to us as mortals, compared with the silent affectionate admonitions of our feelings as parents; we have erred—I fear I have said too much,—we may still be indiscreet; excuse me, but we have hearts, and our son shares them. I feel I have spoken too freely—permit me to apologize for the feelings of a father. [*Exit, R. H.*]

Mrs. M. (*speaks off.*) We dine at six, Mr. Prettyman; bless me, what a discovery—well, who'd have thought it of prim Mrs. Prettyman!—I declare her affection for her child, is quite natural.

*Re-enter JULIA, with letter, L. H.*

Julia. Aunt—I—I—have written the letter to Mr. Briefless.

Mrs. M. And how have you worded it, pray?

Julia. Worded it—oh! I have begged him to call here this afternoon—that—that—

*Mrs. M.* Call here—for what purpose?

*Julia.* That I may bid him adieu, for the last time.

[Exit, L. H.]

*Mrs. M.* No matter, your note shall go—Mr. Briefless will of course come to the appointment, and then I will see him—I will give him his final answer, (*calls*) Penelope.

*Penelope.* (*without.*) Yes, ma'am.

*Enters, L. H.*

*Mrs. M.* I wish you to carry this note to the Temple—do you know which is the Temple?

*Pene.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs. M.* And I cannot spare John; of what use are you in London?

*Pene.* Don't know I'm sure, ma'am.

*Mrs. M.* You've a tongue in your head, I suppose?

*Pene.* Yes, ma'am.

*Mrs. M.* Well, then, take this letter, inquire your way to the Temple, Mr. Briefless's chambers, Fig-tree Court—did you ever see Mr. Briefless?

*Pene.* No, ma'am.

*Mrs. M.* There; do not make any mistake—wait for an answer if the gentleman is within—inquire your way (*x. L.*) the Temple, don't forget—Fig-tree Court—remember!

[Exit, L. H.]

*Pene.* Fig-tree Court, the Temple—that must be some beautiful building, mayhap like the summer-house in the Squire's garden. Fig-trees growing about the court too! I love green figs. Bobs, but I'll ask the gardener to give me one, if I see him! and I'll sit in the beautiful temple and eat it too! Fig-tree Court, in the Temple.

[Exit, R. H.]

SCENE II.—*Chambers in the Temple, table with miniature in drawer, books, boot-tree, brush, livery coat and waistcoat on chair, wig on block, BRIEFLESS discovered.*

*Brief.* Well, of all lives, a barrister without business is the most melancholy! A pretty condition I'm in!—Half my law books sold to stop my tailor's mouth—my Coke exchanged for a sack of coals—Burn's Justice—Blackstone's Commentaries—all bartered for the common comforts of life—my servant gave me warning yesterday, has left his livery, and gone away. And even my "harmless necessary cat" has retired to avoid starvation. Strange that my annual remittance has not arrived, and I have no clue to discover from whence it formerly came! Mine has been a life of mystery, but crowds of creditors surround me, and I'm positively overrun with "galloping dreary duns." (*A knock L. H. single.*) How my heart beats at every tradesman's rap! I suppose it is because I have not a rap for them in return. I must face it. Who's there?

*Hairbrain.* (*without.*) I.

*Brief.* Which of them?

*Hair.* I, Mr. Hairbrain.

*Brief.* Oh, only the tonsor, the shaver! I owe him a quarter's



# THE MIDDLE

attending. Can't arrest me for that. Come in, Mr. Hairbrain (*opens door* L. H.)

*Enter* HAIRBRAIN, L. H. D. 2d E.

*Hair.* Morning, sar; passing through the court, heard your man-servant had left you; called to see if I could have the honour to be of any service.

*Brief.* Thank you, Mr. Hairbrain. I want some one to attend the chambers. Perhaps you may know of a person.

*Hair.* That's my errand, sar. The fact is, my son, sar, Hairbrain junior, a handsome lad (very like Mrs. Caroline Matilda Hairbrain, my wife, his mother), is at present unemployed; but, sar, he has a soul above my profession; turns up his nose at the curling irons, cuts razors and scissors, and blows bladders out of the window with the shaving soap.

*Brief.* Mercy on us, what a gabbler!

*Hair.* I want to steady him a little. Take him on trial, to sit at the desk, and answer the door. He's at your service for his wittles.

*Brief.* He won't surfeit himself here. He'll do very little if he works in proportion to his food. (*apart.*)

*Hair.* I'll be answerable for his honesty.

*Brief.* (*aside.*) There's nothing to steal.

*Hair.* I can recommend the boy warmly. There's but one reservation—don't ask him to shave you—he'll cut your throat to a certainty.

*Brief.* Good recommendation for a valet! Let me see him.

*Hair.* Greatly obleeged, sar—he's a nice youth, sar. (*aside.*) I shall get rid of the troublesome dog. Musn't say a word about his love of dancing. I'll send Hairbrain junior directly; and should Hairbrain junior have the honour to serve you, depend upon the lasting, and never-to-be-sufficiently-expressed gratitude of Hairbrain senior.

[*Exit*, L. H.]

*Brief.* Should the son possess the volubility of the papa—no matter—it will be convenient to have the fellow here for a day or two. (*takes wig.*) Ah, neglected innocence!—my wig has a signature—superintendent of the block machinery (*replaces wig*); nor can I quote the song, "*And ye shall walk in silk attire*," in Westminster Hall. I think the opportunity will soon occur; for, haven't I received an intimation that my talent will be patronized by a high dignitary of the legal profession? In fact, I'm in hourly expectation of an order to attend his Court. Now I really ought to succeed; for, vanity apart, I'm tolerably eloquent, and exceedingly plausible. (*a single knock.*) What's that? Mr. Hairbrain junior, I suppose. (*looks through the key-hole*, L. H. S. E.) No! plague take it! it is a ferocious creditor. What is to be done? I can't say, and I can't run away. The fellow does not know my person, and I'll take care he shall not;—though I'll pay him when my emittance arrives. I could close the outer door, but I expect very moment the message from his Honour, which I must not neglect. (*single knock.*) Ha! joined by another harpy of a tradesman! Nay, then disguise must aid me. (*looks at livery.*) Yes—I have it. I have been a long time my own master, I will

now be my own man. (*puts on livery coat.*) Hem!—Now I can face them fearlessly. (*opens door.*)

*Enter NOGGINS and DOGGINS, L. H. D.*

*Nog.* Pray, young man, is Mr. Briefless within?

*Brief.* Not that I'm aware of, sir.

*Nog.* He is a difficult person to meet?

*Brief.* Not at all, sir, if you come at the right time.

*Nog.* What do you call the right time?

*Brief.* The Christmas after next.

*Nog.* I've given Mr. Briefless credit, tho' I never had the pleasure to see the gentleman.

*Brief. (aside.)* So much the better for me.

*Nog.* My bill is for whitewashing these chambers.

*Brief. (aside.)* Whitewashing—I wish you would do as much for the tenant!

*Dog. (to Briefless.)* Why you're a new man!

*Brief. (bows.)* I wish I was (*aside*).

*Dog.* When do you expect Mr. Briefless in? eh?

*Brief. (x.c.)* Impossible to say, gentlemen, he is so engaged in the Courts that he has not a moment to himself.—What names shall I have the pleasure to tell Mr. Briefless, gentlemen?

*Nog.* My name is Noggins.

*Brief.* Noggins—and yours, sir?

*Dog.* Doggins.

*Brief.* Noggins and Doggins—a sort of rhyming coincidence!

*Nog.* Come no sneering, I shall call again to-morrow, and tell your master if my bill is not settled, he'll get a six-and-eight penny letter from my solicitor-general. [*Exit, L. H.*]

*Brief.* Good bye, Noggins.

*Dog.* You have sent that gentleman away without his change—you have hurt his feelings (*takes out bill*). Young chap, give that there to Mr. Briefless—my bill!—tell him as that Doncaster Races is over I am much pressed for cash—come—I'll do the handsome thing by you, if you can persuade your master to pay this directly.—I'll tip a tizzy and a glass of summit short. Ax him.

*Brief.* I'll ax him, certainly; (*aside*) 'gad I've a good place.

*Dog.* But keep your own counsel.

*Brief.* I shall never employ any other (*looks at bill*)—but what is all this about? (*reads.*) To two dozen blue rocks—to two dozen blue rocks. Pray was this bill incurred at the sea side?

*Dog.* Sea side—no—the blue rocks are the two dozen pigeons Mr. Briefless shot at, and missed at Battersea.

*Brief.* Oh! no go—

*Dog.* Yes, it was a go—they all *goed* home again.

*Brief. (reads.)* Hem! “To shaving a poodle eight-and-sixpence”—shaving a poodle—come, come, economy—here's no allowance for the wool, I see?

*Dog.* Why I couldn't afford it—the poodle was a moulting.

*Brief.* O very good!

*Dog.* I suppose you'll make it all right—if you do I'll stand your friend, in my way of business.

[*Exit, L. 112 z.*]

*Hairbrain.* (*without.*) Please sir, am I right?

*Brief.* That depends upon circumstances. (*Enter Brutus Hairbrain at door.*) Who the deuce are you?

*Brutus.* If you please, father told me—father informed me—

*Brief.* Who is your father?

*Brutus.* The old Perriwigger, in the court.

*Brief.* Oh! you're—Mr. Hairbrain's son, then—

*Brutus.* Yes, then—and so I am now—Mr. Brutus Hairbrain—but what's the use of my coming here—fortune again squirts on me. Mr. Briefless has got a new servant already! what was the use of father sending me out without my breakfast; he told me I should breakfast here. Father told me, Mr. Briefless wanted a boy?

*Brief.* And you are the man—oh! very well—I'll get out of my livery again—pull this coat off—

*Brutus.* Pull this coat off—pull the new footman's coat off?

*Brief.* 'Gad—first I'll see what this fellow is made of, and perhaps Messrs. Noggins and Doggins may return (*see Brutus resting his hand on table, and elevating his leg.*) Capering—eh!—now, sir—

*Brutus.* (*dancing up.*) Now, young man?

*Brief.* Mr. Briefless desired me to ascertain the extent of your qualifications?—see, young Hairbrain, said my master, find out if he has any head.

*Brutus.* I flatter myself I have a head and a tail too, (*showing pig-tail.*) I'm like a new penny!

*Brief.* Let other people discover your beauties, what can you do to get your living?

*Brutus.* Any thing in the world.

*Brief.* Any thing in the world is rather a comprehensible answer—what do you mean by any thing in the world?

*Brutus.* Nothing particular.

*Brief.* Have you commenced the study of any profession?

*Brutus.* Oh! yes.

*Brief.* What?

*Brutus.* Figure dancing. (*capers.*)

*Brief.* Of great utility in a law office.—What the deuce put that into your head—or rather into your heels?

*Brutus.* Native natural British genius.

*Brief.* Genius?

*Brutus.* Yes, and a straight leg. (*capers.*)

*Brief.* Then why not follow the bent of it?

*Brutus.* Bent—(*looks at his leg conceitedly*) bent! you could not have said a more cutting thing, if the calf had been before instead of behind—I have applied to all the ballet masters for employment—they all said I was well on my pins—but—

*Brief.* But what?

*Brutus.* They intimated that my face wouldn't answer.

*Brief.* Face wouldn't answer—you won't do to open our door then—but if you have a mind to make yourself useful, you may have the run of these chambers—attend the knocker, mend pens—inhale pounce, brush coats, copy pleadings, clean boots, take the fees and catch mice; but no dancing.

*Brutus.* Except dancing attendance—Oh, Mr. John.

*Brief.* John?

*Brutus.* Every footman is named John—how shall I express my gratitude—I'll get you a shilling order for Sadler's Wells some night—I'll just step home to father, to tell him of my preferment and fetch my tinder—I mean my linen—I know not what I'm saying—I'm in such extatics, I shall make a pirouette from the top of the staircase to the bottom, and come *a-plomb* into Pump Court. (*Pirouettes*) I'll be back directly. (*jumps out, L. H. D.*)

*Brief.* That is a sprightly youth, however—evidently does not know who I am.—Now to take off this livery and become Mr. Briefless again. (*prepares to pull off coat—a single knock, L. H. looks off.*) Is this the message from his Honour—come in.

*Enter PENELOPE, L. H. D.*

Hey—a she creditor—perhaps a hen bailiff.

*Pene.* Is this, Mr. Briefless's?

*Brief.* Yes, my pretty maid. (*aside.*) A milk score.

*Pene.* What a hunt I've had about the Temple; but it's no more like what I thought! there an't no figs in it!—is Mr. Briefless at home?

*Brief.* Yes, my sweet, that is—no, he is not. (*aside.*) I'm out.

*Pene.* La! what a pity!—I'm Miss Julia Herbert's own maid.

*Brief.* The devil you are! (*looks ashamed.*)

*Pene.* Oh! fie! what a naughty word!—you said, devil—couldn't you hear that I was a maid without swearing. Miss sent me with this here note for Mr. Briefless—I was to give it into his own hand; besides, I never set my eyes on Mr. Briefless, and I wants to see him ever so much.

*Brief.* Oh! you never saw him?

*Pene.* No, never saw him—no more than I have ever seen you before.

*Brief.* Where's the note? (*she produces it.*) It is dear Julia's hand!

*Pene.* Dear Julia!—come—that might do from the master; but from the footman.

*Brief.* I forgot, I have so often heard Mr. Briefless use that affectionate term, that—

*Pene.* You cotched yourself at it—please to take the note to your master, for I want an answer.

*Brief.* I will give you one directly.

*Pene.* You?

*Brief.* That is—psha!—perhaps Mr. Briefless may be in the next room without my knowing it—so I'll take the note in—good bye, sweetbriar.

[*Exit, D. F. R.*]

*Pene.* Sweetbriar—how nice that smells—that's the prettiest gentleman's gentleman I have seen this many a day; well, Miss has a lover, and I admire 'her prudence; why shouldn't I have somebody to be anxious about and titillate my heart, and make me forget to put my hair in papers of a night! I wish that footman would give me an opportunity of saying summit civil to him—la! but I could do it. I would not stand shilly-shally as my friend Susan did, and lose all her sweethearts.

(*Song.*)—"Young Susan had lovers."

(*Published by Goulding & D'Almaine.*)

*Re-enter BRIEFLESS, with letter, D. F.*

*Brief.* Here's the answer my little daisy, and now to pay the messenger with one kiss. (*gives letter.*)

*Pene.* Two if you like, sir!

(*BRIEFLESS about to kiss her—Enter BRUTUS HAIRBRAIN, L. H., with a bundle*)—*he utters.*

*Brutus.* A—hem! (*aside*). I balked him.

*Pene.* (*seeing Brutus.*) (*aside*) Fool—(*to Briefless.*) Sir, I suffer nothing derogatory to my decency.

*Brutus.* (*aside.*) Ah! the fox and the grapes—oh! oh!—(*apart to BRIEFLESS.*) Try again, John—

*Brief.* Come—come—go along, don't be impertinent. Go, sirrah, brush—in yonder room stands a boot-tree. (*points.*)

*Brutus.* A boot-tree—well I've heard of many trees, but never heard of a boot tree before, John—he! he! he! (*puts his finger to his nose, pointing at Penelope.*)

[*Exit, R. H. D. F.*

*Pene.* (*looks round, wipes her lips.*) Oh! John—if you should ever come our way, the Area-gate is never locked till nine—good bye. (*He kisses her.*)

*Brief.* Good bye.

(*BRUTUS looks through the door—shakes boot-tree behind BRIEFLESS's back as he kisses her, and she goes out—BRUTUS retires.*)

*Brief.* Very nice little girl (*opens drawer and takes out miniature.*) No remittance yet; I'm now positively without a sixpence—only memorial of who I am or what I might be—let me view thee. (*looks at it.*) This little portrait, discovered in the room of my nurse, may have been the resemblance of my mother! Mother! alas! the name has been unknown to me. (*a gentle triple knock.*) Plague take the knocker! Hairbrain Brutus—Hairbrain!—The fellow's deaf. (*drops miniature on table—looks off.*) A respectable-looking personage—is it the messenger from the Court, or a well-dressed bailiff?—the livery must again aid me for I've not time to get it off.

*Enter MR. PRETTYMAN, L. H.*

*Mr. P.* I enter unasked, unushered—I beg to apologize, is Mr. Briefless within?

*Brief.* Sir—I—*a-hem!*—

*Mr. P.* Ah! is your master at home?—I've a matter of a private and peculiar nature to communicate to him.

*Brief.* (*aside.*) The old cant of an old bailiff—spite of his gentility, I will preserve my incognito.

*Mr. P.* I must arrest Mr. Briefless's attention a few moments.

[*Sits, L. H.*

*Brief.* (*aside.*) Arrest!—that's enough—Sir, you shall see my master directly. (*goes to door.*) Brutus—(*Brutus appears at door, brushing a boot which Briefless thrusts aside.*) Brutus!

*Brutus.* Well, Cassius!

*Brief.* (*pointing to Mr. P.*) D'ye hear? (*apart.*) Say you're Mr. Briefless—I'll explain all in a moment.

*Brutus.* You are Mr. Briefless—eh?

*Brief.* Psha! (*in under tone.*) Tell that old gentleman that you're Mr. Briefless.

*Brutus.* Oh! ay—ay—but John, won't that be a taradiddle?

*Brief.* (*aside.*) Obey my directions or you'll lose your new place—in the mean time, I'm tired of these interruptions, I shall put on my own clothes, and visit my dear Julia, leaving Mr. Brutus here to fight the battle.

[*Exit, L. H.*]

*Mr. P.* Pray, sir, are you Mr. Briefless? (*BRUTUS makes a dancing-master's bow.*) The Mr. Briefless who has for some years past received an annual remittance. (*BRUTUS bows.*) Permit me to shake hands with you?

*Brutus.* Certainly, you're very welcome. (*aside.*) Now, if I'm to be Mr. Briefless; I ought to do the genteel thing. (*to Mr. P.*) Will you take any thing to drink, sir?—A bottle of ginger beer?

*Mr. P.* Excuse me. (*aside.*) Very extraordinary!

*Brutus.* And no bad offer neither. I'll offer it once—offer it twice—two offers and out—like trap-ball. If you understand trap, ginger beer is no bad thing after dancing. (*capers affectedly.*)

*Mr. P.* Sure, I must mistake. (*sees miniature.*) Ha! what picture is this? That face—the identical portrait of Mrs. Prettyman.

*Brutus.* (*peeps over.*) Pretty woman, I think.

*Mr. P.* My heart misgives me! I had hoped—ah, sir, (*to HAIRBRAIN*) permit me to inquire, does this portrait belong to you?

*Brutus.* (*swaggering.*) Every thing here belongs to me. (*aside.*) I'm to pass for master.

*Mr. P.* Oh, nature! nature!—I apologize—I dread to ask (*to HAIRBRAIN.*) how came you by this miniature?

*Brutus.* What, that there locket? (*aside.*) I'll tell a white lie. (*to Mr. P.*) I wore it round my neck, when I was a little tiny thing, so high.

*Mr. P.* Ah! tell me, sir, do you happen to know your father?

*Brutus.* It's a wise child that knows its own father.

*Mr. P.* That dress and manner—without further proof I dare not own him for my son. Have you a father?

*Brutus.* I have; and he turned me out without my breakfast.

*Mr. P.* (*aside.*) Figuratively condemning my unnatural conduct.

*Brutus.* My father always shaves very close.

*Mr. P.* In vulgar phrase he again rebukes me. Surely I have discovered my lost heir! (*looks at him.*) My poor neglected boy!

*Brutus.* I've been sadly neglected. I'm sure I wonder I'm not ricketty. (*dances.*) No ricketty child could do that!

*Mr. P.* Pray stand still, and let me regard you with tenderness.

*Brutus.* How you stare!

*Mr. P.* Here, take this, (*gives money,*) procure yourself new clothes.

*Brutus.* What, new coat, waistcoat, and inexpresses?

*Mr. P.* Let me see my heir well dressed.

*Brutus.* Your hair well dressed, eh! I'll run for father—I mean the perriwigger in the court.

Mr. P. I will take the boy to Mrs. Middlemist's house; the explanation shall occur in the presence of that worthy gentlewoman. (*gives card.*) Follow me to this direction. (*BRUTUS after him, treading on his heels.*) No, not now.

Brutus. You told me to follow you in this direction.

Mr. P. No, this—(*pointing to card.*)

Brutus. Oh, we must speak by the card, as Billy Shakspeare says.

Mr. P. (*with emotion.*) Farewell! farewell!

Brutus. Good bye. (*aside.*) Affected old frump!

Mr. PRETTYMAN going, met by POUNCE, with blue bag.

Pounce. Is Mr. Briefless within? Mr. PRETTYMAN points to [*BRUTUS, and Exit.*—*BRUTUS dances*—*POUNCE stares.*]

Pounce. His Honour wishes to see you in Court directly.

Brutus. Eh?—what?

Pounce. His Honour.

Brutus. Who's his Honour? Tell his Honour that I'm going to get some new clothes, and that my honour can't come.

Pounce. That is my message?

Brutus. To be sure.

Pounce. Oh! very well.

[*Exit, F. H.*]

Brutus. So much for honour! the old boy has given me 10*l.* note, to get me redressed. If I jump into a handsome suit of clothes and present myself at the theatre, for the situation of Ballet-Master now—la! they won't reject me.

(*Song.*)

My talent sure was for the stage meant,

I'll now procure a good engagement—

I can manage my leg well

Like the great Mr. D'Egville,

Express all passions with the toes;

A ballet too I thus compose.

"I am Lubin—up above

At the window sits my love;

I dance on, in fly and cap,

At the casement give a tap.

[*Clasps his hands thrice.*]

Lisette trips on with triple flounce,

I satute, chasser and bounce—

Then I elevate my chest,

Clap both hands upon my breast.

C'est l'amour—c'est l'amour.

I'm rejected—neglected—unprotected

Tear my hair—beware—there—

I dash on—in a passion—after this fashion

On the brink of despair!—

Now all this will surely tally

Information of a ballet.

[*Exit, R. H.*]

SCENE III.—*Saloon*—*Mrs. MIDDLEMIST's house.*—*Two chairs on.*

*Enter JULIA, meeting PENELOPE, R. H.*

Julia. Well Pen, did you see Mr Briefless?

*Pene.* No, Miss! I saw his servant, a nice young fellow enough.

*Julia.* But have you no letter—no answer?

*Pene.* The valley de sham who rarely seemed much beyond his situation in life, said to me—and he had such a sweet turn to his mouth—

*Julia.* Pen, you forget?

*Pene.* No, I shall never forget him, Miss. (*sighs.*)

*Julia.* Where's the letter?

*Pene.* He had it in his hand—the smallest hand I ever saw for a footman. (*gives letter.*)

*Julia.* I shall be very angry with you. (*retires up x. l.*)

*Pene.* (*x. l.*) I can't help thinking on his eyes, which looked all streaming and swimming at me like preserved damsons. If ever I see John again, I'll be even with him—I'll stare at him just as he stared at me. [*Exit, l. h.*]

*Julia.* (*reads.*) "I shall endeavour to have a serious explanation with Mrs. Middlemist, for which purpose I shall probably be with you a few minutes after the delivery of this note." Alas! to what will this lead—ill-judged and hasty—it will bring matters to a climax—

BRIEFLESS appears at 2d x. l. f.

Tho' I know you love me dearly, I am too much enamoured of you my beloved friend, to suppose that delay could alter the affectionate interest with which I regard you—yet—

*Brief.* (*coming forward.*) Yet, what—Julia?

*Julia.* Ah!—oh, Briefless! how could you steal in unperceived?

*Brief.* To snatch a short moment of tenderness and delight—when, sweet Julia—when will you share my heart and home? I am ashamed to talk of that visionary thing!

*Julia.* Are we not rash to think of daring fate with nothing but love to support us?

*Brief.* Love—my love—and what better?—Then there's the law.

*Julia.* The law?

*Brief.* Yes. I have bushels of briefs daily—my clerk takes half-crowns enough in a week to inlay the Regent's Park.

*Pene.* (*without.*) Ma'am?

*Julia.* It is only my maid—come in.

*Brief.* Oh, the deuce!

Enter PENELOPE, l. h.

*Pene.* Please ma'am, Mrs. Middlemist desires me to say (*sees BRIEFLESS, shrieks faintly*)—Oh, John—John—John.

*Brief.* John, John—where's John?

*Pene.* I'll be hanged if he has not got his master's clothes on.

*Brief.* (*turning and nodding.*) Ah, little rosebud—how do ye do—how do ye do? Mum, (*to JULIA.*) I made acquaintance with her this morning. (*nods and winks.*)

*Julia.* Pen, you may go down stairs.

*Brief.* Pen, you may go down stairs. (*aside.*)

*Julia.* Why do you stand there?



*Brief.* Yes—why do you stand there—this is really, a waiting-maid—you can't get rid of her—positively, Julia, your Pen as you call her, wants mending.

*Pene.* Oh, if I might divulge—please ma'am, I begs your pardon (to BRIEFLESS, x. c.)—begs your pardon too, sir. Ma'am—miss! step here.—Do you happen to know that person?

*Julia.* Certainly.

*Pene.* No you don't—you can't—you're deceived—indeed you are. He—he's a—

*Julia.* What?

*Pene.* He's a man.

*Julia.* Well I know that, simpleton.

*Pene.* She knows it (*loud*) ma'am, he's a servant!

*Brief.* (*bows to JULIA.*) Certainly, your humble servant.

*Pene.* I can bear it no longer—oh, miss, (*JULIA points to door*) (*aside,*) I'll set old mother Middlemist upon Mr. John, in no time. [*Exit, L. H. crying.*]

*Julia.* What can possibly ail the girl?

*Enter MRS. MIDDLEMIST, L.*

*Mrs. M.* Hoity-toity, indeed—somebody has driven my Pen wild; she insists that there is a strange footman in the parlour, and has advised me to look after the spoons. (*sees BRIEFLESS.*) Oh, your pardon, sir, I'm happy to meet with you.

*Brief.* (*bows.*) Much flattered!

*Mrs. M.* To express my perfect disapprobation of your views upon my niece.

*Julia.* Ah, aunt!

*Brief.* Pray, madam, what may be your objections?

*Mrs. M.* Few and trifling—you're without fortune or friends; I don't know your family.

*Brief.* (*apart.*) Nor I either.

*Mrs. M.* And it is impossible to convince me that you ever had either a father or a mother?

*Brief.* Yes, I had.

*Mrs. M.* In short, I must desire that you never intrude yourself nor your impertinence here again. I did intend to have expressed my opinions in much stronger terms—

*Brief.* (*bows.*) Sufficiently strong, ma'am.

*Mrs. M.* But I'm of the weaker sex.

*Brief.* True.

*Mrs. M.* Had I a husband living—

*Brief.* (*aside.*) Happy fellow, he's no more!

*Mrs. M.* Sir—fortunately (*x. l.*) My dear old friend, Mr. Prettyman, is coming up stairs; I'll refer the whole affair to him.

*Enter MR. PRETTYMAN, L. H.*

My dear, sir, I throw myself upon your protection.

*Mr. P.* How—eh!—what's the matter—any apology required?

*Mrs. N.* Be good enough to say to this person, that his absence illconfer a favour.

*Mr. P.* Certainly—certainly—a-hem! Sir, I beg to apologize, but, why (*looks at BRIEFLESS*) surely I know that face?

*Brief.* Bravo ! this is a climax !

*Mr. P.* Did I not see you in a livery to-day—you can't deny it. Ladies, do you know this individual ?

*Mrs. M.* An acquaintance of Miss Julia.

*Mr. P.* Bless me ! why he's a footman out of livery ?

*Julia.* Sir ?

*Brief.* (*aside.*) What's to be done ? I must silence this old twaddle, and yet I can't betray my real circumstances. (*to Mr. MIDDLEMIST.*) Sir—Madam, x. c. Miss.—If this respectable gentleman will do me the honour to give me five minutes hearing in the next room, I can explain all to the general satisfaction.

*Mr. P.* Certainly—certainly—prove me wrong, and I shall be happy to apologize (*apart to Mrs. M.*) I've found my lost son in the Temple ; I regret to say that he's rather unpolished—I've directed him to follow me here, and have given him my card.

*Mrs. M.* I will welcome your son, sir ?

*Mr. P.* Now, Mr.,—this way if you please, and let me hear your apology.

*Brief.* (*apart to JULIA.*) Fear not Julia ! allow me to apologize.

[*Exit with Mr. PRETTYMAN, through folding doors.*]

*Mrs. M.* Ah, miss—see what your romance has brought you to—lost your heart to a livery !

*R.* Enter JOHN—gives card to Mrs. MIDDLEMIST.

*Mr. Prettyman's card !* Oh, the bearer of this must be his long lost son. Where is the young gentleman ?

*John.* Sitting on the step of the street-door, ma'am.

*Mrs. M.* Sitting on the step—show him in instantly.

*Julia.* (*apart.*) I must be spared this interview, however.

[*Exit JOHN, R.*]

(*Exit through centre.*)

*Mrs. M.* I wonder what sort of a personage this unacknowledged Mr. Prettyman, junior, is ?—

*Enter BRUTUS HAIRBRAIN, R. (clothes badly fitted.)*

He looks like a natural—your servant, sir ?

*Brutus.* Thank you, ma'am ; there was an old Fizgig told me to bring that card here.

*Mrs. M.* Old Fizgig ! (*aside*) does not speak quite respectful of his parent. Your father will be here presently.

*Brutus.* He must look very sharp then !

*Mrs. M.* He's in the next room.

*Brutus.* How he must have bowl'd his old pins along—impossible ! I left him curling the mace-bearer's wig in Devereux Court.

*Mrs. M.* (*apart.*) Ah, poor little fellow ! (*to BRUTUS.*) You don't know what a great shock you may have.

*Brutus.* A great shock ! (*feels his head.*) Ma'am, there's a proverb, "shoemaker's wives are the worst shod"—well may I have a shock. Father has n't laid a pair of scissors on my nob this twelve months, it's all because I can't pay him a bob.

*Mrs. M.* Mr. Prettyman, jun. ! You're perfectly incomprehen-

sible. (*BRUTUS stares.*) Will it not give you great delight to be restored to the arms of your dotting mother?

*Brutus.* Why as to that, the old 'oman's kind enough, but I'm grown too large to be carried in her arms.

*Mrs. M.* I'll retire and return with your best friend—adieu. I perceive you and I will be much better acquainted—adieu!

[*Exit, L. D.*]

*Brutus.* Now what's the meaning of all this—that old lady and I are to be much better acquainted. She's taken a bit of a fancy to me—well here I am—new clothes and natty figure (*looks round*) good sort of apartment this for the College hornpipe—plenty of leg-room—nothing like a little practice. (*dances.*)

*Air.—(College Hornpipe.)*

With my right arm so—and around I go  
And step so prime, exact to time,—  
Let none deride while thus I stride  
From side to side and point my toe—  
With a double shuffle—shake the ruffle,  
Stamp tol tol—with a riggle wiggle,  
Niggle giggle—tramp tol lol—  
No dance, that France perchance can know  
Will beat our College hornpipe, O!  
No dance that France, &c. &c.  
A quadrille's genteel, likewise Scotch reel,  
With active feet, the steps are neat,  
But they don't slide down upon their heel,  
And finished with a double beat—

Nor with double shuffle, &c. &c.

*During conclusion, Enter MR. PRETTYMAN, BRIEFLESS, MRS. MIDDLEMIST, JULIA, and PENELOPE.*

*Mrs. M.* Excellent! excellent! Your *protégée* is a charming dancer.

*Brutus.* You're very good. I'll do it over again. (*sees BRIEFLESS.*) Hallao! John—have you left your livery behind you at the chambers?

*Mr. P.* Another evidence! Livery again! Then, sir, all you have been telling me in the next room is a deviation from truth.

*Mrs. M.* Come, young man, retire, or I shall be under the necessity of sending for a police officer.

*Brutus.* John, what have you been doing? What have you been arter?

*Pene.* I pity the poor fellow from the bottom of my heart!

*Mr. P.* (*takes out picture.*) How inscrutable are the freaks of fortune! If it had not been for this little picture, I should never have discovered my darling boy. (*embraces BRUTUS.*)

*Brief.* That picture, sir! That picture came from my chambers.

*Mr. P.* Your chambers!

*Brief.* Yes, sir, and I value it as I do my existence. My kind nurse confided to my infant ear, that it was the portrait of my mother.

*Mr. P.* (to *BRUTUS*.) Who, then, is your mother?

*Brutus.* Mother Hairbrain, of Devereux-court.

*Mr. P.* Here's a mistake—I apologize—yes—it must be—those eyes—that nose—(to *BRIEFLESS*.)—Come to a father's heart. (*embraces*.)

*Brutus.* (*comes to embrace, but repelled.*) Why, you made as much of me this morning!—Don't know your own mind two minutes together, *n'importe*. (*capers away*.)

*Mrs. M.* I perceive the whole error. *Mr. Briefless*, (*curtseying*) or rather *Mr. Prettyman junior*, I regret I have used unbecoming language to you.

*Mr. P.* Allow me to apologize for *Mrs. Middlemist*.

*Brief.* Fortune, I thank thee! (to *MR. P.*) Sir, the first favour I shall crave, is permission to solicit the hand of this young lady. If your friend, *Mrs. Middlemist*, will consent, I am happy for life.

*Pen.* Well, though I am disappointed, it's a pleasure that he's to be my master, as I can't be his mistress. (*wipes her eyes*.)

*Brutus.* I kept your secret, sir.

*Brief.* For which you may keep your new suit of clothes.

*Brutus.* Given to me in the Temple. I shall consider this as my law-suit.

*Brief.* (to audience.) Ladies and gentlemen, now the rightful heir is discovered, will you, on a promise of amendment, pardon the errors—the eccentricities of the Templar.

FINALE.

*Julia.* Aunt, you've made me truly happy.

*Mrs. M.* Yes, dear niece, I like your choice.

*Julia.* All your fears are now unfounded.

*Mrs. M.* I approve with hand and voice.

*Brief.* The Templar promises amendment.

*Brutus.* Then, I think, he's growing wise;  
Beg your pardon, for offending.

*Mr. P.* Sir, you must apologize.

*Brutus.* Ladies, gents, with merry faces,  
This hour's freak, I pray, forgive.  
We won't dance out of your good graces.  
Allow our bagatelle to live.

*Chorus.* Ladies, gents, &c.

WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

0C  
**GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN;**

OR,

**THE MASKED BALL;**

A HISTORICAL DRAMA,

In Two Acts,

As performed at the

ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE, LONDON.

cc  
BY THOMAS JAMES THACKERAY.

Monopoly!! fit word for *barbaric* ages! No, whilst Gustavus lives, science and liberty shall walk hand in hand, unshackled by the chains of prejudice, or the trammels of cupidity.

Act 1, Scene 1.

LONDON:

R. WILKES, 16, CRAVEN STREET,  
AND

9, VILLIERS STREET, STRAND.

TO BE HAD OF JOHN MILLER, HENRIETTA STREET,  
(Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society,)

AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

(5-8)  
1833.



## ROYAL VICTORIA THEATRE.

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### DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Gustavus III. (*King of Sweden*)....MR. ABBOTT.  
Count Ankastroem .....MR. BUTLER.  
Count Horn } (*Conspirators*)... { MR. W. VINING.  
Count Warthing } { MR. HUNT.  
Count Darmfeld (*Lord Chancellor*).. MR. CHIPPENDALE.  
General Kaulbard (*Minister of War*) MR. BENDER.  
Baron Bjelke (*Lord Treasurer*) .... MR. DOYNE.  
Oscar (*King's Page*).....MISS P. HORTON.  
Count Sbiegel (*Master of the Revels*) MR. FORRESTER.  
Christian (*a Sailor*) ..... MR. LATHAM.  
Roslin (*a Painter*) ..... MR. DEBAR.

Amelia (*Countess of Ankastroem*)...MISS JARMAN.  
Arwedska (*a Sorceress*) ..... MRS. EGERTON.

---

*Courtiers, Foreign Ambassadors, Deputies, Officers  
of the Household, Conspirators, Sailors, People,  
Dancers, &c.*

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SCENE—STOCKHOLM, in the Year 1792.

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### SCENES EXHIBITED IN THE DRAMA.

*Hall of Audience in the Royal Palace of Stockholm.—Retreat of the Sorceress, Arwedska.—The Rock of Doom, in the Valley of Haga, by Moonlight.—A Snow Storm.—Grand Salon de Danse, splendidly decorated for Royal Fete and Masked Ball.*





# GUSTAVUS OF SWEDEN;

OR,

## THE MASKED BALL.

---

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Palace of Stockholm, 2 G.  
Door L. 2. E.—A Sentinel on each side.—Door,  
R. 2 E.—Centre Doors open and backed.—Guards  
behind.—Table with Writing Materials, R. 1 E.—  
High backed armed Chair on L. of Table.*

COUNT DARMFELD, C., KAULBARD, L. C., HORN, C.,  
WARTHING, R., *with other Generals.*—ROSLIN  
and Artists, L.—COUNT SBIEGEL and Deputies in  
Centre Arch with Petitions.

*Darm.* Our gracious sovereign has to day exceeded the time he usually allots to repose.

*Kaul.* So much the better; I often fear his Majesty's unceasing application to public affairs may injure a health so valuable to Sweden.

*Warth.* [*Aside.*] Contemptible sycophant! Rather Sweden pray that the repose of the tyrant might be eternal.

*Horn.* [*Grasping his sword.*] So it shall be, if this arm and this steel do not fail me.

*Warth.* What unheard of arrogance! to confound the nobles and dignitaries of the state with greasy citizens and upstart soldiers.

*Horn.* Worse than that, my lord; with dancing masters, fiddle-scrapers, and sign-painters. [*Points to ROSLIN, &c. L.*] And see his French minion Sbiegel, with his wand of office—his Master of the Revels, covered with honours—whilst we—

*Warth.* Hush, my lord!

*Kaul.* [To *Darm.* L.] An artist himself as well as hero;—our beloved monarch, while he leads his soldiers to combat, neglects not to foster those divine arts, which best commemorate our victories.

*Horn.* [Scornfully aside.] Fitting idol for the gaping multitude: a king who, at the same moment, plans conquests and masquerades, writes laws and operas.

*Enter OSCAR, L. D. 2 E.*

*Oscar.* My lords, the king approaches.

*Darm. and Kaul.* The king! the king!

*Enter GUSTAVUS, D. L. 2 E.—The Soldiers at the Door present Arms.—Holding out his Hand to the Generals as he crosses to C.*

*Gust.* My brave friends! my gallant companions in arms! ever welcome to your monarch and your comrade. [*Oscar brings down Petitions from the Deputies.*] Petitions! 'tis well; the proudest privilege of my crown is to redress the wrongs and grievances of my people.

*The Dep.* Long live Gustavus!

*Horn.* [Aside] Hypocrite! but his triumph shall not be long.

*Kaul.* (L.) Most gracious sire!

*Gust.* Kaulbard! my old friend, what would'st thou?

*Kaul.* These despatches, my liege. [*Giving papers.*]

*Gust.* And thou, Darmfeld? [*Turning to the Chancellor, R.*]

*Darm.* The returns of justice, sire. [*Giving papers.*]

*COUNT SBIEGEL advances on Gustavus, L. and gives a paper.*

*Sbiég.* The programme of the masked ball for to-morrow, my liege—order of the dances—proposed disposition of characters—grouping and general arrangement. Will it please your Majesty to give it your royal sanction?

**Gust.** Our Master of the Revels—he must not be neglected; this is to him the most important of all matters. A moment, my lord. [*Reading rapidly, and returning the paper to Kaulbard.*] Let a new fleet be equipped, our arsenals well supplied, and the word be “Revenge,”—“Pultowa.” [*To Darmfeld, also returning papers.*] We grant the privilege promised by our royal ancestor; we wish no other bulwark than the love of our people. [*To Sbiegel.*] Now, then, for the programme. Where is the list of the ladies for the quadrilles.

**Sbieg.** ’Tis there, your Majesty; you’ll find your orders, sire, have been obeyed, since your Majesty insisted on *all* being first-rate beauties.

**Gust.** Certainly; ’tis indispensable.

**Sbieg.** [*Giving the List.*] I think, my liege, even *you* will be satisfied; every variety of loveliness, commingled with the Graces, will there be congregated. Olympus itself, with its assembled Goddesses, never, I flatter myself, had such a galaxy of charms as the palace will present on this occasion;—the tournure of a Venus—the dignity of a Juno—the fascination of a Hebe—

**Gust.** Enough! enough! [*Reads.*] The Duchess of Holberg and Gothland;—handsome, very handsome. [*Reads.*] The Countess of Ankastroem;— [*Aside, in a faltering voice.*] Oh, my Amelia! I shall then see thee, and, perhaps— [*Stops suddenly, as lost in thought.*]

**Oscar.** (R.) I wonder why my royal Master always trembles and colours at the name of that beautiful Countess! May it please your Majesty—

**Gust.** [*Starts.*] Ha! in the lover I had forgotten the king. [*To the Deputies.*] My friends, your petitions and complaints are in the hands of one whose first and dearest wish is the happiness of his people. [*Deputies bow.*] [*Turns to Nobles.*] My lords, at another moment we will profit by your wise and loyal counsels. [*Turns to Generals.*] And to those who have nobly bled in their country’s defence

their King owes a heavy debt of gratitude. Now we would be alone. [*Waves his hand. All bow and retire but Oscar, who looks out of c. d. after them. Gustavus sits, r.*] Oscar?

Oscar. [*After pause.*] Sire!

Gust. Let no one enter till I call.

Oscar. [*Going (c.) sees Ankastroem.*] That order cannot relate to his favourite Count Ankastroem.

[*Shows COUNT ANKASTROEM on at c. d., and exit to L. 2 r.*]

Gust. Now I may unobserved indulge in the dear but dangerous pleasure of thinking of her who occupies my whole soul! Oh Amelia! Amelia! thou who art at once the charm and torment of my existence. [*Turns suddenly, and sees Ankastroem, who had advanced (L.) opposite to him.*] Heavens! her husband!

Ank. (L.) Do sombre reveries and melancholy looks befit the hero, whose conquering arms have made the empire of the Czars tremble, and admire?

Gust. Can glory always bestow happiness, Count Ankastroem? How often does the thorn of sorrow rankle in the heart, while victory's laurel decks the brow!

Ank. There was once a time when the royal Gustavus honoured his faithful servant with the name of friend; how have I forfeited my claims to a title for which I would willingly shed the last drop of my blood.

Gust. [*Aside.*] He cuts me to the soul. [*Aloud.*] Oh no, no; believe me I never doubted your fidelity.

Ank. And yet you deny me the dearest privilege of friendship—that of sharing your griefs.

Gust. Perhaps I cannot explain them to myself.

Ank. What would'st thou say, sire, were I to undertake that task?

Gust. Ha! you do not know—'tis impossible.

Ank. Though my lips were closed, my eyes were open, and I have discovered—

*Gust.* [*Breathlessly.*] What? Speak!

*Ank.* That a plot is formed against your life, Sire.

*Gust.* [*Joyfully.*] Is that all?

*Ank.* I know the leaders.

*Gust.* [*Aside.*] Thank heaven! I breathe again.

*Ank.* You shall now hear all.

*Gust.* No, no, not another syllable.

*Ank.* To keep silence would make me also a traitor.

*Gust.* Punish, if it be necessary, with mercy, but let me hear no more. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Ank.* Such clemency is misplaced, Sire.

*Gust.* Nay, nay, Ankastroem, believe me 'tis to lose time unravelling the plots of a few miserable wretches, when the trumpet of glory calls me to nobler occupations. I may fall [*giving him his hand*], but it will be the death of the brave—on the field of honour.

*Ank.* Far distant be that day, my prince; but these conspirators—how shall I act?

*Gust.* [*Gaily.*] Tell them I know all their plans; that will intimidate them.

*Ank.* 'Twill but double their anxiety.

*Gust.* [*Carelessly.*] Well, be it so; to live in dread of the assassin's dagger, is to die a thousand deaths.

*Enter OSCAR, L. D. 2 E.*

*Oscar.* May it please your Majesty, the director of the opera—

*Gust.* True, I had forgotten; 'tis the hour for the rehearsal of my Gustavus Vasa.

*Oscar.* He hopes your Majesty will not refuse his petition for an exclusive patent.

*Gust.* [*Smiling.*] Can he shew me that nature has given him an exclusive patent for alone possessing infallible judgment, unerring taste, and surpassing genius?

*Oscar.* He says your royal ancestors granted this monopoly.

*Gust.* Monopoly ! fit word for *barbaric* ages. No ; whilst Gustavus lives, science and liberty shall walk hand in hand, unshackled by the chains of prejudice or the trammels of cupidity.

*Oscar.* All the court is assembled, Sire.

*Gust.* 'Tis well ; and let criticism wield her lash in freedom. There are no kings in the empire of the fine arts.

*Ank.* (R.) [*Aside.*] Heavens ! at such a moment—his life the mark of traitors ! [*Aloud.*] Oh Gustavus ! my noble master, that generous heart is too confiding—you will at least sign this order of exile, Sire ? [*Gives paper.*]

*Gust.* [*Reading hastily.*] What's this ? a sentence of perpetual banishment—against a woman ! Her crime must be great to justify so severe a measure.

*Ank.* It is my liege :—Sorcery.

*Gust.* [*Smiling.*] Nay, my lord, do *you* believe in the existence of such superhuman power ?

*Ank.* Then she is an impostor, Sire ; and her abode is the resort of rebels and disturbers of the state.

*Gust.* If such really be the case [*Crossing to R., and taking up a pen.*] What is her name ?

*Ank.* (L.) Arwedska.

*Oscar.* (c.) Oh, may it please your Majesty, you will not banish Arwedska ; the ladies of the court would be inconsolable.

*Gust.* Indeed !

*Oscar.* Yes, my gracious master. Without her they would lose all their beauty, and all their lovers. She knows the most wonderful secrets of all sorts ; she learnt them from Beelzebub himself, they say.

SONG. (MUSIC BY AUBER.)

She reads the stars of heaven,  
And by her magic spells,  
From numbers odd and even  
Fate's decrees clearly tells.  
Young maiden, softly sighing,  
Or duchess pining, dying,

For that for which they blush,  
In whispers cry—Hush, hush,  
We'll seek the sorceress' dark bower,  
And soon, by her strange power,  
What fate would conceal,  
She'll to us reveal,  
The belov'd—a fine thing!  
Of him—Hell's dark king!

Nay, more—as 'tis related—  
Of philters she has store:  
*One* drop, and though you're hated,  
They'll love you—nay adore.  
Haste, then, each hopeless lover,  
Or spouse—whose joys are over;  
Her art, you soon shall know,  
Can every wish bestow.  
Go seek the sorceress' dark bower,  
    *etc. etc. etc.*

*Ank.* [*Sternly to Oscar.*] Foolish boy! Your Majesty will not surely—

*Gust.* I am really puzzled how to act, and see but one way to solve the difficulty.

*Ank.* Which is— [*Presenting a pen.*]

*Gust.* To see this renowned sybil ourself. Like another Haroun al Raschid, we will go in disguise.

*Ank.* [*Crosses to c.*] Your Majesty will not think of taking so imprudent a step, while treason is lurking—

*Oscar.* (L.) It will be delightful! I'll warrant she'll know your Majesty in *any* disguise.

*Gust.* We shall see that, and judge of her powers. At dusk let there be a rendezvous at her house of all those that love me. [*Looking at Ank.*]

*Ank.* Perhaps of those that hate you too, Sire; but they shall only reach *your* heart through *mine*.

*Gust.* Now then for “Gustavus Vasa,” and the plains of Dalecarlia.

[*Exit with Oscar, D. L. 2 E. Ank. Ex. D. R. 2 E.*]



SCENE II.—*The Residence of Arwedska, 36. R. D. in Flat.—Door, L. 2 E.—Sliding Panel, R. B. E.—Platform, on which is a Table, towards R.—Stand, with large book open.—ARWEDSKA stands on platform, a young Girl kneeling on her left; she holding her hand and examining it.—Sailors and Females on R.—Music.*

*Sail.* By St. Cuthbert! if *she's* a favourite of the Old One, he has a damned bad taste, that's certain.

*Second S.*—Hush, man! don't affront Beelzebub; talking of saints in his own house, as it were.

*Girl.* Bless me! I wish I hadn't come at all.

*Arw.* Hail! hail! my mighty master; let those who dare to doubt my power be now confounded, [*Fills a small phial from large bottle.*] This essence, formed of charmed herbs, mingled by the aid of magic spells and words of import dire, will give thee all thy bosom's wishes. [*The girl goes to R.*

*Sailors and Girls.* [*Advancing.*] Here's money—now 'tis my turn—here! here!

*Arw.* Avaunt! avaunt! [*They go back.*]—I must yet commune with the mighty King of Darkness.

[*Looks on book.*

*Enter CHRISTIAN tipsy, followed by GUSTAVUS in Sailor's dress, D. F. R.*

*Chris.* Huzza! there, my old beldame; hoist your spying glasses, and tell me my fortune in a jiffy.

*First S.* Hush! she's in a confab with her sweetheart Lucifer.

*Chris.* And I want to confab with my sweetheart, and 'tis for that, d'ye see, that I'm in such a hurry.—Hurrah! there—I say, sweet one. [*Crosses to L.*

*Arw.* [*Sternly.*] Who art thou?

*Chris.* Who am I? A true born tar, that has fought hard for twenty years against the waves of the ocean, the winds of heaven, and the foes of the king—God bless him!

*Gust.* [*Behind L. and aside.*] Brave fellow !

*Arw.* And your reward ?

*Chris.* A wound in my arm, and a broken leg. Dost think I shall ever get any thing better ?

*Arw.* Shew me your hand.

*Chris.* I have shewed my leg already ; but they said it could'nt be helped—nor myself neither.

*Arw.* [*After examining his hand.*] Fortune is about to smile upon you ; promotion and wealth will soon be yours.

[*Gustavus writes a line, and slips the paper, and a purse of gold, into Christian's pocket, unobserved.*]

*Gust.* For once, at least, her words shall be fulfilled.

*Chris.* Promotion ! wealth ! now if it were true—but Beelzebub is the father of lies, they say—you'll excuse me, I know he's a particular friend of yours—but—

*Arw.* That which I have predicted *will* be accomplished.

*Chris.* Then shiver my timbers, but you deserve to be paid well for your goods news ; and if I had'nt drank that last half dozen tumblers of grog—[*Puts his hand in his pocket, and pulls out paper and purse.*] Hey ! what's this ? Do I see double ?—No ; may I be blown to splinters if here a'nt a regular broadside of yellow boys ;—and this—[*Picks up paper, which had fallen to the ground ; reads*] “ From Gustavus, the sailor king, to his brave messmate Christian, the lieutenant.” Huzza ! huzza ! there's a king for you ! I wish I had a score of legs and arms, and I'd lose them all in his service. [*To Arw.*] Give us a buss, here, beardy—[*Goes to kiss her ; she menaces.*] You won't ; then I'll go find some one, that's not so hard hearted. A lieutenant in the royal navy—huzza ! huzza ! God save the king ! Come along, my boys.

[*Exit with all the Sailors and Peasants, R. D. F.*]

*Gust.* [*Advancing L.*] Now, thou wondrous sybil !

'tis my turn. For the same sum, I suppose, you will do as much for me as you have done for my comrade?

*Arw. (R.) [Not looking at him.]* Humph! that affair is a puzzle even to myself.

*Gust.* Come—will my mistress be true, or faithless as the ocean on which I live.

*Arw.* Your language—*[Looking at him—starts.]* Ah! 'tis—

*Gust.* Hush! *[Three knocks at panel R. 3 E.—Arw. looks at King—he nods. She opens panel, and a Servant appears.]* Ha! a domestic of Amelia's.

*Serv.* The countess waits outside; she wishes to consult you immediately. *[Arw. looks at King—he signs in the affirmative.]*

*Arw.* The noble lady will be welcome to my poor abode.

*Serv.* She requests there may be no other visitors. *[Arw. looks at the King—he nods.]*

*Arw.* Her wish is granted. *[Exit Servant through panel.]* We must now consult the superior powers, and we would be alone. May it please your—

*Gust.* Hold! I would be unknown—nay more, I must be an unseen witness of your interview with the Countess Ankastroem. *[Crosses to R.]* What can be the motive that brings her here?

*Arw.* *[Opens door L. 2 E. C., points to it. A knock at panel R. 3 E.]* Hark! she comes. *[Gust. enters door L. 2 E.—Arw. opens panel, and AMELIA enters and looks round timidly.]* Fear not, sweet lady, innocence like yours has nought to dread, even from unholy spirits. What would'st thou with me?

*Ame.* If your powers be indeed supernatural, you must know the motive of my visit.

*Arw.* *[After pause.]* You would seek a remedy for a disease of the heart. Is it not so, lady?

*Ame.* Alas! yes.

*Arw.* You love—*[Amelia appears unable to answer.]*

*Gust.* [*Aside from door, L. 2 E.*] She loves! dare I hope—

*Arw.* [*Examining her hand.*] He you love is placed by destiny in a sphere far superior to your own.

*Ame.* [*Clasping her hands.*] Oh! I see you know all—all my fatal secret. Yet it was not rank or state that charmed me. Oh, no! I love him for himself alone.

*Arw.* Does he know himself beloved?

*Ame.* Oh no, no! heaven is my witness, I have struggled 'gainst a guilty passion with all the powers of my soul. I have knelt and prayed that I might forget him, but still I find his image but more deeply graven in my heart. Can you not aid me?

*Arw.* I know a secret by which—

*Ame.* Oh tell me—tell me—and here—[*Gives purse*]  
—ten times as much, if you will only teach me how to love no more.

*Arw.* (L.) There is a magic beverage which, if obtained, would quench the flame that scorches up your breast; but will your courage—[*Goes up and looks at book.*]

*Ame.* (R.) Fear not, it shall not fail me.

*Arw.* [*Coming down.*] Listen. Beyond the city walls there is a spot—dreary and wild—there the malefactor breathes out his polluted soul, and there his whitened bones wave rattling in the winter's blast.

*Ame.* Horrible!

*Arw.* That spot must be sought—alone—at midnight.

*Ame.* [*Shuddering.*] Oh! heavens!

*Arw.* (L.) Does your cheek wax pale already?—Nay, then—

*Ame.* [*With an effort.*] I'll go, I'll go—even to the grave itself—if that alone can shelter me from guilt. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Arw.* Beneath that instrument of death there grows a plant of powerful virtue—thy hand must

gather it—but 'ere you touch it, fail not, on bended knee, to invoke the powers beneficent to aid you in the combat 'gainst those of darkness. Have you strength to undertake the enterprize?

*Ame.* A sacred sense of duty will nerve my sinking frame. Yes; I feel that heaven will aid me. [*Crosses to R.*]

*Gust.* (L. D. 2 E.) Thou need'st not fear, Amelia, for watchful love will guard thy steps.

*First S.* [*Behind R. D. F.*] Hark thee, witch! open your door; we want some of your diabolical mummery.

*Ame.* Merciful powers! should I be seen?

*Arw.* There is no danger; that door is only known to ladies of the court, who sometimes deign to seek my feeble counsels.

*Ame.* Let me hasten, then. Farewell! Should thy art accomplish what I desire, my eternal gratitude is thine. [*Exit panel R. 3 E.*]

*Arw.* [*Apart.*] A fervent prayer in such a place and hour will operate a change within her half-repentant heart, she will ascribe to magic influence— [*Knock at R. D. F.—She opens it.*]

*Enter OSCAR, WARTHING, HORN, and several Courtiers.*—GUSTAVUS also enters from D. L. 2 E.

*Oscar.* Where is our royal master?—Ah! Sire! 'twould take a sorceress indeed to know your Majesty at present.

*Gust.* She is one then, for she knew me.

*Oscar.* Indeed, my liege! and what did she tell you?

*Gust.* (c.) Nothing yet; you are just in time to hear what destiny decrees for your monarch. [*To Arw.*] There—speak out—what's written in the stars?

*Arw.* (R. C.) [*Examining his hand*] No hand more valiant e'er wielded a warrior's sword.

*Oscar.* [*On L. aside.*] 'Tis not difficult for her to

find out that, as she knows him.

[*Arw. suddenly drops his hand, with an exclamation of horror.*]

*Gust.* [*Gaily.*] Nay, what's the matter?—Speak on.

*Arw.* Alas! alas! I dare not—my lips refuse to utter such words.

*Oscar.* [*Alarmed.*] My gracious king! ask her no more—believe her not.

*Gust.* Dost think I fear, boy. [*To Arw.*] Speak, sybil! I command you—Gustavus cannot tremble.

*Arw.* [*Reluctantly.*] Ah, me! too plain I see thy thread of life is drawing to a close.

*Gust.* Is that all? Well; be it so—provided I die the death of a soldier.

*Arw.* Alas! the assassin's blade is pointed at thy noble heart.

*Oscar.* (L.) Horror! horror!

*Horn.* (R. c.) [*Vehemently.*] Infamous impostor!

*Warth.* (R.) Audacious falsehoods!

*Arw.* [*Looking at them sternly.*] Ha! why do you tremble, then, more than he?

*Gust.* [*To Arw.*] Since thou art so well informed, thou can'st doubtless tell me the name of him who is to slay me?

*Arw.* [*After pause—solemnly.*] The decrees of fate are sometimes but half revealed—He who shall first, with friendly pressure, grasp this hand—of him beware!

[*Crosses to L.*]

*Gust.* [*Smiling.*] Indeed! come, then, my lords, we'll try your faith!—[*Goes round to Horn, Warthing, &c.—offers his hand—they all draw back.*]

How! will no one prove the falsehood of the oracle? [*ANKASTROEM enters R. D. F., and comes down L.*]

Here comes one, whose fidelity will not dread the trial. [*Shakes Ankastroem's hand.*]

*Oscar.* Ankastroem!

*Gust.* You are late, my lord.

*Horn.* [*Aside.*] I breathe again.

*Warth.* [*Aside.*] We escaped well.

*Oscar.* Now I know she's an impostor. For a moment I trembled—but who could doubt Count Ankastroem?

*Gust.* [*To Arw.*] Does thy art inform thee that a sentence of banishment is awarded against thee?

*Ardw.* [*Frightened.*] Against me! Oh, my most—

*Gust.* Be not alarmed—I pardon thee; but take heed, and follow a less lying trade. This is the hand of a faithful friend. [*Again taking Ankastroem's hand.*]

*Arw.* Oh, noble Gustavus! my royal master! punish me if you will, but mark my word—There is a traitor near thee—more, perhaps, than one. [*Looking from Horn and Warthing to Ankastroem.*]

*Horn.* [*Aside*] (R.) She must know of our design.

*Ank.* (L.) [*Aside.*] Her words make me tremble. [*To Kaul.*] Precaution is necessary; you will accompany me, my lord, to ensure the king's safe return.

[*Exit with Kaulbard* R. D. F.]

*Warth.* [*To Horn.*] Ankastroem's suspicions are awaken'd.

*Horn.* We have not a moment to lose.

*Warth.* Why let the present one escape?—He is here in our power, and our friends are sufficient in number.

*Gust.* [*Aside.*] Now love and hope fill my delighted heart. Oh, my Amelia! thou dost not think that, in trying to escape from love, thou art hastening to the arms of thy too happy lover.

[*Soldiers appear behind* R. D. F.—*Arw.* looks expressively at *Horn* and *Warth.*, who were going to stab *Gust.*—*Sees Soldiers*—is satisfied that *Gust.* is safe.—Looks again at *Horn*, and *Exit* D. 2 R. L.—*Shouts behind* R. D. F.]

*Enter* CHRISTIAN, Sailors, Girls, &c. R. D. F.

*Chris.* 'Tis he! 'tis he!—my heart told me—I was not mistaken. Heaven bless your Majesty! [*They*

*all kneel.*—I could blubber like a child. Long live our gracious monarch! Send me to fight, your Majesty, 'twill do me good. We'll all fight for the king—all die for him.

*Gust.* My brave fellow!—my good friends!—your king feels and returns your affection.

*ANKASTROEM enters with Soldiers, R. D. F.*

*Gust.* [*Pointing to Christ. and Sailors, &c.*] Do I want other guards than these? Trust me, the assassin's dagger cannot reach that monarch's heart who thus is shielded by his people's love.

SONG AND CHORUS.—*Christian and Sailors.* (AUBER.)

Hail to our monarch! Hail to Gustavus!  
 Pride of his people, the royal true blue.  
 Foes, we defy them, e'en should they brave us,  
 'Gainst hearts of oak, boys—what could they do?  
 Tyrants may fear—conscience, affrighted,  
 Still whispers that weak is the purchased sword—  
 But we round our king, freely united,  
 Will fight till the last heart's drop be pour'd.  
 By raging waves and whirlwinds tost,  
 The sailor fearless keeps his post:  
 'Midst cannon's roar will cheerly sing—  
 Huzza, my boys—God save the king!  
 Earth and skies he can defy,  
 Firm to conquer, or to die.  
 He falls—yet still is heard to sing—  
 Huzza, my boys—long live the king!

[*Exit Gust. at D. R. F., followed by Sailors; the Soldiers marching round.*]

SCENE III.—*A wild and dreary spot at foot of a Mountain; sloping Rocks covered with snow, 3 C. 4 E. 1 R.—A Gibbet on the top of the one at 4 E.—Trap open on L. 4 E. to ascend.—Rock before it.—Snow falling.—Gong strikes 12.—Mediums to Wings and Footlights—A Bank on L. 2 E.*

*Enter AMELIA, R. 2 E.*

*Ame.* May heaven have pity on me! my strength fails me! my heart feels chill'd within me. The



very echoes of my footsteps in this dreary region of crime and death make me shake with terror. Yes, there is the spot she told me of—there grow those wondrous plants, whose power can banish from my breast a guilty passion. Alas! is it possible that I shall ever cease to love thee, Gustavus? Why does my rebellious heart almost regret the torments 'tis about to lose. Oh! duty! honor! let me feel thy sacred influence. One effort, and I am free.

[*Going towards rock, R. Sees Gustavus, who enters on sloping rock, R. 4 E. She screams, and sinks on bank, L. 2 E. He rushes down rock, R. 3 E. and goes to her and kneels.*]

*Gust.* Amelia! dearest of women! why this terror? 'tis Gustavus—your king—your lover, that kneels before thee.

*Ame.* Rise, Sire, rise, and leave me, I implore thee.

[*Crosses to R.*]

*Gust.* Leave thee—never! Oh! cruel one! thou hast sought even the infernal powers to make thee hate me—hate him who lives but to adore thee.

*Ame.* I am betrayed! Oh! spare me—in mercy spare me!

*Gust.* What do you dread? Is not the humblest of your slaves before you. Tell me only that you love me—let me hear—

*Ame.* Oh, Sire! is it to the wife of your noble friend, you address such language. [*Gust. drops her hand.*] He, who would willingly to serve his king shed the last drop of blood that warmed his heart.

*Gust.* Dost thou think I have not combatted the fatal passion that masters my whole soul! have vowed to be true to honor and friendship. But one look of thine, Amelia, left me no thought but love.

*Ame.* Oh, let me go.

*Gust.* We part no more. What is it to me, the empty title of king, if thou dost not share my throne—and—[*Endeavouring to clasp her.*]

*Ame.* [*Breaking from him.*] Hold! Sire! if thou would'st indeed be loved by Amelia, shew yourself worthy of her love.

*Gust.* Alas, what other proof have I to give? My crown—my fame—my honor—all, were powerless before thy charms. What else can'st thou require?

*Ame.* The conquest of thyself. Hear me, Sire, I know not if it be a magic spell has wrought its influence o'er me—but I feel my soul is changed.

*Gust.* You love me no longer.

*Ame.* [*With energy.*] Yes; I love you still, Gustavus, but with a chastened—purified affection; I love you as the first of mortals—as a hero—as my king.

*Gust.* You have then deceived me!

*Ame.* No, my sovereign; 'twas you deceived yourself—to betray the truest friend a monarch ever boasted; to doom the beloved wife of that friend to infamy in this world—to perdition in the next. When the royal Gustavus *thought* he could commit such acts—he knew not his noble nature.

*Gust.* [*Kneels.*] Speak—I obey thee as my guardian angel.

*Ame.* Thou art a hero—but the noblest of victories is o'er ourselves; spurn from thee every dishonoring feeling—shew thyself a conqueror 'gainst the rebel passions of thy breast—and [*In a faltering voice.*] in the heart of Amelia thy image shall be ever worshipped, with the pure affection of a sacred relic. Hark! do I not hear footsteps.

*Gust.* [*Drawing his sword.*] Ha! who dares—

*Enter ANKASTROEM from beneath the stage, up Rock L. muffled in a large Cloak. Amelia covers her face with her veil.*

*Ank.* Strike, Sire! 'twill be less painful than to see thee thus.

*Gust.* [*Aside.*] I dare not even look at him.

*Ank.* Is it for an assignation of love, and in such a spot that the hero of the North—the royal Gustavus risks his life—his crown—and more than that, the safety of his beloved country.

*Gust.* I thank thee for the motive that prompted thee to follow my steps.

*Ank.* (L.) I am not the only one that has done so; hatred and treason are sometimes as watchful as friendship.

*Gust.* (c.) Ha!

*Ank.* Behind those rocks—they lurk like wolves ready to rush upon their defenceless prey. Enveloped in this cloak, I passed amidst them, and was probably mistaken for one of their band.

*Ame.* (R.) Oh, merciful powers! he's lost.

*Gust.* [To *Ame.*] Calm yourself—in mercy to me.

*Ank.* [Points to R.] There is a narrow and concealed passage through those rocks, by which you may escape; this mantle's ample folds will hide you from their view. [Looking off L. top, after putting cloak on *Gust.*

*Ame.* [In a whisper.] Go, go, or I shall expire.

*Gust.* Fear nothing; I will guide your steps. [Taking her hand.]

*Ank.* Pardon me, Sire—the sight of this lady, whom they know is here, would betray you.

*Ame.* He is right; you must go alone.

*Gust.* [Vehemently.] Never, never! rather die a thousand deaths.

*Ank.* You have not a moment to lose—I hear them.

*Gust.* [Firmly.] Let them come. [Aside to *Ame.*] To die in thy sight will be in itself a happiness.

*Ame.* Then hear my resolution: thou shalt not die alone. [*Gust. starts.*] Fly, this moment; or I tear this veil that hides the blush of guilt; and well thou know'st my life must be the forfeit.

*Gust.* You would not dare.

*Ame.* [With firmness]. Go—or stay and see me die.

*Gust.* [After pause approaches *Ank.* and in a solemn voice.] To thy care I commit her. Swear to me thou wilt conduct her to the city gates; nor seek to know her name, or features.

*Ank.* I swear.

*Gust.* By that which thou lov'st best—thy honor.

*Ank.* Dearer than that, by my king.

[*Gustavus presses his hand with great emotion, and rushes off R. 1 E.*

*Ank.* [*After a pause approaches Amelia.*] All is quiet—let us depart, madam.

*Ame.* [*Aside.*] I have not strength to move.

*Ank.* Tremble not lady.

*Ame.* I am ready to expire.

*Ank.* [*Drawing her arm within his.*] May heaven—the sure avenger of perfidy, deal with me as I deserve, if I break my oath. [*Going towards L. 4 E.*] We are too late—they come.

*Enter HORN and WARTHING from beneath the Stage, up rock, L. 4 and L. E.*

*Horn.* [*With drawn sword, down c. a little.*] Now let the haughty tyrant tremble.

*Warth.* [*Down L. a little, with drawn sword.*] Where is he? Let him come and meet his fit reward.

*Ame.* [*Involuntarily clinging to Ank.*] Oh! save me!

*Horn.* I see the white folds of a veil! Come, let's strike the blow.

*Ank.* (R. C.) Who goes there?

*Warth.* Confusion! 'tis not the king.

*Ank.* No, my lord—the king is not here.

*Horn.* The Count Ankastroem.

*Ank.* The same; and I, methinks, can also name you, gentlemen: my lords of Horn and Warthing—What brings you here?

*Warth.* Perhaps the same motive as your own; love is the tyrant of us all.

*Horn.* But we have been less fortunate than your lordship! The fair one has betrayed her promise.

*Enter more Conspirators from under the stage, ascending Rock, L. 4 E. and two men with torches.*

Welcome, my friends! you come in time to give us a glimpse of that surpassing beauty that could thus lure the stoic Ankastroem to her feet.

**Ank.** [*Drawing his sword.*] Should any one dare to attempt it, this steel shall reach his heart. Traitors! advance not another step.

[*They rush on Ankastroem. Amelia forgetting herself, rushes between them.*]

**Ame.** [*Distractedly.*] Oh stop—in mercy's sake!—harm him not. [*Her veil falls off.*]

**Horn and Warth.** [*With surprise.*] The Countess Ankastroem.

**Ank.** [*Thunderstruck.*] Amelia! my wife!

**Warth.** [*Laughing.*] Upon my word, you are models in the matrimonial state.

**Ank.** [*As awakened from a dream, and with concentrated rage.*] Whilst I was risking my life to save his—he was heaping infamy on my head! All the fires of hell are raging in my heart.

**Horn.** (l. c.) Come, my friends—let us leave the happy pair unmolested.

**Warth.** (l.) 'Twill be a piquante anecdote at court to-morrow!

**Horn.** Nay, we must not jest with the friend and confidant of his majesty.

**Ank.** [*Aside, with bitterness.*] His friend! from this hour his mortal enemy. My lords, [*to Horn and Warthing.*] I desire a private interview.

**Horn.** Willingly—Where?

**Ank.** At my house.

**Warth.** The hour.

**Ank.** Sun-set to-morrow. [*To Ame. R.*] Now, madam, we will depart. [*Amelia shrinks back. In a low voice.*] You know I have sworn to conduct you safe to Stockholm.

**Ame.** [*Trembling.*] Oh! my lord! have mercy—I am not—

**Ank.** [*Sternly.*] Silence! these tears are superfluous. Those who have not feared to betray me must weep tears of blood.

[*Ankastroem leads Amelia towards L. 4 R. Horn and Warthing pass in front of them to R.—*]

*Arwedska appears on Rock, R. L. E. with a torch.  
Amelia faints in Ankastroem's arms at top.*

*Arw.* The curse prevails! Fate works its doom.

*Tableau.—Centre drop falls quickly.*

END OF ACT I.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Count Ankastroem's Library—Doors, R. and L, 1 E.—Table with Writing Materials and Vase—Three Chairs, C.—Ditto, 2 E.*

*Enter ANKASTROEM leading AMELIA through L.D. 1 E. is stern and determined—Lays Sword on Table, and locks D. L. 1 E.]*

*Ame.* [*In a voice of agony.*] Oh! my lord, where art thou leading me?—your looks—your dreadful silence—what would'st thou do?

*Ank.* That which becomes an injured husband, towards a false and guilty woman!

*Ame.* Surely you would not kill me? I am innocent!

*Ank.* Innocent! dost thou still *dare* to deny thy crimes? rather by a full confession try to merit the pardon of that eternal judge before whom thou must soon appear.

*Ame.* At this my last hour then I swear——

*Ank.* Dost thou not love the king?

*Ame.* That—that is the whole of my offending; but your honor—my own—is untarnished.

*Ank.* Can I believe her?

*Ame.* Will the noble Ankastroem stoop to shed the blood of a feeble woman?

*Ank.* To pity would bring infamy on his name. [*Solemnly.*] Thou must die.

*Ame.* [*In agony.*] And my boy—my child—*your* child too. Oh, may I not once more embrace him—

once more see him smile on his mother, whom he shall soon behold no more?

*Ank.* I am ashamed of my weakness.

*Ame.* You relent—you will let me see my child. Bless you, my lord—bless you!

*Ank.* [*In a softened tone.*] Go. [*Amelia totters out L. D. 1 E.*] She is right—a feeble woman is *not* the fit object for my vengeance: a nobler victim must be offered at its shrine.

*Enter Servant, R. D. 2 E.*

*Serv.* The Counts of Horn and Warthing.

*Ank.* They are welcome.

*Enter HORN and WARTHING, R. D. 2 E.*

*Horn.* [*Coldly.*] You wished to speak to us, Count Ankastroem.

*Ank.* I did, my lords.

*Horn.* May we request to know on what subject?

*Ank.* [*Abruptly.*] You conspire against the life of the king.

*Horn.* Do you insult us, my lord?

*Ank.* Hush! the fullest proofs are here.

[*Pointing to Papers.*]

*Warth. (R.)* Now then I understand why we are summoned—you would betray us?

*Ank. (C.)* [*Firmly.*] I would share your enterprise.

*Warth.* The jest is ill-timed, my lord.

*Horn. (L.)* This treacherous conduct—

*Ank.* I cannot wonder you should doubt me. [*Rings.*]

*Enter Servant, R.*

Let my son be brought hither. [*Exit Servant, R.* You shall be convinced of my sincerity. [*Enter Child, R.; he leads him to Horn.*] He is my only child—the heir of my illustrious house; I give him to your power. Should his father betray you—pierce him to the heart.

*Horn. (L.)* [*Restoring Child.*] Such proof is unnecessary, my lord—Count Ankastroem's plighted honor is sufficient.

*Ank.* (c.) I thank you gentlemen—now may I learn your plans?

*Warth.* (R.) Pardon me, count—but we would first know the meaning of this enigma: how could the favorite, devoted friend of Gustavus—

*Ank.* Hold, my lord, that secret rests with me—I *was* the friend of Gustavus—I am now his deadly enemy: I will be revenged *with* you, or *without* you; if your hearts should fail—

*Horn.* He who shrinks must pay the forfeit of his cowardice.

*Ank.* Then we are sworn. Vengeance on the tyrant—by my arm he must fall.

*Horn.* I have long aspired to that honor.

*Warth.* Had he not the insolence to rebuke me publicly—and shall not I—

*Horn.* Has he not robbed me of all my hereditary honors?

*Ank.* Your injuries are but as a feather in the scale to mine—but we will let the voice of fate itself decide which of us shall be the instrument of vengeance.

*Horn.* Agreed.

*Ank.* And whatever be the decree of destiny, we all submit.

[*Ank. sits at Table, C. writes on three separate pieces of paper, and puts them in vase.*]

*Enter AMELIA, L. D. 1 E.*

*Ame.* Where—where is my child—I have sought him and was told [*Looking at Horn and Warthing.*] Heavens! two of those whose murderous swords were aimed against their monarch's life.

*Ank.* Ah! the hand of fate has led her hither to choose the arm that is to punish her accomplice. [*Brings down the vase.*] Madam, draw from that vase the name that chance may select.

*Ame.* (L.) A name—may I not know for what purpose?

*Ank.* [*Sternly.*] Silence! obey!



*Ame.* [*Aside.*] Their looks chill my soul.

*Ank.* Do you hesitate? [*Amelia terrified, draws forth paper from vase. To Horn.*] Read, my lord.  
[*Puts vase on table.*]

*Horn.* (L.) [*Reading.*] Ankastroem?

*Ank.* [*Joyfully.*] Fate, I thank thee—thou owedst me this reward.

*Ame.* (*crossing to L.*) What a horrible suspicion crosses my mind.

*Horn.* [*To Ank.*] The honor is your's.

*Ame.* [*Aside.*] Yes; I read it too plainly in their sanguinary looks—his life is to fall the sacrifice.  
[*Crossing to c.*] Oh, my husband, surely, you would not dare—

*Ank.* Madam!

*Ame.* I merely meant that—that—How shall I save him without risking my husband's safety?—  
[*Aside, crossing to R.*]

*Enter OSCAR, R. D. 2 L.*

*Oscar.* I am the bearer of a message from his Majesty to you, lady.

*Ank.* [*Aside.*] My soul burns within me.

*Oscar.* The king hopes your presence will embellish the ball to-night.

*Ame.* [*Terrified.*] No—no—I cannot go.

*Oscar* (R.) Oh! surely you cannot refuse; my royal master's commands are peremptory—all the beauties of the court *must* be there—'tis a mask'd ball.

*Ank.* (c.) Will his majesty be present?

*Oscar.* Can you doubt it?

*Ank.* [*Aside to Horn.*] He runs blindfold to his fate; [*To Oscar.*] we will not fail to accept his Majesty's gracious invitation.

*Ame.* [*Astonished.*] My lord! do I comprehend you aright—go to the ball?

*Ank.* Certainly.

*Oscar.* [*To Amelia.*] It will be delightful! magnificent.

*Ank.* [*Aside to Horn.*] The confusion of such a scene will best favor our designs.

*Ame.* How shall I inform him of his danger—  
[*Looks at writing materials.*]—no, I dare not.

*Ank.* [*To Horn and Warth.*] Remember the blow is reserved for my hand. [*To Oscar.*] You will inform his majesty we will not fail.

*Ame.* [*Aside.*] The sybil, Arwedska!—yes, I will obtain her aid.

[*Exit Oscar, R. D. 2 E.*

[*Exit R. D. 2 E.*

*Ank.* In an hour hence.

*Horn.* All in black dominos.

*Ank.* A knot of white ribbon on the right arm.

*Warth.* And the rallying word is—

*Ank.* Sweden and liberty.

[*Exeunt Horn L. Ank. R.*

*Warth.* Aye, 'tis a desperate adventure, but he is little fitted to enjoy freedom who would not risk his life to enjoy it.

SONG. (BARNETT.)

Too long a tyrant's breath has blighted,

Oh liberty, thy sacred tree,

But in thy hallowed name united,

We swear to set our country free.

And prove that conquerors cannot bind

In slavery's chains the free-born mind.

We'll die or yield our country rest:

For ours will be the deathless glory,

The endless fame that lives in story,

And makes the patriot's sufferings blest.

By us be pleasures cup untasted,

For us no flower of love shall bloom,

Life's last red drop shall e'en be wasted,

Ere the fell despot 'scape his doom.

We swear to rest among the dead,

Or prostrate lay the tyrant's head.

We'll die, &c. &c.

[*Exit L. D.*

SCENE II.—*Chamber, 1 s.*

*Enter SBIEGEL, L., meeting Ladies and Gentlemen of the Ballet.*

*Sbiegel.* How is this, ladies? not rouged yet—I blush for you—don't you know the ball opens at seven, we ought all to have been ready an hour ago; it would be an eternal disgrace to the master of the royal revels, if any of us should be found tripping in the grand masked ball this evening, which, you know, the king intends to be the crowning entertainment of the season.

*Dancer.* Never fear, my lord, we shall all be ready, depend on't.

*Sbiegel.* One false step would ruin us; and if we should break down in the royal gallopade, good bye to Sweden—then your reputations, ladies and gentlemen—as the whole court will be performers this evening as well as yourselves, you must take care we professionals are not plum'd by the amateurs.

*Dancer.* We'll look after the honor of the profession.

*Sbiegel.* All Stockholm are on the tiptoe of expectation, so you must be on the tiptoe of excellence. Look to your understandings to-night, ladies and gentlemen, and you'll cover yourselves with glory; there—away with you—caper into immortality—skip into independence—jump into honor—hop into rank, and kick at competition.

*Dancer.* We'll take care—we'll take care.

*Sbiegel.* Make your way into the ladies' hearts in a minuet, and defy your rivals by a gallopade, there—there, chaine Anglaise; cast off twelve couple and away with you.

[*Exeunt Dancers, R.*

*Enter DARMFELD, KAULBARD, and the Treasurer, L.*

*Darm.* Well met, my lord. As it is our royal master's pleasure that we should all assist in the festivities this evening, my brains have been wool-

gathering these two hours to fix what character would be most appropriate for the Chancellor of the kingdom to appear in—you must assist me in my choice.

*Spiegel.* You would like to appear in a *new* character, of course, my lord, what think you of justice?

*Darm.* Satirical rogue,

*Spiegel.* The collector of the royal taxes has taken the character of the devil.

*Darm.* Appropriate enough, having appeared in it before.

*Spiegel.* The mayor and city authorities have chosen the three fates, with their thread and shears.

*Kaulb.* Out, rogue! would you make old women of our magistrates.

*Spiegel.* Not I, my lord—[*Crosses to Kaulb.*] never interfere with nature—the Duchesses of Gothland and Holstein have chosen to be fairies.

*Darm.* 'Tis needless, they can sufficiently enchant us as themselves.

*Spiegel.* The old tea-drinking Marchioness of Courland must needs go as a Chinese, to show off her little feet.

*Darm.* [*Crossing to Treasurer.*] Well, my lord, what fix you on—what think you of a tinker, Lord Treasurer—you know he bears the budget.

*Treas.* (L.) Nay, nay! I'm deficient in the ways and means; I'll e'en content me with a domino.

*Kaul.* And I—I thought of Mars, but 'twill be mercy to shroud war to-night.

*Spiegel.* Your lordships will resolve—

*Darm.* Come, let's away at once—now for the tiring room.

[*Exeunt Darmfelt, Kaulbard, and Treasurer, (L.)*]

*Spiegel.* [*Bows them off.*] That way, your lordships—that way. I hear the carriages arriving—not a toe in all Stockholm that will not be shaken, when folly has a mask to cut its capers under; there are few that can resist the opportunity—but

after all, what is life—a figure we're all obliged to go through—the world is one great ball-room, in which we all select our partners, cross hands, and generally find ourselves pretty well tired at the close—Mais, n'importe!—vive la danse.

SONG (BARNETT).

I.

Life is at the best but dancing,  
 All skip through it—grave or gay,  
 Some securely, safely prancing,  
 Some make false steps by the way.  
 Miss, the stately minuet walking,  
 Airs and graces seems to scoff,  
 Down the middle slily stalking,  
 Till one couple are cast off.  
 Grave or gay, say what they may,  
 Some retreat and some advance,  
 Then make life one holiday;  
 For after all 'tis but a dance.

II.

The spendthrift, in a gallopade,  
 Wastes fortune's stores as he carouses;  
 And city wives, with like regard,  
 Oft in horn-pipe lead their spouses.  
 The clown's life is a country dance;  
 The courtier makes up a quadrille;  
 And through long measures as they prance,  
 The drunkard's life is still a reel.  
 Grave or gay, &c. &c.

III.

Flirts—coquettes, with giddy waltz,  
 Whirl thro' youth's and beauty's prime;  
 Rogues swing corners for their faults;  
 Fools take steps to jig through time.  
 Each 'one to his partner put,  
 Some go slow and some too fast—  
 Allemande, Pousette, we cut,  
 And shuffle from the world at last.  
 Grave or gay, &c. &c.

[*Exit R. singing and dancing.*]

SCENE III.—*Chamber in the Palace, 1 G.—Doors, c.*  
—*Doors, R. and L. 1 E.*

*Enter GUSTAVUS, L. D.*

*Gust.* Thank heaven! she is now safe. Oh, my Amelia, how nearly did my fatal passion destroy us both. But for the unswerving fidelity of that confiding husband, who conducted thee home in safety, thou wert to-day lost to the world, and thy king a traitor to the laws of honor and friendship. But Gustavus will henceforth be worthy of his noble friend; the sacrifice he makes will surely redeem the past: to die would be easier far than to resign Amelia; but, 'tis done: Ankastroem is named governor of Finland, and to-morrow they depart;—to-morrow, and I shall never behold her again. [*Distant sound of music; he listens at the c. d.*] She is there; a few steps, and I am in her presence; she loves me too,—loves me, and can I resign her. [*Listens at c. d.—ARWEDSKA enters from L. D. 1 E. and throws a letter down.*] Yes, the struggle is past—I will not go; one look, one word from her, and I am again the slave of passion. I must fly this dangerous scene; I cannot trust my heart so near her. [*Sees letter.*] Ha! how came this here? No one could have entered; that door is guarded, and the secret one unknown but to myself. [*Reads.*] I am warned against appearing at this ball;—a plot against my life,—'tis strange, 'tis ridiculous! However, as I had determined not to go [*Suddenly, as if struck by some new thought.*] But hold! should I be absent, which but for the threat I should have been, 'twill be said the King was afraid. Perish the thought! be this true or false, Gustavus will prove he knows not fear. [*Tears the letter.*]

*Enter OSCAR, R. D.*

*Oscar.* May it please your Majesty, the ball-room is full, and—[*Sees torn letter.*] Sire—?

*Gust.* [*Smiling.*] A warning to the king not to venture to the ball.

Oscar. [*Alarmed.*] Heavens! and your Majesty—?  
 Gust. There is but one answer—follow me.

[*Exit, followed by Oscar, R. D.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Ball Room.—Music.—Arches, 2, 3, 4, G.—Raised Stage from 4 E. on which Children are Dancing; flight of steps in C. of it.—All the Characters are discovered as if ending a quadrille, concluding with a Gallopade.*

*Enter HORN and WARTHING, masked, wearing on the R. arm a knot of white ribbon.—Down steps in C.*

Horn. Our number is not yet sufficient.

Warth. It is increasing every moment.

*Enter ANKASTROEM, down C. steps, wearing a black Domino, with a knot of white ribbon on his R. arm.*

Horn. Here comes another [*To Ank.*] Sweden!

Ank. And liberty.

Horn. Ankastroem—Welcome, our leader.

Ank. I am bearer of evil tidings. The king will not appear at the ball, this evening.

Horn. Confusion!

Ank. It would appear Gustavus has received anonymous information of our plot.

Horn. The king not come!

Ank. He was on the very point of departure.

Horn. I will discover the traitor.

Ank. Be wary—we are observed.

Horn. By whom?

Ank. [*Points to OSCAR.*] That figure has pursued my steps since I entered.

[*Horn, Warthing, &c. retire among the crowd—Ankastroem going L.—Oscar follows.*]

Ank. Who art thou?

Oscar. [*Masked.*] That imports not—I know you,

Ank. Well—?

Oscar. I would enquire of Count Ankastroem, is his fair companion of the mountain here?

*Ank.* [*Aside.*] Ha! the court jest already. Have you any particular interest in making the enquiry?

*Oscar.* Heaven forbid, I should. I seek not to meddle with higher powers.

*Ank.* [*Tears off Oscar's mask.*] Insolent! Oscar—audacious boy, is it thus you come to insult the guests in the king's absence.

*Oscar.* [*Thoughtlessly.*] You are mistaken, for the king—

*Ank.* [*Eagerly.*] Well!—proceed.

*Oscar.* Nay, I did not intend to tell—but—

*Ank.* The King has no secrets from me.

*Oscar.* That's true; well then, the King is here, but incognito.

*Ank.* [*Joyfully.*] Are you sure, quite sure: tell me how I shall find him.

*Oscar.* Ha! ha! that you may go and make a complaint of me; no, no. Tra, la, la.

SONG. (AUBER.)

The secret's mine, and mine alone,  
How Sweden's monarch may be known;  
But if you think I'll prate and chatter,  
You'll find you've judged me very wrong:  
No, no, in vain you coax and flatter,  
Though page, I've learnt to hold my tongue.

Tra, la, la.

I could describe too all his dress,  
That midst a thousand you might guess,  
Which was the King; but then for ever  
I'd lose the fame of being discreet.  
And yet, to own the truth, I never  
For babbling felt desire so great.

[*Makes a motion as if to disclose, and then resumes.*]

No, no, no, no, I dare not, dare not tell,  
And see they dance,—farewell, farewell!

*Ank.* [*Aside.*] Provoking! Nay, be serious! I have urgent business with his Majesty, and I promise—

*Oscar.* Well, then, I believe there is no harm in trusting you.



[*Ame. in a blue domino, enters from top, and overhears. A black domino, on his breast a cross, suspended from a red ribbon. [Going. Amelia goes up steps.*

*Ank.* One word more—

*Oscar.* No, no; I shall lose my place in the gallopade. [Retires.

[*GUSTAVUS comes down steps c. in a black domino and cross, followed by Amelia.*

*Ame. (L.) [Agitated.]* Why art thou here, Gustavus? What fatal obstinacy makes thee deaf to the warnings of those who would save thee?

*Gust. (R.)* Art thou the writer of the notice I received?

*Ame. [Snatching the cross from his breast.]* No matter, so thou dost obey the warning.—Fly! fly! death hovers over thee.

*Gust.* On the battle field I have seen it nearer, and trembled not.

*Ame. [Seizing his arm.]* Their swords are pointed at your heart.

*Gust.* They dare not.

*Ame.* For the sake of Sweden! for the sake of her [*In her own voice*] who would give her life to preserve thine.

*Gust.* Merciful powers—Amelia!

*Ame.* Yes; 'tis the wretched Amelia, whom thou hast doom'd also to death.

*Gust.* Fortune, I thank thee! Oh thou, whom my soul adores—hear me.

*Ame. [Wildly.]* Fly! fly! Ankastroem knows all—and he comes—

*Gust.* I fear him not—for I am come to bid thee an eternal farewell.

*Ame.* Heavens!

*Gust.* Take this paper, and remember that the sand which signed it was that of the most impassion'd of lovers.

*Ame.* Oh Gustavus! my king!

*Gust. [With dignity.]* Yes, Amelia; from henceforth your king—your friend.

[*Ankastroem appears, and sees Amelia and Gustavus; the latter is unmasked.*

*Ame.* [*Reading the paper.*] "Governor of Finland"—noble Gustavus!

*Gust.* [*Kissing her hand.*] 'Tis my last gift.

*Ank.* And now take mine, thou traitor. [*Fires.*

*Gust.* I am murdered!

*Kaul.* Where is the assassin? [*They all take the white ribbon off but Ankastroem.*

*Oscar* (L.) 'Tis he! 'tis he! [*Points to Ank. R.*]

*Ame.* [*Distractedly.*] My husband! wretched man! read that. [*Gives paper.*]

[*Ank. reads, and appears thunderstruck.*

*Gust.* (c.) My brave comrades—I could have wished—to die—more nobly—but—

*Ame.* Die! Oh, thou shalt not die.

*Gust.* Amelia! [*Looks at Ank. R.*] Was it thy hand, Ankastroem—the sybil was right—now hear the last commands of your king—"To all, a full—and—free pardon!"

[*Falls.—Amelia sinks upon him.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen.*

HORN. AMELIA. KAULBARD.

WARTHING. GUSTAVUS. DARMFELD.

ANKASTROEM.

OSCAR.

R.

L.

THE END.

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\* \* \* The Overture, Music and Costume may be had, on application to MR. MILLER (Agent to the Dramatic Authors' Society), Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

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# Dramatis Personæ and Costume.

FIRST PERFORMED JUNE 26, 1837.

- |  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| ARCANES, <i>King of Rhodes</i> . Yellow satin shirt, richly ornamented with various coloured stones. Crimson satin cloak ; white silk stocking-pantaloon, black velvet sandal-shoes, gold band round the head. | } Mr. Haines.       |
| MELANTIVS. Blue shirt, thickly covered with silver studs, with crimson sleeves, and cap and cloak to match, flesh leggings, and russet sandal-shoes.   |                     |
| AMINTOR. White kerseymere shirt, slashed with blue satin and trimmed with silver, cap and feathers, white silk stocking-pantaloon and white sandal-shoes.  | } Mr. Elton.        |
| LYSIPPUS, <i>brother to the King</i> . Purple embroidered shirt, the sleeves slashed with yellow satin, white silk stocking-pantaloon, black violet sandal-shoes, and cap and feathers.                        |                     |
| DIPHILUS, <i>brother of Melantius and Evadne</i> . Blue velvet shirt spotted with gold stars, cloak and cap to match. Blue silk stocking-pantaloon, and sandal-shoes.  | } Mr. J. Webster.   |
| CLEON. Light green embroidered shirt and cloak, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.   |                     |
| CALIANAX, <i>kinsman to Aspatia</i> . Scarlet embroidered shirt, scarlet stocking-pantaloon, cap to match, and black velvet sandal-shoes.  | } Mr. Selby.        |
| ARCHAS, <i>keeper of the prison</i> . Brown shirt trimmed with black, brown leggings, and black sandal-shoes.  |                     |
| STRATO. Puce merino shirt, and black velvet cloak, trimmed with gold, white silk stocking-pantaloon, and white sandal-shoes.   | } Mr. Harris.       |
| DIAGORAS.  |                     |
| ASSASSIN. Crimson shirt, steel breastplate and helmet, flesh leggings, and russet sandal-shoes.  | } Mr. Andrews.      |
| DION. <i>Ibid</i> .  |                     |
| EVADNE, <i>wife to Amintor</i> . 1st dress, white satin richly trimmed with silver fringe, wreath of white and silver flowers. 2nd dress. White muslin and lace veil.  | } Miss Huddart.     |
| ASPATIA, <i>formerly betrothed to Amintor</i> . 1st dress, white muslin. 2nd dress, Orange merino shirt, with large white merino sleeves trimmed with blue ; white silk stocking-pantaloon and sandal-shoes.   |                     |
| ANTIPHILA, <i>lady attendant of Aspatia</i> . White muslin edged with rose-coloured muslin.  | } Miss E. Phillips. |
| CLEANTHE, <i>ditto</i> . White muslin.   |                     |
| OLYMPIAS, <i>ditto</i> . White muslin edged with black and rose-coloured muslin.   | } Miss Gallot.      |
| DULA, <i>ditto</i> . Yellow silk, trimmed with black.  |                     |
|  | Mrs. Humby.         |

No. 13.

# THE BRIDAL.

A TRAGEDY,

In *Five Acts.*

ADAPTED FOR REPRESENTATION

(WITH THREE ORIGINAL SCENES, WRITTEN BY  
JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES, ESQ.)

FROM THE

MAID'S TRAGEDY

OF

**Beaumont and Fletcher,**

As performed at the

THEATRE ROYAL HAYMARKET.

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CORRECTLY PRINTED FROM THE PROMPTER'S COPY WITH REMARKS,  
THE CAST OF CHARACTERS, COSTUME, SCENIC ARRANGEMENT,  
SIDES OF ENTRANCE AND EXIT, AND RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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ILLUSTRATED WITH AN ENGRAVING, BY  
PIERCE EGAN THE YOUNGER, FROM A DRAWING TAKEN DURING THE  
REPRESENTATION.

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1. Drama, English

## PREFACE.

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IN the catalogue of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, the Maid's Tragedy has always ranked, if not first, among the very first: for many years it retained its popularity on the stage, being "frequently acted, and with the greatest applause."

In the preface to the edition of their plays, 1711, it is mentioned, that after the Restoration, Hart and Mohun were the Amintor and Melantius, and Mrs. Marshal the Evadne, and their efforts in those parts are spoken of as "deservedly famous." Betterton succeeded Mohun as the representative of Melantius, and for the rest of his life it was esteemed one of his most finished performances. For some years the play was withdrawn from the stage, in obedience to an interdict laid on its representation by Charles II., whose licentious habits must have made the application of that part of the moral particularly distasteful, which points to the "unlooked for, sudden deaths" of "lustful kings" as a heavenly visitation. Waller strove to set the favourite play upon the stage again by the substitution of a more courtly termination; and tapered down the grand and massive proportions of this noble work into a sickly and fantastic form; the several parts so finely discriminated, and yet so harmoniously blended, in the nervous verse of Beaumont and Fletcher, losing tone, form, and all distinctive qualities in Waller's feeble rhyme. It is more than probable, that Waller's alteration was never brought on the stage; that it was not permitted to retain possession of it, is proved by the testimony of Southerne, who in the latter part of Charles the Second's reign had seen the play acted, as it was originally written. With Betterton, whose death was accelerated by his exertions in the part of Melantius, the last in which he ever appeared, the Maid's Tragedy seems to have died, as an acting drama; yet surely none of the plays that have occupied its place (after those of Shakespeare), can hold comparison with it for variety and truth of character, for simplicity and power of language, for poetry and passion!

The adaptation, now submitted to the public, was prepared six years ago. But long before, the great scenes of the original tragedy had fastened on my attention, and provoked a strong desire to test their excellence by the sympathies of an audience. It was to the fine taste of my friend, Mr. Schiel, that I was indebted for the first suggestion of the practicability of its adaptation, and, with his enthusiasm for the beautiful and true in poetry, he undertook it



*Asp.* Oh, you have missed it there, Antiphila ;  
 These colours are not dull and pale enough  
 To show a soul so full of misery,  
 As this sad lady's was. Do it by me ;  
 Do it again—by me, the lost Aspatia.  
 Suppose I stand upon the sea-beach now ;  
 Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,  
 Wild as that desert, and let all about me  
 Tell, that I am forsaken. Do my face  
 (If thou hadst ever feeling of a sorrow)  
 Thus, thus, Antiphila. Strive to make me look  
 Like sorrow's monument ; and the trees about me,  
 Let them be dry and leafless ; let the rocks  
 Groan with continual surges ; and, behind me,  
 Make all a desolation ! Look, Antiphila ;  
 A miserable life of this poor picture !

*Ant.* Dear madam !

*Asp.* I have done. (*sinks into chair, c.*)

(*Sings.*) " Tell him, should he chance to chide,  
 That it was for him I died."

*Asp.* Alas ! poor lady !

[*Enter CALIANAX, L.*

*Cal.* (*crosses to R.*) It is a tyrant's will—

A traitor's deed : coward no less than traitor !

Why stay ye here ? Why join ye not the throng  
 Of fools and knaves, that, with most courtly mirth,  
 Shout, laugh, and frisk, as a king wills they should ?

*Ant.* It is our lady's pleasure, we are here.

*Cal.* Go, get you in—my passion speaks before  
 My better thought ; go, good Antiphila, (*crossing to ANTIPHILA.*)  
 And ply your tasks within. [*Exeunt ladies, R. door, 3 E.*

Aspatia, listen.

I have that to speak calls for your best attention.

*Asp.* My kind cousin, what would you say to me ?

*Cal.* Dry up your tears. Aspatia ! oh, my tongue  
 Can scarce give utterance to the news, I come  
 To speak.

*Asp.* I know it all.

*Cal.* Who was the officious  
 Fool, that blabbed it to thee ?

*Asp.* A fool indeed,

A fond, believing fool—my heart, Calianax :  
 That practised faith so long, it has learnt at last  
 Even to trust its fears. Amintor weds  
 To-day !

*Cal.* Would it could be denied, or hid  
 From thee !

By the king's own command (his heralds  
 Trumpet it in every street), Amintor  
 Weds Evadne.

But to the world, even at the altar, 'fore  
 Himself and his affianced minions,  
 Thy wrongs and innocence shall be proclaimed,  
 Though I pull down my death upon my head.

*Asp.* And add another to my many griefs ?  
I have enough without thy help, dear cousin.

*Cal.* Too much, poor girl ; my very heart weeps with thee.

*Asp.* Then I will weep no more ; or if I do,  
You shall not see me, cousin. I have a thought,  
That kindles here like hope, to steel me 'gainst  
This weakness. Will you attend me ?

*Cal.* Whither ?

*Asp.* To the court.

*Cal.* The court ! what have you found it,  
But a place privileged to do men wrong ?  
What would you there ?—Where is your pride ?—your shame ?

*Asp.* I ne'er knew shame, save of ill thoughts ; nor pride,  
If proud I ever was, but of such shame.  
I'd see the king.—

*Cal.* Aspatia ! that tyrant ?

*Asp.* There's doubt and fear in thy fixed gaze, my friend ;  
I am not mad ;—come with me to the king.

All that in life I'd keep, even the wish  
'To live, alas ! I lost with my Amintor ;  
In my death

I would not my fair name were cast away !  
Come to the king ; (*crosses to L.*) my misery so sets me  
Above all fear, that even him I most  
Should fear, and shudder at, I now can coldly  
Look on ; come, Calianax, your presence  
Must support me ;—I have no ear for counsel,  
Come, dear cousin !

[*Exeunt, L.*]

SCENE II.—*A Hall in the King's Palace.*

*Enter KING and STRATO, L.*

*King.* These things are done ?

*Str.* They are.

*King.* Run't o'er again :

What circumstance of state have we omitted,  
Which, in our love to young Amintor, ought  
To grace his wedding-day ?

*Str.* The preparations  
Are full my lord, and high, as were yourself  
About to lead a bride.

*King.* I'd have them so. (*crosses to L.*)  
It was proclaimed a holiday ?

*Str.* It was.  
And will be held as such. The citizens  
Keep closed shops ; and one and all prepare  
To make their houses gay. Already some  
Hang out their cloths, of bright and vary'd dyes ;  
Some their festoons of flowers, their banners some.  
The streets are throng'd with happy looks, boys, girls,  
And men and women, by your grace set free,  
And ready for rejoicing.

*King.* Have they prepar'd, ere moves the cavalcade,  
An ample shower of roses, to disperse  
Among the waiting crowd ?

*Str.* They have, my liege.

*King.* And coin to scatter, as we pace along ?

*Str.* They have.

*King.* 'Tis well. My harness have they stuck  
With white rosettes, as I directed ?

*Str.* Yes.

*King.* 'Tis well ; 'tis very well. And to my coach  
Have they prepar'd to yoke my finest steeds ?

I would be chief

In doing honour to the nuptial day,

That weds Amin tor.

*Str.* Turn where your highness may,  
You shall not see that faulty thing, wherein  
Your pleasure's not reflected.

*King.* Bravely done :

Go, and inspect my body guard : (*STRATO crosses behind to R.*) I'll be  
About me nought,

That does not look and speak a lusty joy

To give Amintor greeting.

[*Exit STRATO,*

Yes, Amintor,

Thy joy is mine—if that be joy to thee.

For that I blasted thy *Aspatia's* name,

And feign'd a thriving suit, whose suit did fail,

My love held cheap for thine.—Yet not my love—

That was, and is another's. Rather 'twas

Hate for the manly graces, which betwixt

Me and my pleasures stand ; and give thee sway

Where chief I'd boast to reign.

*Enter DION, R.*

*Dion.* The fair *Aspatia*  
Entreats an audience of your highness.

*King.* Who ?

*Dion.* The fair *Aspatia*.

*King.* Straight admit her.

[*Exit DION,*

How ?

*Aspatia* crave an audience !—She that from  
My court withdrew herself—repulsed my visits—  
My costly presents spurn'd !—What brings her ?—Woman,

“On slights, finds nature in her, which before

She never dream'd she own'd—perceives attraction

In arms she shunn'd, shut out from those she sought.”—

My heart, more quickly that performs its function

At mention of her visit, says she's welcome !—

'Tis not her beauty—'tis the chariness,

With which she boards it, that I'd master.—She,

Second in place to many in my court,

In person, too, surpass'd by more than one,

In pride of chastity takes lead of all.—

Gods ! but she's humbled, when she stoops to crave

An audience of me ;—me !—'gainst whom her door

An hundred times she shut !—To pay me visit !—

Fresh from her toilet, doubtless ;—nor before

She turn'd her back—and went—and turn'd again

For warrant of her mirror.—Now, to see  
The wonders of her wardrobe, beauty's arsenal,  
Wherefrom it arms itself for conquest !

*Enter ASPATIA and CALIANAX, R.*

How !

Is it Aspatia, that I look upon ?

*Asp.* If thou canst read a sorrow in mine eye,  
Complexion, form—deep, melancholy, clear,  
Wherein do lie a maiden's drowned hopes,  
Pride, peace, rank, fortune, youth—say life itself,  
It is.—If not, why then it is a stone,  
And not Aspatia that thou look'st upon.

*King.* How she persuades my vision !—Sweetly doth  
Affliction dress her !—Sweetly !—It doth well  
To take the gaudy rose away, and leave  
Nought but the lily !—She becomes it !—Well,  
To quench her sparkling eyes, which now, like dew  
In cups of flowers of amaranthine dye,  
Shine weepingly.—Who's that ?—Calianax !  
What dost thou here, Calianax ?

*Cal.* Attend

Upon my kinswoman.

*King.* Attendants wait

Without ! Hence !—Leave us !

*Cal.* By her wish I stay.

*King.* 'Tis mine thou go !—Art thou assistant to  
Our conference ?—Art thou her tongue ?—her eye ?  
Her thought ? her wish, she cannot do without ?  
Well ?

*Cal.* I'm her kinsman, sir.

*King.* And I'm her king

And thine, though thou wert fifty kinsmen to her  
Dost thou withdraw ? (*crosses to CALIANAX.*)—Dost hear me ?—

In a word,

She speaks with me alone, or not at all.

*Asp.* Leave us, Calianax

*King.* He does not well

To know our will, and dally in the doing on't !—  
Thou heardest !—Thou art dismiss'd.—Thy kinswoman  
Gives thee thy leave.—Thou dost intrude on her,  
If not upon thy king.

*Cal.* My liege, I heard

My kinswoman.

[*Exit CALIANAX, R.*]

*King.* Hadst thou a boon to ask,  
And he, of whom thou'dst ask it, sought excuse  
To meet thee with denial, lady, he  
Had found it in thy friend.

*Asp.* A boon, my lord,

I come to ask. O king, (*kneeling,*) be just to me ;  
Or, if not just, be merciful to me.  
Thy breath hath killed my virgin name ;—thy breath  
Can give it life again ;—O, bid it live.—

Ought it to die ?—The body does not die,  
 While lives the heart.—Thou know'st the heart of that  
 Is quick and healthful sound.—What thou averr'dst  
 To young Amintor, that inflicteth death,  
 Where death ought not to be, unsay—deny,  
 As said in jest, to wake his jealousy,  
 Or try how deeply love had taken root  
 In a young virgin's heart :—else, while the priest  
 The proud Evadne makes Amintor's wife,  
 Command the sexton dig a grave for me !

*King.* No more of this.

What kin art thou to death ?—Death hath not blood !—  
 His veins are empty—thine are full.—His flesh  
 Is cold—and thine is warm.—His heart is still—  
 Thine beats.—He's loathsome, and life shrinks from him—  
 Thou'rt sightly, sweet, and life doth cling to thee.—  
 What is Amintor ?—Body, face, and limbs,  
 Senses, thoughts, feelings, are not his alone,  
 But properties as well of other men.

Believ'st thou, hearts of flesh can wish but once ?

*Asp. (starting up.)* So please your highness, this is not my suit  
*King.* 'Tis mine—and more will serve thee than thine own.

*Asp.* My liege,

Pray you vouchsafe an answer to my suit.

*King.* Thou shouldst be mistress to a king, Aspatia !

*Asp.* I'd rather be a suitor, that did thrive.

*King.* Thou shouldst be mistress to a king, I say.

*Asp.* Not a king's wife, that lack'd a kingly heart ;

Nor wife of him, that own'd one, save he were

The monarch of my soul. (*crosses to r.*)

*King.* Hear me, Aspatia !

What's gold, that will not bring the worth of gold ?

What is a gem, which you do know is one,

And yet the lapidary's skill condemns,

That none will take it at a jewel's price ?—

As good a bead of glass !—I see thou'lt list

To reason. Hear me, sweet Aspatia !

Rightly thou saidst, my breath, that kill'd thy fame,

Can make it live again ; and it shall do it.

Look, as thou prompt'st, I'll act.—I'll say—in jest—

To move Amintor's jealousy—prove thee—

Or compass any other end, within

The range of likelihood—I owned thee kind,

When to that maid-forbidden mansion, thou

Unwittingly wert lur'd.—Note further—this

Is fair Evadne's wedding-day—a word

Shall change it into thine. An hour gone by,

Amintor leads her to the altar—there

Aspatia takes her place.—Thou mark'st ?—Thy name

No sooner clear'd, and bright, as e'er it was,

Than for a brighter one exchang'd—the wife

Of young Amintor ! Now, Aspatia,

Husbands, that hedge you in, do screen you too.

Aspatia, women I can name you, who

As wives are charitable, yet, when maids,  
 Were noted for a sordid penury.  
 Dear maid, thy silence and thy downcast looks  
 Are words and glances, that talk transport to me !  
 It lacks an hour : now, give me only earnest  
 That such a wife, as I have named, Amintor  
 Will find in thee, and be Amintor's bride.  
 Thou hear'st me ? Well ! thou understand'st me ? Well !  
 Nay, if my tongue imperfect speaks the wish,  
 Let my knee tell it thee, Aspatia. (*kneels.*)

*Asp.* Thou slave !

*King.* What say'st thou ?

*Asp.* Art thou not a slave ?

An abject, pitiful, and loathsome slave !  
 That to thy grov'ling passions stoop'st to kneel !  
 Nay, keep thy posture still, thou vicious man,  
 That wouldst a pander make of honour's hand.  
 Thou ruthless man ! that, when I came in woe  
 To sue to thee, as I'd ask Heaven for help,  
 (Oh ! most unlike to heaven !) to get my prayer  
 Wouldst have me damn my soul ! Nay, rise not yet.  
 Bring to its knee the sin, that bent thy knee,  
 And then stand up a king ! (*The KING rises.*) Heaven is my witness,  
 That I, thy subject, and the slander'd maid,  
 Slander'd by thee, to thee, my king, in vain  
 Applied to do me right ; so thou repaid'st  
 The grace of heaven's anointing ! Fare thee well.

[*Exit ASPATIA, R.*]

*King.* Perverse and shallow maid !

*Enter STRATO, R.*

*Strato.*

Good news, my liege.

Melantius' gallant fleet is hove in sight !  
 Moreover, by a vessel of swift sail,  
 Despatch'd before him, and just now arrived,  
 We learn he brings you victory. Much joy  
 To your highness !

*King.*

Thank you.

[*Exit STRATO, R.*]

Better that defeat

Had held him where he was !—He is a man  
 To read a troubled look ; and, right or wrong,  
 Find out the cause on't. He is reckless honest :  
 A man, who to respect, must have a reason ;  
 Who measures all by honour—full of action—  
 Of courage too, that heeds not what it faces !  
 A nature which I loathe. He loves his sister—  
 Amintor too !—Why comes he at this time ?  
 I thought to better purpose 'twas, I held  
 His promis'd succours back ! But let him come,  
 Monarchs are many-handed men ! We'll find  
 A way to deal with him, should he prove froward !

[*Exit KING, R.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A magnificent hall in AMINTOR's palace. At the back a large arch, behind which a rich drapery conceals the preparations for the masque; two thrones with canopies, one 2 E. R., the other 2 E. L. STRATO, L. CLEON, R. and four attendants busied in arranging the apartment. Shouts of laughter heard without.*

Str. (L.) All seem so mad with riot, 'twould appear,  
The very craftsmen had a kindred share  
In young Amintor's joy. (*Shouts of laughter.*) The world is craz'd!  
See to the minstrels and the masquers! (*two attendants exeunt, L.*)  
for all faults

The king will rail at us!

(*Without, L.*)

Room for the prince!

*Enter LYSIPPUS and two lords.*

Lys. Where is the Lord Melantius? Not yet  
Ashore?

Str. No, my good lord:—

Lys. Despatch more messengers.—

Let torches blaze along the beach, to light

Him here; his great service would make poor our

Fullest welcome.—

[*Exeunt two attendants, L.*]

Str. Bring you no tidings from

The temple, prince?—'Tis now the only question.

Lys. I left Amintor and Evadne there

Before the altar;—as the sacred priest

Held their joined hands in his,—

Blushing, with eyes down-cast, the lovers stood,

Like the bright vision of an angel's dream,

Called by some god to life. Oh! may the knot,

That they this night have tied, last, till the hand

Of age undo it!

[*Shouts without, L.*]

Cle. The king!—Make ready there!

Str. No:—look, my lord, who 'tis, that is returned!

[*Shouts without, L.*]

*Enter MELANTIUS and two lords, L.*

Lys. Noble Melantius! the land, by me,  
Welcomes thy virtues home.—But the time gives thee  
A welcome above mine, or all the world's.

Mel. My lord, my thanks:—but these scratch'd limbs of mine  
Have spoke my truth and love unto my friends,  
More than my tongue e'er could.—My mind's the same  
It ever was to you: where I find worth,  
I love the keeper, till he let it go,  
And then I follow it.

*Enter DIPHILUS, L.*

Dip.

Hail, worthiest brother!

He that rejoices not at your return

In safety, is mine enemy for ever.

*Mel.* I thank thee, Diphilus ! But thou art faulty  
 I sent for thee to exercise thine arms  
 With me at Patria : thou cam'st not Diphilus ;  
 'Twas ill.

*Dip.* My noble brother, my excuse  
 Is my king's straight command ; which you, my lord,  
 Can witness with me—

*Lys.* 'Tis true, Melantius.  
 He might not come, till the solemnity  
 Of this great match was past.

*Mel.* And for these gauds,  
 The succours to relieve my fainting soldiers  
 Were kept at home ! (*aside.*)

*Lys.* We have a masque to-night ;  
 And you must tread a soldier's measure.

*Mel.* These soft and silken wars are not for me.  
 But is Amintor wed ?

*Dip.* This very night.  
 They come now from the Temple.—I hear their music !

*Mel.* All joys upon him ! for he is my friend.  
 Wonder not, that I call a man so young my friend.  
 His worth is great ; valiant he is, and temperate,  
 And one, that never thinks his life his own,  
 If his friend need it.—When he was a boy,  
 And I return'd from battle, he'd gaze on me,  
 And view me round, to find in what one limb  
 The virtue lay, to do those things he heard.—  
 Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel  
 The quickness of its edge, and in his hand  
 Weigh it :—he oft would make me smile at this.  
 His youth did promise much, and his ripe years  
 Will see it all performed.—Blessings be on him,  
 And his fair bride, Aspatia !

*Lys.* You're mistaken ;  
 For she is not married.

*Mel.* You said Amintor was.

*Dip.* 'Tis true, but—

*Mel.* Pardon me, I did receive  
 Letters at Patria from my Amintor,  
 That he should marry her.

*Lys.* And so it stood  
 In all opinion long : but your arrival  
 Made me imagine, you had heard the change.

*Mel.* Whom hath he taken then ?

*Lys.* A lady, sir,  
 That bears the light above her :—fair Evadne,  
 Your virtuous sister.

*Mel.* Peace of heart betwixt them !  
 But this is strange !

*Lys.* The king, my brother, did it ;  
 Partly, for that foul rumours touched the fame  
 Of sad Aspatia, but his chief purpose was  
 To honour you ; and these solemnities  
 Are at his charge.



*Mel.* 'Tis royal, like himself. But I am grieved  
To think, that ought unfortunate should bear  
On beautiful Aspatia. (*crossing to R., distant music heard, L.*)

*Dip.* Hark! they're coming  
From the temple.—See—their torches flash a day  
About them! (*MELANTIUS, LYSIPPUS, & DIPHILUS, retire to R. corner.*)  
(*Without, L.*) Room there, make room!

*Minstrels, virgins, and nobles enter in procession, preceding AMINTOR,  
EVADNE, and the KING; they fill up the back of the stage.*

*Chorus of youths and virgins.*

Fairest goddess, queen of loves,  
Soft and gentle as thy doves,  
Beauteous mother of delights,  
Happy days, and happier nights,  
Ever young, and golden tressed,  
Be this fair for ever blessed!

*Lys.* My lord, the bridegroom!

*Mel.* I might run fiercely, not more hastily,  
Upon my foe.—I love thee well, Amintor:—  
I joy to look upon those eyes of thine:  
Thou art my friend—but my disordered speech  
Cuts off my love.

*Ami.* Thou art Melantius:  
All love is spoke in that. Melantius  
Returns in safety! Victory sits on thy sword  
As she was wont. May she build there and dwell,  
And may thy armour be, as it hath been,  
Only thy valour and thy innocence!

*Mel.* I'm but poor in words—

*King.* (*crossing to him.*) Melantius, here are friends impatient  
To claim right in thee.

*Mel.* My sovereign! (*kneels.*)

*King.* (*raising and embracing him.*) Thou'rt welcome; and my  
love is with thee still.

*Mel.* (*crossing to her.*) Sister, I joy to see you, and your choice:  
You looked with my eyes, when you took that man;  
Be happy in him!

*Eva.* Oh, my dearest brother!  
Your presence is more joyful, than this day  
Can be unto me.

*Enter STRATO, C.*

*Str.* (*R.*) Sir, the masquers wait  
Your bidding.

*King.* Amintor, you are monarch  
Of the night—dispense your own commands.

*Ami.* Let them attend. (*The KING goes to throne, L., and sits.  
STRATO, having given directions, comes to the side of the KING,  
with LYSIPPUS and DIPHILUS.*) We shall but trouble you  
With our solemnities. (*Leading EVADNE to throne, R., placing her  
nearest the audience.*)

*Mel.* Not so, Amintor :  
 But if you laugh at my rude carriage  
 In peace, I'll do as much for you in war,  
 When you come thither. One word with you. (*AMINTOR advances*  
*R.*) I fear

Thou art grown fickle, and that Aspatia  
 Mourns, forsaken of thee—on what terms I know not.

*Ami.* 'Tis true, she had my promise and my love ;  
 Heaven knows my grief to lose her ; but the King,  
 On secret motives touching her fair fame,  
 Forbad our union, and made me make  
 This worthy change, thy sister, accompanied  
 With graces far above her.

*Mel.* Be prosperous !

(*The minstrels, virgins, and nobles retire on each side. The curtains are withdrawn, and discover variously grouped, the heathen deities Flora and Vertumnus, L., Thetis and Triton, C., Ceres and Pan, R. Apollo and Diana above C., with their symbols.*)

*Dance of attendant nymphs to the following chorus.*

All dear Nature's children sweet  
 Lay at the bride and bridegroom's feet,  
 To grace this happy night ;  
 Richest gems the waters yield,  
 Fairest flowers of the field.  
 Every treasure,  
 Every pleasure,  
 Crown your days with fresh delight !  
 If there be a joy yet new  
 In marriage, let it fall on you !

(*Afterlaying at the feet of EVADNE and AMINTOR emblematic gifts, they retire within the arch, and are closed in by the drapery as they form themselves into a group.*)

*King. (rising.)* A thanks to every one.—Good night, Amintor,  
 And fair Evadne :—we'll ease you of more  
 Tedious ceremony.—Attend the bride  
 With all due honours, ladies. (*coming down, L. C.*)

*Eva.* Happiness

Be with my sovereign lord !

[*Exeunt EVADNE and ladies.*]

*King.* Melantius,  
 We must not part : our banquet would be poor,  
 And the full goblet, though to love upraised,  
 Want its diviner spirit without thee  
 To do our revels honour.—Once more welcome !  
 Joy and good night, Amintor !

*Mel. (to AMINTOR.)* Could I love thee  
 More, thou'st given me cause to do so—  
 But I cannot :—my blessing rest with thee !

*King.* Thy hand, Melantius.—Come.—

[*Exeunt KING and MELANTIUS, L.*]

*Ami.* Much happiness unto you all—my friends, good night !

[*Exeunt all but AMINTOR, L.*]

Would I could ease this fulness of the heart,  
 That almost aches with its excess of bliss !  
 Teach me, ye gods ! to thank you, as I ought,  
 For all this store of blessings, never yet  
 In one man's lot poured with such boundless goodness !  
 I am too happy—(*ASPATIA enters through drapery c.*)

*Asp.* At last he is alone—  
 My—My lord (*comes down R.*)

*Amintor*—

*Ami.* Heavens ! *Aspatia*—*Madam*—*Aspatia*—*I* !  
 What would you—speak your will, madam :—prithee  
 Keep in thy tears.

*Asp.* They flow despite of me ;  
 I thought, that I had wept them quite away,  
 For since we parted, it has been my only  
 Solace, to weep and think of you.

*Ami.* How cam'st  
 Thou hither ?—I would not have men see thee—

*Asp.* Oh ! let them gaze—for human agony's  
 A favourite spectacle ; and 'tis no sight  
 Of common suffering, they'd come to look on here.  
 Long hours I've watched in patient torture for thee—

*Ami.* Thou dost awake feelings that trouble me,  
 And say, " I lov'd thee once." I dare not stay.

*Asp.* A moment yet, my lord :—'tis the last time  
 You ever may behold me.—If you were  
 False to me—

*Ami.* *Aspatia* !—false ?—

*Asp.* Nay, I accuse  
 You not ;—but if you *were*, forgive it, Heaven !—  
 And may its pardon reach even his perjured soul,  
 Who causelessly has laid griefs on me, that  
 Will never let me rest !—My errand at  
 This hour is—to look once again upon you ;  
 And to give to your own hands this paper—  
 'Tis a prayer you'll not deny, if I dare trust  
 A hope, that once deceived me.—

*Ami.* Wrong me not ;—  
 If it be aught that may content thee, and  
 In honour may be given, receive my promise ;—  
 And begone :—*Aspatia*, leave me, for  
 Beholding thee, I am, I know not what.

*Asp.* I'll trouble you no more ! (*crosses to L.*)  
 Go, and be happy in your lady's love !  
 May discontent ne'er grow 'twixt her and you,  
 May all the wrongs, that you have done to me,  
 Be utterly forgotten in my death !  
 Still I am prouder, prouder far  
 To have been once your love, though now refused,  
 Than to have had another true to me.  
 So with my prayers I leave you, and must try  
 Some yet unpractised way to grieve and die.

*Ami.* Her sorrow strikes my heart :—Methinks I feel  
 Her grief shoot suddenly thro' all my veins.

[*Exit, L.*]

Hear she has suffered wrong!—But why perplex  
 myself?—The king was her accuser, and  
 with vouch of her inconstancy, forced me  
 to break my troth! what says her suit? (*reads.*) “My tongue  
 shall pray for your happiness, though mine eyes refuse to wit-  
 ness it: I carry my sorrows far from you, and in my farewells  
 commend to your care a brother, whom too much love for  
 you has bereft of a sister's protection.—Be to him what you  
 would have been, had you never doubted my truth, and when  
 you find it spotless, requite him with the kindness owed to me,  
 The lost Aspatia.”

Unhappy girl!—He shall be ever near me,  
 The inmate of my home and of my heart.  
 My soul sinks down within me; the light spirit,  
 Erewhile that lifted me from earth, is turned  
 To dullest lead;—No, no;—the messenger of love  
 Appears to chase the shadows, that o'ercloud  
 My joy.

*Enter CLEANTHE, R.*

Thou need'st not speak thy errand;  
 I know thou com'st, Cleanthe, to accuse  
 Me as a heedless spendthrift of rich time—  
*Cle.* My duty, sir—  
*Ami.* Oh! what a tone and look for Hymen's herald!  
 A lip without a smile on such a night  
 Is a bad omen. I'll not listen to thee. (*going.*)

*Cle.* My Lord  
 Amintor, stay; your bride, Evadne,  
 Waits you in the library.

*Ami.* What dost say?  
*Cle.* She wishes there to see you:—The noblest  
 Ladies, selected by the king to do  
 Her grace, she has dismissed, and unattended sits  
 In pensive mood, waiting your presence there.

*Ami.* What coy device is this?—Evadne?—Ha!  
 Does sickness weigh upon her?—Is she ill?

*Cle.* My lord—  
*Ami.* My lord?—My life hangs on a word,  
 Thou seest me suffer, yet prolong'st my pain,  
 To flatter me with forms; away, I cannot  
 Stop to question thee—Evadne! my Evadne!—

[*Exeunt, R.*

SCENE II.—*The library of AMINTOR; a door U. E. R. half  
 open; EVADNE discovered, and seated at table, with a light on it,  
 L. M. S.*

*Eva.* Was't not a step? (*rising*)—No:—there has been scarcely  
 Time to give my message; (*brings down chair*) but the fretful wish  
 Still lengthens out the time, it would o'erleap.—  
 I hear his rapid foot upon the stair!—  
 'Tis he! (*sits, L.*

*Enter AMINTOR, door U. E. R.*

*Ami.* Evadne ! let me look upon thee !—  
 Thank Heaven, my fears were false ; health's roseate blush  
 Still decks thy lovely cheek, and those bright eyes  
 Can blot all sad remembrance far away.—  
 But, dear Evadne, spare thy tender body :  
 The vapours of the night may reach thee here :—  
 And did thy thoughtful fondness send to chide me ?

*Eva.* No.

*Ami.* My best love : why art thou up so long ?

*Eva.* I am not well.

*Ami.* Repose will banish sickness :

*Eva.* My lord, I cannot sleep :—nay—were my couch  
 The single spot on earth, where I could hope  
 For rest, I would not seek it there.

*Ami.* And why,

Dear love ?

*Eva.* Why ?—I have sworn I will not.—

*Ami.* Sworn vadne !

*Eva.* Yes, sworn, Amintor : and will swear again,  
 If you will wish to hear me.

*Ami.* I'd hear no

Oaths, but those of love from thee.

*Eva.* Of love from me ?—

*Ami.* How prettily that frown becomes thee !

*Eva.* Do you like it so ?

*Ami.* Thou canst not dress thy face in such a look,  
 But I must like it.

*Eva.* What look likes you best ?

*Ami.* Why do you ask ?

*Eva.* That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

*Ami.* How's that ?

*Eva.* That I may show you one less pleasing to you.

*Ami.* I prithee, put thy jests in milder looks ;

It shows, as thou wert angry.

*Eva.* So perhaps

I am indeed.

*Ami.* Why ? who has done thee wrong ?

Name me the man, and by thyself I swear

Thy yet unconquered self, I will revenge thee !

*Eva.* (*standing up.*) Now I shall try thy truth.—If thou  
 love me,

Thou weigh'st not any thing compared with me ;—

Life, honour, joys eternal, all delights

This world can yield, or hopeful people feign,—

Or in the life to come, are light as air

To a true lover, when his lady frowns,

And bids him "*do this.*"—Wilt thou kill this man ?

Swear, Amintor !

*Ami.* I will not swear, sweet love,

Till I do know the cause.

*Eva.* I would, thou wouldst !

Why, it is *thou* that wrong'st me :—I hate thee :

Thou shouldst have killed thyself. (*crosses to E.*)

*Ami.* If I should know that, I should quickly kill  
The man you hated.

*Eva.* Know it then, and do't.

*Ami.* (*looking at her.*) Oh, no :—what look soe'er thou shalt put  
on,

To try my faith, I shall not think thee false :  
I cannot find one blemish in thy face,  
Where falsehood should abide.—This cannot be  
Thy natural temper !

*Eva.* Put off amazement, and with patience mark  
What I shall utter : 'tis not for this night  
Alone I've sworn to our divorce—it is  
For ever !

*Ami.* Great Heaven ! I dream !

*Eva.* You hear right !

I sooner will find out the beds of snakes,  
And with my youthful blood warm their cold flesh,  
Letting *them* curl themselves about my limbs,  
Than break the oath I've sworn.—This is not feigned,  
Nor sounds it like the coyness of a bride. (*crosses to L.*)

*Ami.* Evadne !

What horrid fears rise sick'ning at my heart ?

Art thou ?—

She can but jest :—Oh ! pardon me, my love !—

Yet satisfy my fear ;

It is a pain beyond the hand of death

To be in doubt : confirm it with an oath,

If this be true.

*Eva.* Do you invent the form :—

Let there be in it all the binding words,

Demons and sorcerers can put together,

And I will take it.—I have sworn before,

And here, by all things holy, do again,

More than in name never to be thy wife !

Is your doubt over now ? (*sits.*)

*Ami.* The only doubt, that e'er could shake my soul,

Now makes my heart beat with a coward's motion :

What means this trembling o'er me ?—There's a cause,

For this, my honour shrinks to ask for, but

I'll know :—tell me—tell me—

Or by those hairs—which, if thou hadst a soul

Like to thy locks, were threads for kings to wear

About their arms—

*Eva.* Indeed !

*Ami.* I'll drag thee to the earth, and make thy tongue

Undo this wicked oath, or on thy flesh

I'll print a thousand wounds to let out life !

*Eva.* I fear thee not.—Do what thou dar'st, Amintor !

Every ill-sounding word or threatening look,

Thou show'st to me, will be revenged at full.

*Ami.* Woman !—Evadne ?—Am I then so vile,

So poor of heart, thou dar'st to fling a threat

Into my face ?—Where are your champions ?—where !

Set them before me.—Death ! I stand and prate,

Holding a coward parley with such insult,  
 As taints the life of honour, sheds the blight  
 Of infamy upon my unstain'd name !  
 Give me to know the man, would wrong me thus,  
 And though his body were a poisonous plant,  
 That it was death to touch, I have a soul  
 Will throw me on him.

*Eva.* I've too much care of thine and my own fame,  
 To drag a fate upon thee, would kill both.

*Ami.* Thou canst not be—The thought is madness to me !  
 I am afraid, some sudden start will pull  
 A murder on me !

Ye powers above ! if you did ever mean,  
 Man should be used thus, you have thought a way  
 How he may bear himself and save his honour ;—  
 Instruct me in it ; for to my torn heart  
 There seems no mean, no moderate course to run :  
 I must live scorn'd or be a murderer.

*Eva.* This rage can do no good.

*Ami.* Evadne, hear me :

Thou hast ta'en an oath, which in itself is sin—  
 That I'll forgive—freely forgive thee all,  
 That can forgiven be :—say but, thou art not—

*Eva.* Why shouldst thou pursue  
 A question, that resolv'd makes only sure,  
 What known thou'dst wish to doubt ?—Why dost thou gaze  
 Upon me, as thy starting eyes would pierce  
 My soul's dark depths ?—Is it not enough  
 To know, I love thee not ?—The fate, that yokes me  
 With thy humbler spirit, can lay no thrall upon  
 My sovereign will ; my heart defies all bondage.  
 I love with my ambition, not my eyes.—  
 Be school'd, Amintor :—When pain's all the fruit  
 The tree of knowledge bears, who but the fool  
 Would reach his hand to pluck ?—I've told thee all  
 Imports thee know,—and warn thee seek no further.

[ *Exit,*

*Ami.* Have I my reason ?—"Twas Evadne spoke !  
 Melantius' sister—my wife—new wedded—  
 Gracious gods ! what am I ?—What dread mystery,  
 What secret of disgrace, and death, and horror  
 Lies underneath her words !—Oh, man ! vain man !  
 That trusts out all his reputation  
 To rest upon the weak and yielding hand  
 Of feeble woman !—It is Heaven's justice !  
 The faithless sin, I made,—weak, credulous fool !—  
 To fair Aspatia, now is well reveng'd ;  
 It follows me.—But I will know the worst,  
 E'en though to know it goad me into murder,  
 And my own death should follow !—"Tis my fame,  
 And honour, both enforce me to it ; I  
 Have never disobey'd them.—She shall speak.

[ *Exit,*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A hall in AMINTOR's palace, with door in R. flat.  
A chair on each side.*

*Enter MELANTIUS and DIPHILUS, L.*

*Mel.* It sounds incredibly!

*Dip.* You would have trusted

Me once?

*Mel.* And will still, where I may with justice  
To the world:—but to believe such actions  
In my King were treason to him. Heard you not  
Dion say, that even now Lord Strato bears  
To Amintor and our dear Evadne  
His royal master's greetings?—A love like his,  
So prodigal of goodness, can no alliance hold  
With lust and cruelty:—No more—thou'lt anger me. (*crosses to L.*)  
*Dip.* Not for the truth, Melantius; and men's lives  
And ladies' blighted names can vouch the history,  
Thou'rt loath to hear.

*Mel.* I must not hear it.  
Licentiousness, oppression, murder!—'tis  
A monster, that, thou paint'st! (*STRATO enters from door in flat, R.*)  
The name of king,  
Though it bore thunder, should not stay my fury,  
Were this true, from throwing on him the stain  
And fate of tyranny.

*Str.* (*coming down c.*) You speak loud,  
If you talk secrets, sir.—

*Mel.* My speech requires  
Your comment and attention, lord, as little  
As it fears your kind report. Listeners are  
Ever babblers.

*Str.* Boldness becomes you, but 'twere well  
To treasure it 'gainst a time of need—(*crosses to L.*) another  
Visitor is on his way;—farewell! [*Exit STRATO, L.*]

*Dip.* Shall I  
Not silence him! (*touching his sword.*)

*Mel.* Be patient, boy; he has  
No power to wound my honesty:—see who approach?

*Enter CLEON, DIAGORAS, lords, &c.*

*Cle.* Is not the bridegroom here?—Good day, Melantius!  
Our love would pay the customary greetings  
To Amintor and your sister.

*Me..* Our errand was the same;  
I'll seek them for you. [*Exit MELANTIUS, R.*]

*Cle.* Are we too early?



*Dip.* No : Lord Strato, whom you met, had borne  
E'en now saluting and congratulations  
From the king, precursors of his presence here  
Unto Amintor.

*Enter AMINTOR door in flat, R.*

*Cl.* From the King !—he rains  
His royal favours on him : 'tis his love,  
That weighs Amintor's virtues.

*Dia.* See, the bridegroom !

*All.* Joy to Amintor !

*Ami.* Who's there ?—my brother !

*Dip.* Yes ;

Come with the worn-out wish, that every day  
Be blither than the last,—

*Ami.* Amen ! amen ! (*crosses to L.*)

*Cl.* It makes men happier to think you happy,  
And, most of all, your friends, who tell you so.

*Ami.* You are all welcome :—come—shall we be merry ?

*Dip.* You do not look as you were so disposed.  
You are ill, Amintor—your eyes are heavy—

*Ami.* 'Tis true !

*Enter MELANTIUS, R.*

*Mel.* (*crosses to him.*) Good day, Amintor : for to me the name  
Of brother is too distant : we are friends,  
And that is nearer.

*Ami.* Dear Melantius !

Let me behold thee.—Is it possible ?

*Mel.* What sudden gaze is this ?

*Ami.* 'Tis wond'rous strange !

*Mel.* Why does thine eye desire so strict a view  
Of that, it knows so well ?—There's nothing here,  
That is not thine.

*Ami.* I wonder much, Melantius,  
To see these noble looks, that make me think  
How virtuous thou art ! And on the sudden  
'Tis strange to me, thou shouldst have worth and honour ;  
And not be base, and false, and treacherous—

*Mel.* Stay, stay, my friend :

I fear this sound will not become our loves.

*Ami.* Oh, mistake me not :

I know thee to be full of all those deeds,  
That we frail man call good.—Yet by the course  
Of nature, thou shouldst be as quickly changed  
As are the winds—Oh, how near am I  
To utter my sick thoughts ! (*aside.*)

*Mel.* But why, my friend, should I be so by nature ?

*Ami.* I've wed thy sister, who hath virtuous thoughts  
Enough for one whole family ; and it is strange,  
That you should feel no want.

*Mel.* Believe me, this compliment's too cunning for me !

EVADNE without, R. U. E.

Where is my lord?

Ami. Evadne!—Come, my love;

Enter EVADNE, door in flat, R.

Your brothers do attend to wish you joy. (EVADNE between DIPHI-  
LUS and MELANTIUS.)

Mel. Good-morrow, sister! He, that understands  
Whom you have wed, need not to wish you joy;  
You have enough:—take heed, you be not proud.

Dip. Sister!—have you no ear for my good-morrow?  
It shall be merrier, and full as true  
As our grave brother's.

Eva. Dear Diphilus, love's smiles  
Are ever earnest of its truth, speaking  
More pleasantly than sober words, that oft  
Beguile us. Your mirth shall have its audience,  
With thanks in recompence.

Cle. Lady, if wishes  
Could prolong your happiness, it would outlive  
All time.

Eva. Your goodness tasks our gratitude  
To pay thanks worthy of it.

[AMINTOR has gone in melancholy abstraction round the  
stage, and sunk into chair, R., MELANTIUS follows him]

Mel. Amintor!

Ami. Ha?

Mel. Thou'rt sad.

Ami. Who, I?—I thank you for that.—Shall Diphilus, thou  
And I sing?

Mel. How?

Ami. Prithee let's.

Mel. Nay, that's too much the other way.

Ami. I am so lightened with my happiness!

Gentlemen!

Would you had all such wives, and all the world,  
That I might be no wonder! You're all sad.—  
What, do you envy me? I walk, methinks,  
On water, and ne'er sink, I am so light.

Mel. 'Tis well you are so.

Ami. Well? How can I be other, when she looks thus?  
Is there no music there? Let's dance.

Mel. Why this is strange, Amintor!

Ami. I do not know myself;—(crosses to L.)

Eva. Amintor, bark! (aside)

You do it scurvily;—'twill be perceived. (EVADNE goes up stage  
attended by all the lords.)

Cle. My lord, the King is here.

Enter KING, LYSIPPUS, and STRATO.

Ami. Where? (crosses to R., and throws himself into a chair.)

Dia. And his brother.

King. Good morrow, all!

Amintor, joy on joy fall thick upon you! (AMINTOR starts up and  
supports himself by the chair.)

Madame, I salute you ; you're now another's,  
And therein twice the object of our care.

Ha ! Melantius !

Whispers have reach'd us, casting doubts, Melantius,  
Upon a trusted subject's faith :—you can conceive  
My meaning easily ; for men, that are in fault,  
Can subtly apprehend, when others aim  
At what they do amiss. But I forgive  
Freely before this man.

*Mel.* I cannot tell  
What 'tis you mean :—but I am apt enough  
Rudely to thrust into an ignorant fault :—  
But let me know it : happily 'tis nought  
But misconstruction ; and where I am clear,  
'Twill not take forgiveness from high Heaven,  
Much less from you.

*King.* Nay, if you stand so stiff,  
I shall call back my mercy.

*Mel.* I want smoothness  
To thank a man for pardoning of a crime  
I never knew.

*King.* Not to instruct your knowledge, but to show you  
My ears are every where, you called me tyrant,  
And even menac'd me.

*Mel.* Pardon me, sir :—  
My bluntness will be pardoned :—You preserve  
A race of idle people here about you—  
Facers and talkers—to defame the worth  
Of those, that do things worthy ;—(*STRATO comes down R.*)  
And if I thought you gave a faith to them,  
The plainness of my nature would speak more.

*Str.* Why didst thou not before me say thus much ?

*Mel.* Oh, then it comes from him ?

*Str.* Who should it come from ?

*Mel.* I talk not to him :—  
Should the vile tales of such an abject thing,  
A cringing, gabbling, eaves-dropper, make a breach  
Between your majesty and me ? 'Twas wrong  
To hearken to him ; but to credit him,  
At least as much as I have power to bear.—  
I have bestow'd  
My careless blood with you, and should be loth  
To think an action, that would make me lose  
That, and my thanks too. When I was a boy,  
I thrust myself into my country's cause,  
And did a deed, that pluck'd five years from time,  
And styl'd me man, then. My heart  
And limbs are still the same ; my will as great  
To do you service. Let me not be paid  
With such unkind distrust.

*King.* Let me take thee  
To my arms, Melantius, and believe  
Thou art, as thou deserv'st to be, my friend  
Still, and for ever.—Amintor (*crosses to him*) cheer thee .

Thou art still a bridegroom, and we must use thee so.  
You will trust me, will you not, to choose  
A wife for you again.

*Ami.* No, never, sir!

*King.* Why—like you this so ill?

*Ami.* So well I like her ;—

And if the powers,  
That rule us, please to call her first away,  
Without pride spoke, this world holds not a wife  
Worthy to take her room.

For this I bow my knee in thanks to you,  
And lift my hands in prayer, in grateful prayer,  
To Heaven—

From the deep workings of ano'er fraught heart,  
Imploring strict remembrance in its justice  
Of all your bounty gives me, and, at its chosen  
Time, that 'twill repay the debt I owe you,  
Which my life, though stretch'd through countless ages,  
Cannot clear.

*King.* I do not like this :—

All forbear the room, but you, Amintor. (*Exit STRATO, L., the  
other lords through door in flat, R.*)

I have some speech with you,  
Which may concern your after living well.

*Ami.* He will not tell me, that he has disgraced me! (*aside.*)

If he do, something heavenly stay my heart,  
For I shall be apt to thrust this hand of mine  
To acts unlawful.

*King.* Amintor—something lurks  
Beneath your words.—Do you suspect me?

*Ami.* Sir?—

Suspect you?

*King.* You would suffer me to talk  
With fair Evadne, nor have a jealous pang?

*Ami.* (*after a pause.*) I will not lose a word  
On that vile woman. But to you, my king,—  
The anguish of my soul thrusts out this truth,  
You are a tyrant!

*King.* How, sir!

*Ami.* You that can know to wrong, should know how men  
Must right themselves: What punishment is due  
From me to him, that shall abuse my bed?  
Is it not death?

*King.* Draw not thy sword; thou know'st I cannot fear  
A subject's hand.

*Ami.* As you are mere man,  
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,  
As you dare think to do it. But there is  
Divinity about you, that strikes dead  
My rising passions.—Good, my lord the King,  
Be silent on it.

*King.* Thou mayst live, Amintor,  
Free as thy King, if thou but turn thine eyes  
Away—

Ami. A pander?—Hold, my breast!—A bitter curse  
Seize me, if I forget not all respects  
That are religious, on another word  
Sounded like that; and thro' a sea of sins  
Will wade to my revenge, tho' I should call  
Pains here, and after life, upon my soul!  
Tempt me no more—my senses will not hold—  
Monster!—Barbarian! I will not listen to thee!

[Exit, 2.]

King. His frantic passion satisfies my heart  
Of fair Evadne's truth;—while that is mine  
Let this weak boy rage on! Suspects Melantius  
Aught?—methinks it is a mask, and not his face,  
He shows me. Gods! knew he—sure Amintor  
Hath stronger sense of shame, if not of manhood,  
Than to be herald of his own disgrace!  
If they should plot together!—I'll remove them!  
Take danger by the root, and up with it  
Before it comes to bear! Its noxiousness  
Lies in its baleful fruit. Up with it!—Deep!  
Go deep! Leave not a fibre!—They shall die!  
Amintor and Melantius both shall die!

[Exit, 2.]

SCENE II.—A room in AMINTOR'S palace. AMINTOR discovered seated at a table, R. ASPATIA disguised as a boy, standing near, L.

Asp. Is there no service that my love can learn  
To do you profit? At first I may be awkward,  
But if you deign to teach me, my strong wish  
To please will make all labours easy.

Ami. Gentle youth,  
Leave me; for beholding thee, in voice and look  
So like thy much wronged sister, my sins  
In their most hideous form stand up before me—  
But 'tis my fate to bear, and bow beneath  
A thousand griefs!

Asp. Are there not some, that I  
Could suffer for you?—send me not from you, sir,  
For a fault of feature only: I'll stay by you,  
If but to weep in silence, when you mourn;  
Or I would lull your sorrows with my lute,  
And sing to you betimes, or, stories tell,  
To win you to a brief forgetfulness  
Of all, that now disturbs you.—

Ami. I could believe, it was Aspatia spoke!—  
Wouldst do so much, my boy?

Asp. I would do any thing to show  
My love:—wander with you in poverty,  
And danger,—bear cold and hunger, venture  
Life itself, and smiling lay it down  
To lengthen yours, or make your sufferings  
E'en by one sigh the less.

*Ami.* I am not worth  
Such loyalty, kind youth ; tho' I must love  
Thee for it ; and for Aspatia's sake will ever  
Cherish thee.  
(*Rising and apart.*) Why should I be thus wretched ?  
For aught I know, all husbands are like me ;  
And every one, I talk with of his wife,  
Is but a vain dissembler of his woes,  
As I am.—Would I knew it ! for the rareness  
Afflicts me now.—But let me bear my griefs  
Hid from the world, that no man's eye perceive  
My inward misery.—Oh ! (*throwing himself into chair, R.*)

*Enter MELANTIUS, L.*

*Mel.* I'll know the cause of all Amintor's griefs,  
Or friendship shall be idle. His distracted carriage  
Takes deeply on me ; I will find the cause.  
I fear his conscience cries, he wronged Aspatia.

*Ami.* Who's there ?—my friend !

*Mel.* Amintor, we have not  
Enjoyed our friendship o' late, for we were wont  
To change our souls in talk.

*Ami.* Melantius, I  
Can tell thee a good jest of Strato and  
A lady, the other day.

*Mel.* How was't ?

*Ami.* Why, such  
An odd one.

*Mel.* (*crosses to R.*) Leave us good youth. [*Exit ASPATIA, R.*  
I have long'd

To speak with you, not of an idle jest  
That's forced, but of matter you are bound to utter  
To me.

*Ami.* What's that, my friend ?

*Mel.* I have observed your words  
Fall from your tongue wildly, and all your carriage,  
Like one, that strove to show his merry mood,  
When he were ill disposed.—You were not wont  
To put such scorn into your speech ; or wear  
Upon your face ridiculous jollity.  
Some sadness sits here, which your cunning would  
Cover over with smiles, and 'twill not be.  
What is it ?—

*Ami.* A sadness here !—what cause  
Can fate provide for me, to make me sad ?  
Am I not lov'd thro' all this isle ? The king  
Rains greatness on me ; have I not received  
A beauteous lady as my bride, whose heart's  
A prison for all virtue ? Are not you  
(Which is above all joys) my constant friend !—  
What sadness can I have ?

*Mel.* You may, Amintor,  
 Shape causes to cozen the whole world withal,  
 And yourself too ; but 'tis not like a friend,  
 To hide your soul from me.—'Tis not your nature  
 To be thus idle.—I have seen you stand,  
 As you were blasted, 'midst of all your mirth :  
 Call thrice aloud, and then start, feigning joy  
 So coldly !—World, what do I here ?—a friend  
 Is nothing.—Heavens ! I would have told that man  
 My secret sins !  
 Come with a compliment !—I would have fought—  
 Or told my friend " he lied," ere soothed him so !—  
 Out of my bosom ! (*crosses to L.*)

*Ami.* But there is nothing—

*Mel.* Worse and worse !—farewell !—  
 From this time have acquaintance (*going, L.*), but no friend !

*Ami.* Melantius stay :—you shall know what it is.

*Mel.* See, how you played with friendship ! Be advised,  
 How you give cause unto yourself to say,  
 You've lost a friend.

*Ami.* Forgive what I have done ;  
 For I am so o'ergone with injuries  
 Unheard of, that I lose consideration  
 Of what I ought to do.—Oh, oh !—

*Mel.* Do not weep,  
 What is it ?—May I once but know the man  
 Hath turned my friend thus !

*Ami.* I had spoke at first  
 But that—

*Mel.* But what ?

*Ami.* I held it most unfit  
 For you to know.—Faith, do not know it yet.

*Mel.* Thou seest my love, that will keep company  
 With thee in tears ; hide nothing then from me :  
 For when I know the cause of thy distemper,  
 With mine old armour I'll adorn myself,  
 My resolution, and cut thro' thy foes  
 Unto thy quiet ; 'till I place thy heart  
 As peaceable as spotless innocence.  
 What is it ?

*Ami.* Why, 'tis this—let my tears make way awhile.

*Mel.* Punish me strangely, Heaven, if he escape  
 Of life or fame, that brought this youth to this !

*Ami.* Your sister—

*Mel.* Well said.

*Ami.* You will wish't unknown,  
 When you have heard it.

*Mel.* No.

*Ami.* Is much to blame,—  
 And to the King hath given her honour up !

*Mel.* How is this ?—

Thou art run mad with injury, indeed :  
 Thou couldst not utter this else !—speak again,  
 For I forgive it freely :—tell thy griefs.—

*Mel.* She's wanton—(I am loth to say the word,  
Though it be true),  
And I the chosen cover of her shame!

*Mel.* Speak yet again, before mine anger grows  
Up, beyond throwing down: what are thy griefs?

*Ami.* By all our friendship, these.

*Mel.* What, am I tame?—  
After mine actions shall the name of friend  
Blot all our family! and stick the brand  
Of wanton on my sister, unrevenged?—  
My shaking flesh, be thou a witness for me,  
With what unwillingness I go to scourge  
This railer, whom my folly hath called friend!  
I will not take thee basely; thy sword  
Hangs near thy hand; draw it, that I may whip  
Thy rashness to repentance.—Draw thy sword!

*Ami.* Never, never on thee.

*Mel.* Ye gods! he's base  
And fearful!—Thou hast a guilty cause.

*Ami.* Thou pleasest me:—much more like this—

*Mel.* Take then more  
To raise thine anger: 'tis mere cowardice  
Makes thee not draw;—but I will leave thee dead,  
Make thy vile memory loathed, and fix a scandal  
Upon thy name for ever.

*Ami.* No choice is left my honour.  
I knew before  
'Twould grate your ears; but it was base in you  
To urge a weighty secret from your friend  
And then rage at it.—I shall be at ease  
If I be killed; and if you fall by me,  
I shall not long outlive you. (*advancing on him.*)

*Mel.* Stay awhile.—  
The name of friend is more than family,  
Or all the world besides: I was a fool!—  
Would I had died, ere known  
This sad dishonour! Pardon me, my friend!  
If thou wilt strike, here is a faithful heart,  
Pierce it; for I will never heave my hand  
To thine:—Behold the power thou hast in me!  
I do believe my sister is a wanton!  
A leprous one!—put up thy sword, young man!

*Ami.* How should I bear it then, she being so?  
I fear, my friend, that you will lose me shortly;  
And I shall do a foul act on myself,  
Through these disgraces!

*Mel.* Better, half the land  
Were buried quick together. No, Amintor!  
Thou shalt have ease.—Oh this adult'rous king,  
To wrong me so!

*Ami.* What is it then to me,  
If it be wrong to you?

*Mel.* Why not so much:  
The credit of our house is thrown away;—



But from his iron den I'll waken Death,  
And hurl him on this king!—My honesty  
Shall steel my sword: and on its horrid point  
I'll wear my cause that shall amaze the eyes  
Of this proud man, and be too glittering  
For him to look on. (*crosses to R.*)

*Ami.* I have quite undone my fame.

*Mel.* Dry up thy watery eyes;  
And cast a manly look upon my face;  
For nothing is so wild as I, thy friend,  
Till I have freed thee. Still this swelling breast!  
I go thus from thee, and will never cease  
My vengeance, till I find thy heart in peace.

*Ami.* Stay, stay,—

*Mel.* I will to death pursue him with revenge.

*Ami.* Out with thy sword then, and hand in hand with me  
Rush to the chamber of this hated king,  
And sink him with the weight of all his sins  
To hell for ever.

*Mel.* 'Twere a rash attempt,  
Not to be done with safety. Let our reason  
Plot our revenge, and not your passion.  
You'll overthrow my whole design with madness.

*Ami.* I am mad indeed,  
And know not what I do.—Yet have a care  
Of me in what thou dost.

*Mel.* Why, thinks my friend  
I will forget his honour? or to save  
The brav'ry of our house, will lose his fame?  
I'll do what worth shall bid me,—and no more.  
*Ami.* 'Faith I'm sick;—and desperately, I hope.  
Yet leaning thus, I feel a kind of ease.

*Mel.* Come, take again your mirth about you.

*Ami.* I shall never do it.

*Mel.* I warrant you

*Ami.* Thy love—oh wretched!—Ay, thy love, Melantius!  
Why I have nothing else.

*Mel.* Be merry then—  
Look up—we'll walk together.  
Put thine arm here: all shall be well again.

(*MELANTIUS accompanies AMINTOR off the stage, L., and immediately returns.*)

This worthy young man may do violence  
Upon himself;—but I have cherish'd him  
To my best power, and sent him smiling from me  
To counterfeit again. Sword, hold thine edge;  
My heart will never fail me. I will wash the stain,  
That rests upon our house, off with his blood.

*Enter DIPHILUS, R.*

Diphilus!—thou comest as sent!

*Dip.* Yonder has been such laughing!

*Mel.* Betwixt whom?

*Dip.* Why, our sister and the king : I thought their spleens  
Would break ; they laughed us all out of the room.

*Mel.* They must weep, Diphilus.

*Dip.* Must they ?

*Mel.* They must.—

Thou art my brother ;—and if I did believe  
Thou hadst a base thought, I would rip it out,  
Lie where it durst.

*Dip.* You should not ; I would first  
Mangle myself, and find it.

*Mel.* That was spoke  
According to our strain.—Come, join thy hands  
To mine,  
And swear a firmness to what project I  
Shall lay before thee.

*Dip.* You do wrong us both ;  
People hereafter shall not say, there passed  
A bond, more than our loves, to tie our lives  
And deaths together.

*Mel.* It is as nobly said, as I could wish.  
Anon I'll tell you wonders ;—we are wrong'd !

*Dip.* But I will tell you now, we'll right ourselves !

*Mel.* If thou be'st what thou say'st, we will, my brother !  
This is the night, spite of astronomers,  
To do the deed in, that shall either bring  
Our banished honours home, or create new ones  
In our deaths. Time flies ; prepare the armour  
In my house ; and whate'er friends you can draw to us,  
Not knowing of the cause, make ready too :  
Then to the port, and bid my trustiest soldiers,  
In secrecy and silence, be prepared  
This night to combat for Melantius' honour,  
Perhaps his safety.—Be swift, yet cautious—  
A word may be our ruin.—Haste, my brother,  
To-night we strike the blow, and day is fast  
Declining ; midnight is the hour—remember !  
Haste, Diphilus, the time requires it ; haste !

[Exit DIPHILUS, L.]

He must die, and his own sin shall strike him !  
My aim can't miss. All that this world calls happy,  
Shameless tyrant, thou'st pilfer'd from me ; but  
I will redeem  
The honour thou hast stolen, or escape  
In death the shame on't!—By my revenge I will !

[Exit MELANTIUS, R.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A room in AMINTOR's palace; EVADNE on sofa, R., and six ladies standing round her, discovered.*

*Eva.* Now, ladies, who has brought a merr ale  
To wake our laughter?

*Cle.* I should be, madam,  
The merriest here, but I have ne'er a story  
Worth telling at this time.

*Enter MELANTIUS, door c.*

*Mel.* Save you!

*Eva.* Save you, sweet brother!

*Mel.* In my blunt eye  
Methinks you look, Evadne—

*Eva.* Come, you would make me blush.

*Mel.* I would, Evadne:—I shall displease my ends else.  
I would not have your women hear me  
Break into commendation of you;—'Tis not seemly.

*Eva.* Go, wait me in the gallery. [*Exeunt ladies, door c.*]  
Now speak.

*Mel.* I'll lock the door first.

*Eva.* Why?

*Mel.* I will not have your gilded things, that dance  
In visitation with their Milan skins,  
Choke up my business.

*Eva.* (*rising.*) You are strangely disposed, sir!

*Mel.* Good madam, not to make you merry.

*Eva.* No; if you praise me, it will make me sad.

*Mel.* Such a sad commendation I have for you.

*Eva.* Brother, the court has made you witty,  
And learn to riddle!

*Mel.* I praise the court for't:  
Has it learnt you nothing?

*Eva.* Me?

*Mel.* Ay, Evadne.

*Eva.* Gentle brother!

*Mel.* 'Tis yet in thy repentance, foolish woman,  
To make me gentle.—

*Eva.* How is this?

*Mel.* 'Tis base:  
And I could blush, at these years, through all  
My honour'd scars, to come to such a parley.

*Eva.* This is saucy!

Look you intrude no more! There lies your way.

*Mel.* Thou art my way, and I will tread upon thee,  
'Till I find truth out.

*Eva.* What truth is that you look for?

*Mel.* Thy long lost honour.—Would the gods had set me

Rather to grapple with the plague, or stand  
One of their loudest bolts!—Come, tell me quickly.

*Eva.* I understand you not. (*crosses to L.*)

*Mel.* Do not play with mine anger; do not, wretch!  
I come to know that desperate fool, that drew thee  
From thy fair life. Be wise, and lay him open.

*Eva.* Unhand me, and learn manners! Such another  
Forgetfulness forfeits your life.

*Mel.* Quench me this mighty humour—and then tell me—  
Whose wanton are you? for you are one, I know it.  
Let all mine honours perish, but I'll find him,  
Tho' he lie lock'd up in thy blood! Be sudden!

*Eva.* Begone!—You are my brother; that's your safety.

*Mel.* I'll be a wolf first!—'Tis, to be thy brother,  
An infamy below the sin of coward.  
Force my swoll'n heart no further.—I would save thee.  
Thou hast no hope to 'scape!—He that dares most,  
And damns away his soul to do thee service,  
Will sooner fetch meat from a hungry lion,  
Than come to rescue thee;—thou'st death about thee!  
Who has undone thy honour—poison'd thy virtue,  
And, of a lovely rose, left thee a canker?

*Eva.* Let me consider. (*crosses to R.*)

*Mel.* Do—whose child thou wert—  
Whose honour thou hast murdered—whose grave open'd—  
And so pull'd on high heaven, that in its justice  
It must restore him flesh again, and life,  
And raise his dry bones to revenge this scandal!

*Eva.* It had better in my mind let them lie still.

*Mel.* Do you raise mirth out of my easiness?—  
Forsake me then all weaknesses of nature,  
That make men women!—Speak, you wanton! speak!  
Speak truth! (*drawing his dagger*)—  
Or, by the dear soul of thy sleeping father,  
'This steel shall be thy lover!—(*seizes her.*) Tell, or I'll kill thee!

*Eva.* Help! help!—oh! help!

*Mel.* By thy foul self, no human help shall help thee,  
If thou criest!—When I have kill'd thee—(as I have  
Vow'd to do, if thou confess not) naked,  
As thou hast left thine honour, will I leave thee;  
That on thy branded flesh the world may read  
Thy black shame, and my justice.—Wilt thou bend yet?

(*In the struggle MELANTIUS gets to L., she on her knees,*  
*vide illustration.*)

*Eva.* Yes—yes.

*Mel.* (*raises her.*) Up, and begin your story.

*Eva.* Oh, I am miserable!

*Mel.* 'Tis true, thou art!—Speak truth still.

*Eva.* I have offended:

Noble sir, forgive me. (*kneels.*)

*Mel.* With what secure slave?

*Eva.* What shall I do?

*Mel.* Be true, and make your fault less.

*Eva.* I dare not tell.

*Mel.* Do not fall back again:—but speak.

*Eva.* Will you forgive me then ?

*Mel.* Stay—I must ask  
Mine honour first.—I've too much foolish nature  
In me :—Speak.

*Eva.* Is there none else here ?

*Mel.* None, but a fearful conscience ; that's too many  
Who is't ?

*Eva.* Oh, hear me gently. It was—the king.

*Mel.* No more.—My worthy father's, and my services  
Are liberally rewarded. King, I thank thee !  
For all my dangers, all my wounds, thou hast paid me  
In my own metal :—these are soldier's thanks. (*crosses to L.*)  
How long have you lived thus, Evadne ? (*raises her.*)

*Eva.* Too long.

*Mel.* Can you be sorry for your fault ?

*Eva.* Oh ! my brother.

*Mel.* Evadne—thou wilt to thy sin again !

*Eva.* First to my grave !

*Mel.* Would Heaven, thou hadst been so blest !  
Dost thou not hate this king now ? Prithee hate him.  
Couldst thou not curse him ? I command thee, curse him—  
Curse, till the heavens hear, and deliver him  
To thy just wishes !  
Dost thou not feel within thee a brave anger,  
That breaks out nobly, and directs thine arm  
To kill this base king ?

*Eva.* All the saints forbid it !

*Mel.* No : all the saints require it ; for heav'n is  
Dishonour'd in him.

*Eva.* It is too fearful !

*Mel.* You're valiant in your vice, and bold enough  
To be a wanton, and have your name of mistress  
Discourse for grooms and pages—thus far you  
Know no fear.

*Eva.* Good sir !

*Mel.* Be wise, and do it. Canst thou live, and know  
What noble minds shall make thee ? see thyself  
Found out with every finger—made the shame  
Of all successions—and in this great ruin  
Thy brother and thy noble husband broken ?—  
Thou shalt not live thus !—Kneel, and swear to help me,  
When I shall call thee to it ; or by all  
Holy in heaven and earth, thou shalt not live  
To breathe a full hour longer :—not a thought !  
Come—'tis a righteous oath. (*she kneels.*) Give me thy hands.  
And, both to Heaven held up thus, swear by that wealth  
This lustful thief stole from thee, when I say it,  
To let his foul soul out.

*Eva.* Here I swear it :

And all you spirits of abused women  
Help me in this performance !

*Mel.* Enough. (*crosses to L.*) This must be known to none  
But you and me, Evadne :—not to your lord,  
Tho' he be wise and noble, and a man

Dares step as far into a worthy action  
As the most daring :—ask not why—— (*knock at door c.*)  
Who's there ?

*Eva.* I know not.

*Str.* (*without, c., knocking.*) Gentle lady—Lady Evadne,  
I am from the king.

*Mel.* (*unlocks door.*) Come in then.—Now,  
Speak your errand. (*STRATO enters door c.*)

*Str.* (*confused.*) The Lord Melantius !

*Mel.* Yes :

Her brother, sir. Well !—You are from the king :  
What is his gracious pleasure ?

*Str.* Sir—I—

*Mel.* Why

Do you pause ?

We wait the king's behest.

*Str.* 'Tis for

The lady's ear alone.

*Mel.* I am her brother,

Sir ; the love that binds us, owns no secret  
'Twixt us. No trifling : the king has sent you :  
Your errand's to my sister :—well ; she's there,—  
Waiting your master's will :—speak it, and quickly,

*Str.* Her lord, Amintor, now is with the king,  
On matters of some moment, which require  
The lady Evadne's presence : 'tis his highness'  
Will she attend him at the palace.

*Mel.* Sir, it is

An honour

She'll study to deserve ;—obedience is

Our duty.

[*Exit STRATO, door c.*]

Yes, obedience to the voice

Of all-commanding justice !

*Eva.* Oh, my brother,

Let me not go—

*Mel.* 'Tis not my purpose : thou

Must stay awhile ; the villain lied, Amintor  
Is not there. The hour may come, when brothers,  
Husband, friend, will be but names, echoing  
Thy frantic shrieks.—There's death abroad !

Evadne, in that hour think upon me :—

Think on thy wrongs committed, and endured :

Remember—thou hast sworn—and let this token,

The sacred legacy of murdered honour,

Absolve thee of thy oath to Heaven and me ! (*giving a dagger.*)

Farewell.

[*Exit MELANTIUS, door c.*]

*Eva.* Would I could say so to my black disgraces !

Oh, where have I been all this time ? how friended ?

That I should lose myself thus desperately,

And none in pity show me, how I wandered ?

Now whither must I go ? my husband shuns me !

My honest brothers must no more endure me.

No friend will know me—chaste women blush to see me,

And pointing, as I pass, say—"There, there, behold her,

Look on her, little children ; that is she,  
That handsome lady ; mark !"—Oh my sad fortune !  
Is this the end I've lived for ? There is not  
In the compass of the light a more unhappy  
Creature .  
Oh, my lord !

*Enter AMINTOR, door c.*

*Ami. (R.)* How now ?

*Eva. (L.)* My much-abused lord ! (*kneels.*)

*Ami.* This cannot be. (*he turns from her.*)

*Eva.* I do not kneel to live ; I dare not hope it.  
The wrongs I did are greater—Ah ! look upon me,  
Though I appear with all my faults.

*Ami.* Stand up.

This is a new way to beget more sorrow :  
Heaven knows I have too much—prithce do not mock me.

*Eva.* My whole life is so leprous, it infects  
All my repentance.—I do not fall here  
To shadow, by dissembling, with my tears,  
Or to make less, my lord, what my vile will  
Hath done.—No, I do not.—I do appear  
The same, the same Evadne, drest in the shames  
I lived in, and am soul-sick till I have got  
Your pardon.

*Ami.* Rise, Evadne, if this be  
Serious, I do forgive thee.

Rise, Evadne. (*raises her.*)

I should have killed thee, but this sweet repentance  
Locks up my vengeance. It was fate decreed  
Our parting. (*crosses to L.*) Go Evadne, and take care  
My honour falls no further.

*Eva.* All the dear joys here, and above hereafter  
Crown thy fair soul.—Thus I take leave, my lord,  
And never shall you see the foul Evadne,  
Till she has tried all honoured means, that may  
Set her in rest, and wash her stains away.

[*Exeunt severally, AMINTOR L., EVADNE, R.*]

SCENE II.—*An apartment in the KING's palace, door L., door c.*  
*Table with writing materials, R. U. E., a chair.*

*Enter the KING.*

*King.* What are our wishes, if contenting them,  
We mar our own content ? What are our pleasures,  
If they engender cares ? Better they ne'er  
Were born, than to such progeny give birth !  
(*Sits down.*) My heart is heavy—sad. Where is Evadne ?  
She'd cheer it—and it would be sad again !  
(*Rises.*) Gods, but this darkness of my soul is thick !  
Why comes Evadne not, to bring me light ?  
To warm and cheer me ? Hark !—It must be she ;  
Come on my sun ! Rise on me ! Leave me not  
Long or brood on this oppressive night,

Which looks as tho' 'twould never pass away!  
 'Tis she!—Come in! Why do you knock?—Come in!  
(knocking at door, L.)  
 What kept you? I have wanted you!

Enter MELANTIUS, door L.

*Mel.* (L.) I'm come!  
*King.* (R.) Melantius!  
*Mel.* If Melantius knows his name!  
 Who knoweth not things as familiar quite,  
 So time has metamorphos'd them.  
*King.* This calm (*aside*)  
 Is any thing but true!—a quiet sea  
 Beneath a lowering sky—not to be trusted!  
 There's storm above, tho' not a wave below,  
 As yet—as yet! I'm glad my guards are near  
 'Twas seasonable foresight.—Well Melantius!  
*Mel.* Well?  
*King.* What's your pleasure?  
*Mel.* What is yours?—I think  
 You said, when I came in, that I was late—  
 That you had wanted me.  
*King.* It was not you,  
 Melantius, whom I wanted.  
*Mel.* No! whom then?  
*King.* I said, it was not you.  
*Mel.* I say, whom then?  
*King.* Is it your business?  
*Mel.* Nay, that's known to you,  
 Who know the business.—Is't my business?  
*King.* No!  
*Mel.* Why then suppose it not.  
*King.* What brings you here?  
*Mel.* Business of yours and mine.  
*King.* 'Tis not a time!  
*Mel.* It is a pressing suit.  
*King.* 'Tis not a time!  
*Mel.* What if it be a wretch,  
 Whom, save a god, none but a king can help!  
*King.* 'Tis not a time!  
*Mel.* It is a time, sir king!  
 When mercy's to be shown, or justice done,  
 To every man, and most of all a king.  
 It always is a time!—That is, at least,  
 It should be so.  
*King.* You have been revelling!—Wine,  
 Melantius, drowns your proper self in you,  
 And makes you seem another man.  
*Mel.* Not so.  
 In wine I am two Melantiuses. I'm twice  
 As generous, honest, brave. Say, when I'm sober  
 I'd not take fifty ducats, did you ask me



To do a base deed, then I would not do it  
 For a hundred! Not myself, when I'm in wine!  
 In wine men ever are themselves! There's not  
 That vice, how cunningly soe'er wrapp'd up,  
 But you will find the goblet will uncloke it.  
 How show you in your cups?

*King.* By your account,  
 I must seem twice a king.

*Mel.* Or twice a fiend.

*King.* How!

*Mel.* What's amiss? Why start you and change colour?  
 I did not say, that you were not a king;  
 Tho' men there are as bold.—Just now I sat  
 In company with one,—which brought me here.

*King.* Why, what fell out?

*Mel.* He laid to your account,  
 Most mighty king, unking-like practices.

*King.* Who was he?

*Mel.* Acts so much o' the vein of hell,  
 That twenty demons could not worse complot!

*King.* Who was he?

*Mel.* Such excess of vile offence,  
 The vilest grade of human trespass yet  
 Looks down upon it!—As you were my king—  
 As I had serv'd you from my prime of youth,—  
 My choicest years on your account laid out,—  
 As for you I had borne captivity,  
 And shed my blood,—as here a proof or two  
 Without a tongue can vouch.—As I had borne  
 Your banner long, before your enemies,—  
 Most times in triumph, without honour never—  
 As I had served you much from sense of duty,  
 Belief of merit more, but most of all—  
 From love—when such aspersion on your name  
 Fell like a blight upon a goodly tree,  
 All blossom—I did feel a wish—

*King.* What was't?

*Mel.* To smite!

*King.* Whom?

*Mel.* Thee, that gav'st a subject cause—  
 A man thou'rt born above—whose knee, arm, blood  
 Thou hast a right to claim—who gav'st to such,  
 Right to disparage thee!

*King.* Right!

*Mel.* Right—thou vile  
 And self-debauched king!  
 Whom look'dst thou for  
 When I came in? whom look'dst thou for, I say?

*King.* How dar'st thou ask?

*Mel.* Have I no right to know?  
 Thou damned pestilence, that tak'st not one,  
 But twenty at a swoop!

*King.* Audacious man!  
 Where's thy allegiance?

*Mel.* Where's Evadne's honour?

My sister! Where's her honour, which I left  
 One crystal, without cloud, flaw, speck? Yes, more,  
 A diamond for its weight, and starry fire,  
 The richest of the brood! I thought it safe.  
 I left it so: and, pleas'd, at my return,  
 Beheld her give it, as I thought, to young  
 Amintor's keeping. But she cheated him;  
 Gave him the empty casket, and confess'd  
 A thief had got the gem—dishonouring him,  
 Beyond all parallel; disgracing me,  
 New, in my hard-won laurels; by the name  
 Of her proud father writing such a word  
 As blasts his son, to look upon that name;  
 Imputing nature to her mother's womb,  
 Which, ere it should have own'd, that saint had bless'd  
 Heaven for the curse of barrenness; and blotting  
 The bright escutcheons of as clear a race  
 As ere your kingdom boasted, that no herald,  
 Howe'er so cunning in his shining art,  
 Can make them what they were. This—this, sir king,  
 This hath my sister done! Palm'd off herself  
 As a rich bride, fit for my friend to wed,  
 When all she had was stolen. This she confess'd!  
 And, when I did demand of her the thief,  
 That I might glut a brother's vengeance on him,  
 She said, that thou wast he!—Felons must die!  
 It is the law. (*drawing his sword and rushing on him.*)

*King.* Wouldst kill me?

*Mel.* Ay! thou monster.

*King.* Traitor, hold!

*Mel.* (*after a pause.*) Lo! king; the man whom thou hast  
 Foully wrong'd.

There dost thou kneel, at sight of whom my blood,  
 Polluted in its richest channels by thee,  
 Doth run a stream of fire—there dost thou kneel!  
 The space between my weapon and thy heart  
 Is traversed in a moment—less—and yet  
 I cannot take thy life, but as a soldier.  
 Where is thy weapon?—Is it in the room?

*King.* It is.

*Mel.* Then get it—haste.

*King.* (*going to the door, c.*) What ho! there; treason.

*Mel.* (*rushing after him.*) Nay, then—

*Enter STRATO and guards, door c. they seize MELANTIUS and bear him back L.*

*King.* My guards—seize him. How stand we now?  
 To whom belongs it now to sue? Kneel thou.

*Mel.* (*L.*) Not though the block were there. Lo! there's the sword  
 I ne'er shall wear again; that ne'er knew spot,  
 Till in a tyrant's heart, I tried, but failed  
 To sheathe it.

*King.* (*c.*) You do hear—to prison with him!

*Mel.* And to the rack with thee! the bed, where groans,  
And not repose await thee. I defy thee!

[*MELANTIUS dragged off guarded, L. & E.*]

*King.* (to *STRATO*.) Stay you, and wait a moment.

[*goes up to table R. and writes.*]

*Str.* (R.) Thou hast run  
Thy course, Melantius—in the king's eye I read  
The warrant of thy death.

*King.* Here, sir. (*gives him a paper.*) Despatch:  
Straight to the prison, and deliver this  
With your own hand—'tis for the governor,  
Whom see, despite all let—despatch, I say.

[*Exit STRATO, L. & E.*]

My mind's at ease—Melantius dies to night.

[*Exit KING, door R.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The antechamber, with an opening in L. flat, leading to the KING's bedchamber. An open window in R. flat. A door, R. A lamp burning.*

*Enter EVADNE, pale, and with a fixed look, and STRATO, door R.*

*Eva.* Did you not say—my thoughts were wandering, as  
We passed along.—You saw him chained?

*Str.* I did,

*Lady:* mine was the office to guard him to  
His dungeon.

*Eva.* Did Diphilus, my brother,  
Bear him company?

*Str.* He is not to be found  
Throughout the city: fresh missives were on foot  
To seek him out, when, on a gentler embassy  
Despatched, I came to lead you hither.

*Eva.* Has the King retired to rest?

*Str.* Madam, an hour  
Ago.

*Eva.* What is the time?

*Str.* Near midnight,  
Madam.

*Eva.* Give me the key, sir, and let no one  
Be near;—'tis the King's will.

*Str.* (*giving the key.*) Your will  
Is ever his: to know is to obey it.  
I will dismiss the officers, who wait.  
Madam, good night.

*Eva.* I thank you, sir;—good night!

[*Exit door R.*]

*EVADNE locks the door after him.*

The night grows horrible, and all around me  
Like my black purpose.—Hush!—I feel a stark  
Affrighted motion in my blood!—I am  
Prepared and resolute to meet the fears

That death can bring ; and yet *would it were done !*  
 I could almost believe my guilty soul  
 Breathed out a gloom around me, and diffused  
 A sickening vapour through the wholesome air,  
 Dimming the blessed lights above me.—Oh !  
 The conscience of a lost virgin ! whither wilt thou pull me ?  
 To what things, dismal as the depths of hell,  
 Wilt thou provoke me ?—Let no woman dare  
 From this hour, be disloyal !—'Tis so many sins  
 An age cannot repent 'em ; and so great  
 The heavens want mercy for ; yet I must through 'em ;  
 I have begun a slaughter on my honour,  
 And I must end it—*there ! (listens at the opening in flat L.)*—He  
     sleeps !—good heavens !  
 Why give you peace to this intemperate breast,  
 That hath so long transgressed you ?  
 I cannot hear him breathe !—He sleeps, as if  
 He meant to wake no more :—would it were so !  
 But then my punishment might seem too light  
 For my o'erweighing sin. The powers above  
 Make us a great example of their justice  
 To all ensuing eyes.—Hark !—did he wake ?  
 No—no.—The grave is not more still.—I must  
 Be sudden :—The oath is yet unanswered  
 On my soul ; and while I pause, in fearful 'st peril  
 Stands Melantius' life. (*seizes the lamp.*) A moment lost  
 May be too late !—Now—now !

[ *Exit EVADNE through opening in flat L.*

SCENE II.—*A prison. A door in c. Lamp burning, suspended from the ceiling. MELANTIUS in chains, pacing the prison.*

*Mel.* Meet death as you would meet an enemy,  
 Bravely, with gallant cheer,—Once your account  
 With gentle heaven's made up. To crouch beneath  
 Calamity, is to play slave to fortune, whose control  
 The noble still contemn. Then, what's a spasm,  
 A shoot of pain, a minute's lack of breath,  
 To die in a good cause ? But the shame ! That men  
 Should say he perished on a scaffold ! What  
 Imports it, where a man may die, whose life  
 Has been above disgrace ! My heavy fate !  
 For hard it is in prime of life and fame  
 At once to be cut off.—Come when it may  
 Or, how it may, I'll meet with lightsome heart,  
 As it beseems a man !

*Enter ARCHAS, the jailor, door c., and four more, who remain near the door on R.*

*Jai.* You're lonesome, sir.  
 And here are two or three I've brought to you  
 To keep you company.

*Mel.* (L.) Who are they, Jailor ?  
 Why don't you answer me ? What is't o'clock ?

*Jai.* (c.) Past twelve.

[*Retiring.*  
*Brings him back.*

*Mel.* What timely visitors are these  
You bring me, at dead of night, when men  
Should go to sleep?

*Jai.* Sir,——

*Mel.* I'm a soldier, friend.

*Jai.* I know you are.

*Mel.* Why shrink you, then, to say  
What company is this, you seem with dread  
To leave with me?

*Jai.* With dread?

*Mel.* You wonder, sir,

At what you know. You're urgent to be gone,—  
You breathe not freely, yet your lungs are sound;  
You're healthy, and your cheek's of sickly hue;—  
And when you look'd upon me now, it was  
As one, that says, "God help him" in his heart.—  
What are these men? Whence comes it, they are here?  
Was't by your own advice you brought them, or  
Direction of another? Must I needs  
Be solaced with their goodly company?

*Jai.* They are here by order, sir.

*Mel.* If that be so,

Then know I, why they're here. Good friend, a word.  
You'll stay with me? I would have some one by,  
Some human eye to look on what is done.  
'Tis drear to die alone a death like this. (*Archas turning.*)  
What! hast not strength to see, what thou should'st find  
I have the strength to bear? Then hie thee hence.  
Yet one request. I pray a cup of wine;  
And then good night. You go to bring it me?

*Jai.* I do.

[*Exit ARCHAS, door c.*]

(*MELANTIUS coolly walks up to the men, R., and surveys them.*)

*Mel.* You have seen service?

*1st. Assas.* Yes.

*Mel.* I know it.

A soldier finds a soldier out. A bold  
And stirring fellow were you; but you lov'd  
Your trade for its worst part. You'd lie at home  
At sacking of a town. A dog you were  
Priz'd for his savageness; one, it were well  
None but any enemy came near. Well done;  
You've kept your word. (*to the JAILOR, who enters door, c.*)

*Jai.* (c.) I would I could do more;

You are a gallant man, sir. (*presenting a cup.*)

*Mel.* (L.) Is it good?

*Jai.* The king, sir, has not better.

*Mel.* Damn—no, no!

He is your master. You have shown me grace;  
I'll not give wound to you. Give me the cup.  
You've filled it. Thank you.—Friends, good night to you!  
This is my parting cup, for love of you;  
I grieve to say we drink no more together.  
Good night to the world! Look, jailor, mark the cup;  
Come closer to it. Does it tremble?

Jai. No.

Mel. Art sure it does not?

Jai. Sure.

Mel. Look at the liquor, jailor; it is frail,  
And quivers at a breath;—or I mistake,  
'Tis solid motionless. Look in my face;  
Couldst guess from it, it is not to a feast  
I'm bidden?

Jai. No.

Mel. Remember this, good friend.

And now, good night.

Loth am I, loth to let thee go—but go. [Exit JAILOR, door c.]

Come, I shall sell my life. He's welcome,

That offers boldest for it. Come, thou dog,

I fancy thee. Oh, had I but a sword!

Sol. Upon him, all at once, and down with him. (they draw their swords.)

All, all at once, I say. Now——

Eva. (shrieking without.) Open quick, I say.

Mel. My sister's voice!

EVADNE entering with JAILOR, door c.

Eva. (r.) Melantius!

It is not too late.

Remove these men, and straight take off his chains.

Jai. (c.) Madam!

Eva. You see! your duty's to obey, (showing a ring.)

And not to question.

Mel. Is it the tyrant's signet? (crosses to EVADNE.)

Bloodhounds, your work.

Eva. Melantius, be a man,

And play not the rash boy. Is it not done?

Jai. Here, madam, is the order for his death. (showing warrant.)

Eva. Here's the command that makes it nothing, sir.

Unbind him on the instant.

Mel. No.

Eva. Melantius!

Do it, sir.

Mel. Evadne, how is this?

Eva. I say,

Good brother, peace. Let them unshackle thee,

Then question. (they unchain him.) Leave us. Take these men  
with thee. [Exit JAILOR and the rest, door c.]

Mel. Evadne, how is this, I ask again?

How happens it, I see thee mistress here?

How cam'st thou by the signet of the king?

Talk not, Evadne, of thy brother's life,

And liberty:—How is it with his honour?

Is that safe? Tell me. Paid'st thou for that ring

More than the worth of liberty and life?

Hast thou relaps'd? Look at me. Thou canst meet

Mine eye, and prisoner art to vice no more.

That it should ever have enthrall'd thee! Oh!

Evadne, one so matchless rich as thou wast

Should ne'er have grown so poor! Ay, hang thy head,  
 Thy dowry's gone. Thy jewels, ducats, lands,  
 Ten thousand brothers with thy brother's love,  
 Could not replace for thee—but, seeing lost,  
 Would wish thee too away.

*Eva.* Thou'dst see me dead!

Hath a swerv'd sister then no use for life?  
 And would'st thou wish to see me dead, Melantius,  
 Because, oh, selfish man, thou lov'st thyself  
 More than thou lovest me? It is thy pride,  
 Thy jealous honour, not thy love for me,  
 That wished thy sister dead. Melantius, why  
 Would'st thou refuse thy breast to me, when now  
 I threw myself upon it, and  
 Would'st lock thy arms, and drive me shamed away,  
 As thou mine own door had'st shut upon me?

*Mel.* Sister, this house a tenant hath, to whom  
 Thou hast done a wrong so shameful, 'twere a shame  
 If it did open to thee—

*Eva.* Brother, no!

If tears are peacemakers with Heaven itself.  
 But earth, in virtue low as heaven is high,  
 In pride of virtue toppeth lofty heaven.  
 Melantius, thou didst ask me now, if more  
 I paid to save thy life, and set thee free,  
 Than life and freedom's worth—I did pay more.

*Mel.* What!

*Eva.* Ay, change colour. Clench thy hands. Breathe hard,  
 Let thine eyes start, as from their seats they'd leap.  
 Set thy lip quivering, as with curses fraught,  
 More than thy tongue can speak. I did pay more.

*Mel.* Wanton!

*Eva.* A harder word, I prithee.

*Mel.* Wretch!

*Eva.* A harder still, my brother

*Mel.* Murderess!

*Eva.* Ay, that's the word.

*Mel.* It fits thee, does it not?

Thy father's, mother's, brother's name, that slewest  
 When thou didst stab thine own. (*crosses to R.*)

*Eva.* What should I do,

But lull the tyrant? How else set thee free?

*Mel.* Monster of shame—outshaming shame itself!

*Eva.* What seek'st thou for?

*Mel.* To make a merit of

Thy act of wantonness!

*Eva.* What seek'st thou for?

*Mel.* Pernicious wretch!

*Eva.* What seek'st thou for, I say?

*Mel.* For what I know I have not; yet, so want,  
 I can't believe but it is here.

*Eva.* Thy dagger?

*Mel.* Yes.

*Eva.* Thou wouldst kill me? Here is one, my brother.

*Mel.* Give it me—'Tis bloody !

*Eva.* Is it ?

*Mel.* Reeking yet ;

As from a deed new done. Whose gore is it ?  
The tyrant's ? Speak Evadne.—Hast thou turned  
From a lost angel into the wasting spirit  
Of retribution ? *Is it the tyrant's blood ?—*  
Why, sister, dost not speak ? and what dost mean  
By that unearthly look, as tho' a corpse  
Stood there, and glared upon me ?—Powers of grace  
Thou changest more and more ! The little light  
Thine orbs had left, seems gone.—Thy lineaments  
Grow sharp !—Their hue, that ashy was before,  
Looks ashy now to that !—Thy frame contracts,  
Like something that was vanishing—substance now,  
Now air !—My heart is cow'd before thee ! where  
'Twas all a conflagration, nothing lives  
But freezing horror now ! Speak, speak, Evadne,  
What art thou ? Life or death ? What art thou ? Speak.

*Eva.* A murderess !

*Mel.* Embrace me.—Smile my sister.

*Eva.* Lo, an oblation to thy injured honour !

*Mel.* It is accepted. Smile, Evadne, smile.

*Eva.* Nor seemed it yet enough. I saw thee by me,  
And when I struck, look'd in thy fiery eye,  
To see if thou wast pleased :—'Twas scowling still,  
And seemed to say to me,—“ Thou work'st by halves,  
Evadne ! To no purpose dost thou slay  
Thy paramour, if thou remain'st behind.  
Follow the tyrant ! Follow him !”

*Mel.* 'Twas a fiend

And not thy brother, so commanded !

*Eva.* Nay, 'twas thyself ! thyself, Melantius, as  
Thou look'dst that hour upon me, when thy poniard,  
By thy fierce honour on thy sister drawn,  
Flashed in her face, like light'ning sent from heaven,  
To strike and melt her sin-encrusted soul !  
“ Follow the tyrant,” thou did'st seem to say ;  
Nor did I think thee wrong to wish me dead—  
A loathsome worm upon the healthful leaf—  
Of thy fair honour feeding !—I resolved  
To do thy bidding, my Melantius !

*Mel.* No, not for a thousand worlds !

*Eva.* Thou'dst have me live ?

*Mel.* Ay, my poor sister !—kiss me ! (*she sinks into his arms.*  
*Distant shouts.*)

*Enter AMINTOR and ASPATIA wounded, and c*

*Ami.* My Melantius ! (*coming down, l.*)

Hast thou not heard the shout of liberty.  
The city is in arms, thy brother leads the throng !—  
The tyrant's dead—slain by some unknown hand.  
Righteously slain ! Lysippus is proclaimed,



And, with a general amnesty begins  
A more auspicious reign!

*Eva.* Is't not Amintor  
My much wronged husband speaks

*Mel.* It is, Evadne.

*Eva.* Bid him draw near—Amintor, where's thy page?

*Ami.* The boy is here. (*Pointing to ASPATIA, L.*) A drop or two  
of blood

The poorer for his master's sake; my shield  
Against my will; he bravely took a blow  
Intended for my life.

*Eva.* No boy is he!—The vain disguise ne'er blinded me—  
That pang!—

Amintor, know Aspatia in thy page  
And take her clearance from her enemy.  
She never swerved: the tyrant slandered her  
To gain his ends with thee.  
His dying groans proclaimed her innocence,  
And his own guilty practice. I ne'er wronged her.

*Ami.* Aspatia!

Have I another fault like this to answer?

*Eva.* Give her thy hand,  
When I've released it, which anon I'll do.

*Mel.* What mean'st thou love?

*Eva.* Melantius, turn thy head,  
For I am faint—that I may look on thee.  
Turn it full round. I would see all thy face.  
My own Melantius! thou'rt my brother still!  
Bend thy head towards me. Let me kiss thy cheek.  
Now this, and now thy forehead, dear Melantius,  
And didst thou say indeed, thou'dst have me live?

*Mel.* I did, my sister.

*Eva.* And wouldst thou love me then?

*Mel.* My dear, dear sister.

*Eva.* I'd fain deserve thy love. I would not live  
A blemish in a noble brother's eye,  
So swallow'd poison. Brother, I am dying.

*Mel.* Come, let me bear thee to some place of help.

*Eva.* There is no place for me so fit to die  
As here. (*shouts, and a flourish without.*)

*Enter DIPHILUS, LYSIPPUS, CLEON, DION, &c. &c., door c.*

*Dip. (R.)* Melantius, thou art free. We are reveng'd.  
The king himself comes to unloose thy bonds—  
*Evadne!*—

*Mel.* 'Tis too late. I have no thought  
For aught on earth but her.

*Mel.* Lean on me, love; come my Evadne—

*Eva.* I must rest here;

My strength begins to disobey my will:  
I would fain live now, if I could, Melantius;  
Would'st thou have loved me then!

*Mel.* Alas!

*All that I am 's not worth one thought of thee.* ✓









